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The Golden Book Magazine

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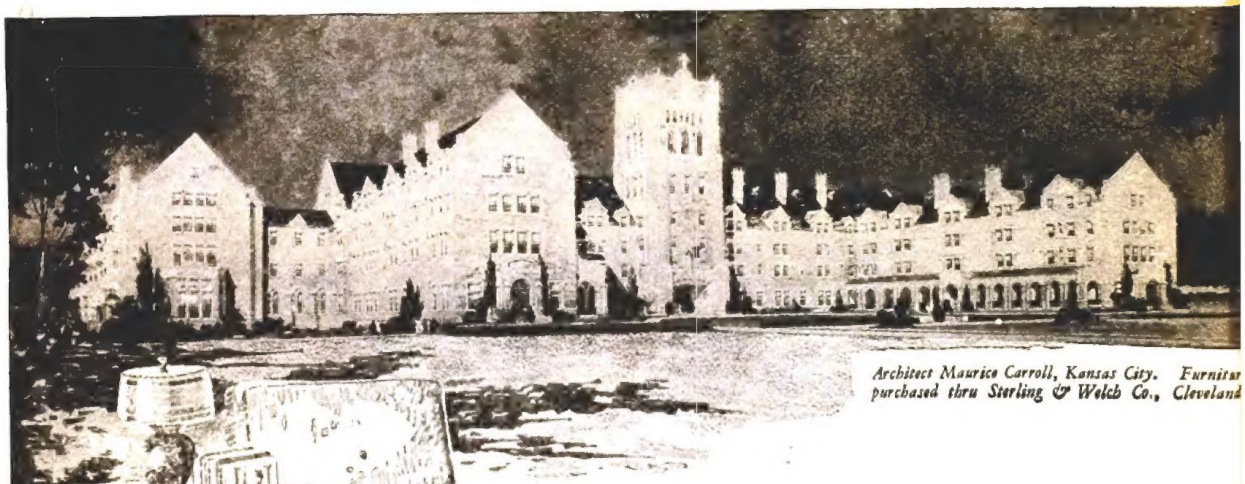

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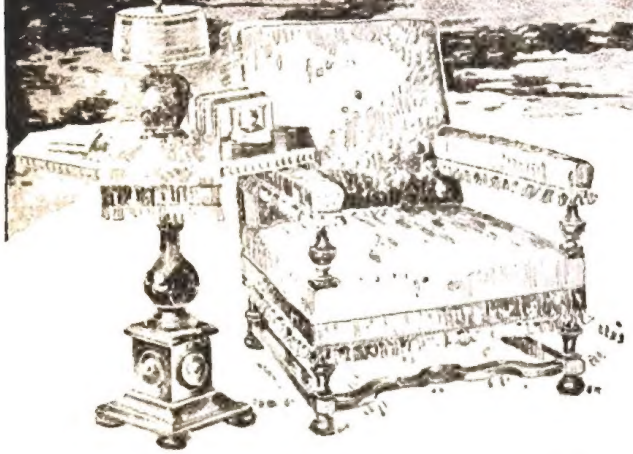

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Number 16

APRIL
1926

THE GOLDEN BOOK* MAGAZINE

OF FICTION AND TRUE STORIES THAT WILL LIVE

Edited by HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

Editorial Board:

WM. LYON PHELPS • STUART P. SHERMAN • JOHN COTTON DANA • CHAS. MILLS GAYLEY

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Some Persons of Importance

PSYCHOLOGICAL critics make a definite and much-embracing classification of the "literature of escape"—startling confessions, impossible melodrama, hair-raising adventures of cowboys, bandits, beach-combers and pirates and what-not,—which offers a momentary mental release from "the drabness of real life."

Of course, that pinchbeck illusion is to the real thing somewhat as advertised Diamond Rings shooting out rays, at $21.97, are to stones of the first water: the nature whose arteries have not hardened will every now and then get, (from a novel, a poem, a phrase of music, a sunrise, an unfolding beech leaf, the Bush Terminal Building at night,) some swift illuminating glimpse of life itself as a rich, joyous, absorbing, creatively-evoluting excitement, whose "realities" are more mysterious than all the mystery tales ever written.

But I suppose there are moments when each man does find himself conscious only of the dullness of his immediate surroundings. The "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God" is then but a nagging Xantippe; the load of responsibilities one has worked so hard to demonstrate one's fitness to bear turns into a more grievous burden than the Old Man of the Sea; the complex and inexorable machinery of modern life seems a Frankenstein monster, gripping one in a cogged routine; all that represented success in life is stodginess. Such moods come even to the evoluted person who has grasped the fact that most everyday social and business customs have deep roots, that they represent the accumulated experience of the human race in adjusting itself to the difficult task of living in huge groups; they come to the fortunate man who has gone far enough to find that many momentary "human" impulses are quite counterbalanced by the impulse not to hurt any other human —and therefore law and social habit merely confirm what he most deeply wants; indeed, sometimes even that final corrective of a well-oiled backward-working sense of humor may fail to get the bit in the mouth of such a primitive longing.

And I fancy that it is some such internal protesting desire which is captivated and vicariously satisfied by a higher grade of "escape" literature—the tale of charmingly-complete irresponsibility, convincingly lifelike, convulsingly human.

The "picaresque novel," with which modern fiction practically began in the sixteenth century (transferring its attention from high-flown romance to actual life "of the people" for the first time in a thousand years or more)—these tales of cheerful roguery had just such an appeal for the honest and respectable reader; so did those witty rogues of Molière's: Sganarelle, Scaramouche, Scapin and all their descendants; likewise the "gentleman criminal" of our own day in Mr. Hornung's "Raffles" and Le Blanc's "Arsène Lupin."

And finally there is what, personally, I think the best of all—the tales of artist natures at play, when conventions and rules and responsibilities simply do not exist, and whimsy rules the world with laughter, with delight in sheer existence.

That's a difficult métier. Du Maurier was utterly at home in it in that memorable scene when Little Billee and Zouzou and Dodor go out into the Christmas night, after a joyous celebration in the studio, and Zouzou retrieves the silk hat on all fours. Mr. Hickman achieves it superlatively in his "A-Flat Major Polonaise" and in the tale, "Compensated," which we shall print before long. And Stephen French Whitman manages it as deftly and irresistibly in "To A Venetian Tune" (in this issue) as he did in "One of Those Nice Little Evenings." That is, in my humble judgment, very high praise indeed. Any man of forty or upward who doesn't shed twenty years while reading these blithe stories should consult a specialist in incipient sclerosis.

Much of Baudelaire's work is simply repulsive to the healthy-minded reader,

(*Continued on page 6*)

Let your Easter greetings include Whitman's, doubly welcome after Lent.

The spirit of Spring is expressed in these fragrant, dainty sweets—in packages that please the eye.

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Examine these at the near-by store that is agent for Whitman's. There you can also get the new Pink of Perfection assortment, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Fruits & Nuts, and other favorites.

(*Continued from page 4*)

especially to the definite, efficient Anglo-Saxon whose ideal is a "clear statement of fact." Drugs and absinthe, (which led to paralysis and death, in 1867, at the age of forty-six), coloured his tired mind with a morbid delight in corruption and other loathsomeness; the "Flowers of Evil" stand to most for a sort of Black Mass; he commits that final sin against the Holy Ghost of insisting on his weariness of living.

Yet the man was a real genius; it is probably true that "no poet has brought so many new ideas in sensation" into literary expression; his exquisite sensitiveness to beauty, and mystery, and the hidden relations of things fills his poems and prose with subtle evidence that clear statements of fact are often necessarily quite false; and that is a corrective realization which literal folk need in their business of basing their lives on the truth.

And there are times, as in "The Eyes of the Poor," when he expresses a simple human feeling with a poignancy that cleaves to the very pulsing heart of life.

Joseph C. Lincoln has been mining the character of the Cape Cod folks, among whom he was born in 1870, for twenty-five years, averaging a little more than a volume a year during that period. Anyone who has even spent a summer vacation on the Cape will find the effect of Mr. Lincoln's homely humour enhanced by choice recollections of his own; for his pictures of this sturdy, upstanding, individual race are lifelike.

I wonder what poor George Cruikshank (1792-1878) would say if he could see the syndicated "comic strips," some of which bring to their producers sixty or seventy thousand dollars a year!

Certainly he was born out of time, so far as financial rewards were concerned.

For here was a man who, starting at the age of seven, worked at prodigious pressure for over half a century, and turned out nearly six thousand drawings of a vigour, variety, inventiveness and artistic skill which causes the critics to compare him with Rembrandt, and which do more to illuminate the real life, costume and manners of his time than all the histories written. Yet he made only a bare living, and in his age was dependent on the help of friends.

Compare his work with what you see in your daily paper if you wish to realize how much a comic artist is helped by being an artist.

Lafcadio Hearn (1850-1904) was a unique figure in our literature. Son of an Irish officer and a Greek mother; born in the Ionian Isles, educated in England and France; with two years of newspaper writing in Cincinnati and New Orleans, an extended trip through the West Indies, and then fourteen years in Japan—his highly individual temperament and outlook was naturally rendered still more unusual.

When this magazine was being planned, one of the things I felt sure it must reprint quickly was his "Chita, a Memory of Lost Island": but when I came to re-read it, the description of the great storm did not thrill me so completely as it did when the tale appeared in a magazine back in the nineties. In fact, it does not compare with that devastating description of the hurricane in Jack London's "House of Mapuhi."

But there are other writings where he gives one subtleties of human character and nature's manifestations in the most masterly fashion; for instance, he seems to concentrate the whole baffling difference between the tropical point of view and that of the driving, restless north in the single phrase titling his story here: "Do not Think like That!"

"O'Neill came into the American drama at a propitious moment. His entrance clicked with all the precision and critical timeliness of the entrance of the United States Marines in a piece of popular whangdoodle. Just as this drama seemed about to be laid low by unremitting stereotyped dullness and preposterous affectation, he jumped upon the scene with a bundle of life and fancy under his arm, hurled it onto the stage, and there let it break open with its hundred smashing hues to confound the drab and desolate boards. Instantly—or so it seemed—the stage began to breathe again; instantly the painted backdrop became real, and instantly the canvas rocks became solid,

(*Continued on page 8*)

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(*Continued from page 6*)

substantial. Presently the news of the phenomenon began to spread beyond the little alleys up which O'Neill's plays were forced to find their initial production, and in due time—it was three years, as I remember—it managed to reach even the ears of our recognized producers. But that is now an old story. For to-day the pre-eminence of O'Neill is taken for granted."

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

Mr. Eugene Gladstone O'Neill is a native New Yorker, born in 1888. During the eighteen years since he was a student at Princeton he has tried business life in the United States, Central America and South America; has spent two years at sea and two at Harvard; has appeared as an actor in a vaudeville version of "Monte Christo"; and has served his apprenticeship as a newspaper reporter. So he has had plenty of chances to observe life at first hand in a wide variety of forms; and the steady growth of his reputation as a dramatist since 1914 is due to his powerful presentation of these realities.

"The Emperor Jones" seemed to make a distinct step forward in popular appreciation of his work; and even where black and white words have to take the place of the peculiarly expressive action, it is a deeply impressive picture of vestigial superstition.

It may be because I heartily dislike parts of some of his plays—but I have an idea his best work is still to come. Be this as it may, I fancy Mr. Nathan is correct, and that no American dramatist of these last dozen years has equalled the vitality of at least three of his productions.

"WILLIAM SOMERSET MAUGHAM, F. R. S. L., M. R. C. S., L. R. C. P."

That's a somewhat formidable official record of the author of "The Moon and Sixpence": Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians—no less.

But Mr. Maugham seems to have used no scalpel save his pen, for his first volume appeared back in 1897, and it has been followed by fourteen others, besides twenty plays.

He has a most searching sense of humour—which goes down deep into human frailties and whimsies and oddities, and digs up a single speech or an incident that seems in itself to reveal a whole living human being; and after the irresistible chuckle resulting from a dozen of the fifty-seven short sketches in "On a Chinese Screen," you find your mind inevitably going on further, perhaps to take stock of some ideas and beliefs hitherto accepted without question. And one may trust implicitly an Englishman who can write:

"They are strange people the British. If their manners were as good as their courage is great, they would merit the opinion they have of themselves."

Lewis Carroll (Dodgson, 1832-1898) was a very retiring person, more at home with mathematical formulæ than with people—despite his years of lecturing to students. On one of the very few occasions when he consented to speak in public, he delivered the little talk, "Feeding the Mind," reprinted here.

That he was exceptionally qualified to speak on mind training would be evidenced by a list of his books alone—ranging as they do from the immortal "Alice" volume and "The Hunting of the Snark" to "Elementary Treatise on Determinants," "Curiosa Mathematica," "Phantasmagoria and Other Poems," and "Symbolic Logic."

Here are two letters which indicate some of the extremes of personality that make an editor's life interesting:

New Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:

Your inquiry at hand why I have ceased to be a subscriber to the GOLDEN BOOK.

1st. It seems as though I have new duties and my reading is taking another direction.

2nd. The literature in the GOLDEN BOOK is more pagan than Christian.

3d. What the world needs is a Christian civilization, and that can only be brought about by a Christian literature.

Naturally, it can't be sectarian, but liberal; humour has its place—I don't know whether I can make myself clear—I haven't found what I want.

I want to believe that God is an all-wise Father, holy, loving, kind; and that Christ is the

(*Continued on page 10*)

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(*Continued from page 8*)

Saviour of the world—that it is really true when He says, "I am the Way and the Truth and the Life."

Many of the old writers have been groping in the dark and not found the God or the Christ in the Bible; and it does not help my weak faith to read them. I want something positive that will bring strength to my weakness, that when one is down and out, he can be born again and become in very truth a child of God—be interesting and not static. I want goodness and clearness to be so interesting that evil has no charm, no hold.

I don't think I've made myself clear, so I guess I don't know myself just what it's to be. If I knew, I'd do some writing myself,

With kindest regards. ——— ———.

Boston.

DEAR EDITORS:

Since I have been one of your supporters from the beginning, perhaps I may indulge in a criticism of the GOLDEN BOOK.

First let me say what I suppose your public consists in: I think it must be composed of educated people, those who have already a discriminating taste, and probably a wide culture. Outside that group, I would suppose your steady readers would be only those who are on the way to culture.

As an individual in the main group, I buy your magazine with less zest each month, and in the last three or four months just about without hope. It is being edited too much by schoolteachers, in the sense that an irksome paternalism informs its pages. That would go with a clientèle of your cultural inferiors, and I may be in error about the status of your public, but with persons of your own class, so to put it, it doesn't do. You seem to be trying to give us what is good for us, instead of what we want in a story magazine, which is interesting short stories. A great deal of what you print is not *in itself* interesting, but is what the editors like to see in print.

You should not have more than three pages of excerpts in a number, or as a usual thing more than two two-or-three-page stories. A successful "current" periodical does not try to get away with many such. And you should have more, and more interesting stories of from eight pages up. For the same reason that caused you to drop the feature of a musical selection. I am supposing that while culturally considered the music was good for us, it was seen that it would not go down.

I think one short play a month is an excellent thing, though I have found one or two or them very dull. And I think one "serial" is acceptable, though the present selection seems to me poor in the extreme. I cannot believe that anyone not already familiar with Gaboriau is following these instalments, if anyone is. It was the selection of a schoolmaster and not of an editor versed in the "what makes a good serial. . . ."

For my private taste, your selection from the classics is too prudish; you must have a Comstockian on your staff. And as I have said, it seems to me that the only public you can reasonably expect to make a permanent connection with is an educated, that is a sophisticated, one. I would not think you could possibly gain, or keep, the good middle-class. So why not swap good yarns with us as equals.

I hope greatly that you will improve, because I hailed your advent with joy.

Yours sincerely, ——— ———.

H. W. L.

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The only organization in the world which could possibly bring forth such a work, has produced it—The Encyclopædia Britannica Company. (Yet this is not an encyclopædia, nor does it resemble one.)

A remarkably low price

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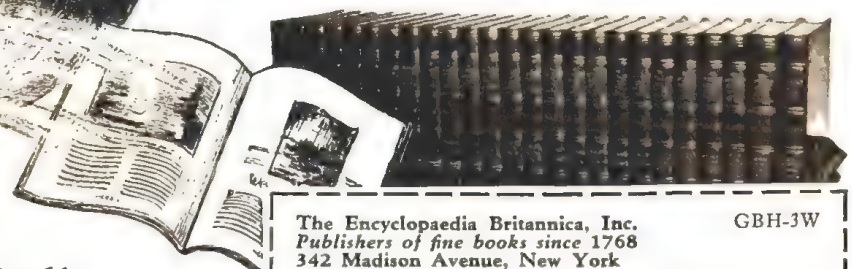
*FOOTNOTE FOR PESSIMISTS: You may not believe that the immediate future will be an era of progress—but you will have to go to history for your reasons. The great merit of the Historians' History is that it contains the views of men of widely different opinions—and allows you to draw your own conclusions.



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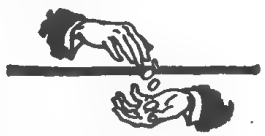

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THE INVESTMENT BUREAU

A department offering its services without charge to readers of THE GOLDEN BOOK. All letters to the Bureau are treated as personal and confidential and are answered in full by mail. Below appear a few extracts from recent correspondence relating to subjects of general interest. Address Investment Bureau, THE GOLDEN BOOK, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

THE FINANCIAL DIRECTORY

THE GOLDEN BOOK reserves the following pages for announcements of reputable banking houses, trust companies, savings banks, brokers, and other financial institutions. Inquiry is made concerning the institutions advertising under this heading and none is accepted that is found to be of questionable character. When writing to these institutions please mention THE GOLDEN BOOK.

Investment Questions and Answers

Good Preferred Stocks At the present time I have practically all my funds invested in good common stocks, giving me a liberal yield. I wish, however, to diversify my holdings by the purchase of some standard preferred stocks. I have in mind General Electric Special which, I believe, is a guaranteed stock; U. S. Steel preferred and Standard Oil of New Jersey preferred. Are these three stocks about as safe as can be wished for? At present prices they sell to yield 5 plus per cent. It seems to me that this is a fairly good yield for a high-class preferred stock. Any advice or information will be much appreciated.

The preferred stocks which you have in mind; namely, General Electric Special, U. S. Steel and Standard Oil of New Jersey are all high-grade investments of their kind and class and we think you would not make a mistake to put some of your money in them. Preferred stocks are usually safer than common stocks and, as a general rule, bonds are safer than either preferred or common stocks. We think your plan of gaining greater diversification for your funds by including these preferred issues is an excellent one, and you might do well to include some high-grade bonds, selected from various investment fields in your list. The greater the diversification of an investment estate as to kinds and classes of securities, and as to geographic distribution, the greater the safety. General Electric Special stock is not guaranteed but it is entitled to cumulative dividends at the rate of six per cent. per annum before any dividend can be paid on the common.

An Indefinite Inquiry Please send me information about reliable investment houses and good bonds?

Your request for information regarding reliable investment houses and good bonds is of such a general nature that it is difficult to reply to it. As to reliable investment houses we are glad to refer you to the investment advertising pages of GOLDEN BOOK, for which we accept only those houses whose offerings we feel we can recommend to our readers. What might be good investments for one person, however, might not be entirely suitable for another and therefore we would suggest that you write us more fully as to your investment requirements; and furthermore we believe it is well for every investor to make some study of conditions and securities in an attempt to choose issues to fit his or her requirements, after which we are always glad to advise a make recommendations as to the securities chosen.

Hundred Dollar Bonds I have been following your investme service section in the GOLDEN BOOK a would like very much to get some advi I am an Army officer and for any investments must select the which are surely safe. At present I have $400 available for i vestment and would like to have you advise me as to how invest it to pay me around 5 per cent.

You might purchase four $100 bonds. Bonds of this sm denomination do not enjoy as ready a market as the $10 pieces, and you might have to pay a little more for the and might have to accept a little less when you dispo of them, but you could dispose of them, however, if you sired to at any time. Such bonds as the following come $100 pieces:

Pacific Gas and Electric 1st and ref. 6s, due 1941.
Armour & Company of Del. 5½s, 1943.
Great Northern 7s, 1936.
St. Louis-San Francisco prior lien 4s, 1950

Postum Cereal Company's Stock I would greatly appreciate any formation that you can furnish regarding stock of the Postum Cer Company. I have been given to understand that this stock presumably a good buy both from the speculative and inve ment angles, but want some definite information before I ta any action on it.

The Postum Cereal Company has been a highly pr perous concern and, as you probably know, it now owns Jell-O Company which has also been highly prosperous recent years, and according to reports is now negotiati for control of the California Packing Company, anotl highly prosperous concern in the merchandising of fo products. The amount of stock of the Postum Cer Company outstanding has been steadily increased in rec years until now there is something like 1,370,000 sha issued. The book value of this stock in accordance with figures of the latest balance sheet is about $11.50 a share earnings on it for the nine months ended September 30, 19 were more than $5.00 a share, which indicates a fair mar for the year over and above the dividend payments of $4 a share now being made on the stock. Selling at a price around 120 the stock returns but little more than 3½ cent. on the investment, which indicates that the market

(Continued on page 16)

You *can* speculate even in the soundest bonds

I SEE a chance to make a little profit," an investor told a Compton representative. "Trade out these bonds of mine, and buy some so-and-so sixes for me. They are quoted today at a price below their real value. That is a bargain price I'd like to take advantage of."

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The bonds that this investor already owned were sound. They had been chosen because they were particularly suited to his needs for yield and marketability.

The bonds that he wanted to buy were not as marketable as his needs required. They were not fitted to his standard of diversification. Despite the possible speculative profit in view, the Compton representative advised against the trade. It is a Compton policy to sell you only those bonds which are suited to your individual needs. Frequent trading of bonds for uncertain temporary profit is not sound investment; it is speculation.

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(Continued from page 14)

to a considerable extent discounted the future prospects of the company. One who buys it, therefore, has to speculate on its future prospects and in the next business depression, the stock may sell considerably lower. The question which you have to decide would seem to be whether you want to embark on this somewhat speculative venture at the present time or wait a while in the expectation that a market decline might offer more favorable opportunities.

Chicago Yellow Cab Company's Stock As I buy for investment alone, and to hold, I have been advised to buy some Chicago Yellow Cab, also Yellow Cab Mfg. stock. Can you tell me something of these companies? Would they be good investments or are they speculative stocks?

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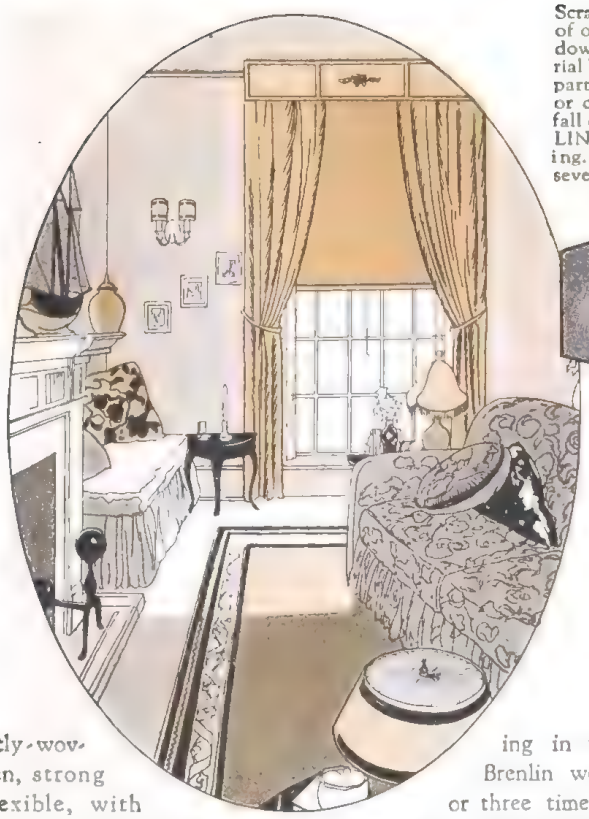

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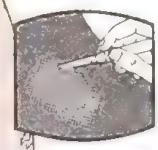

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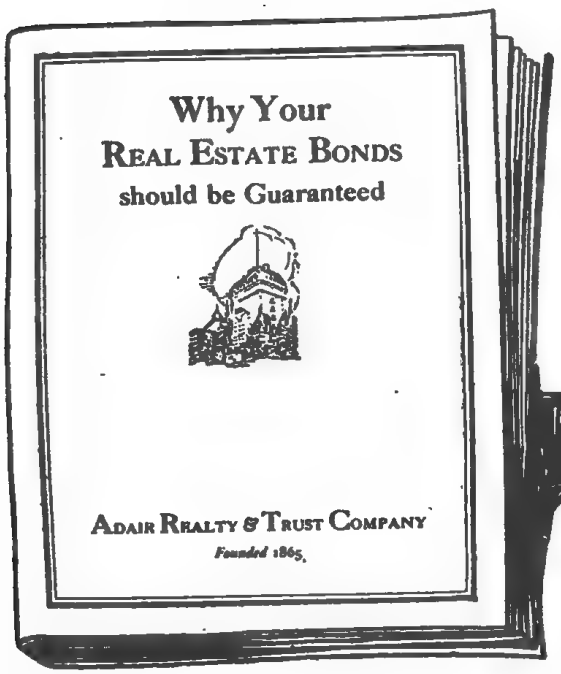

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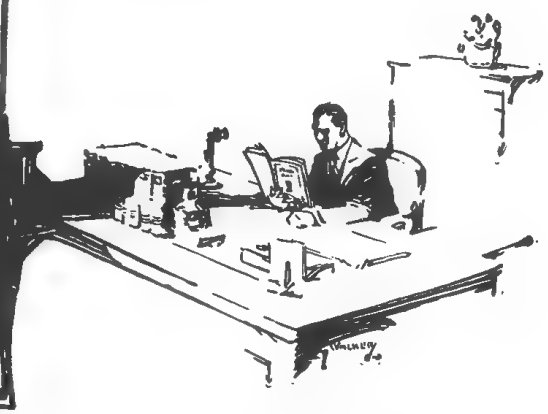

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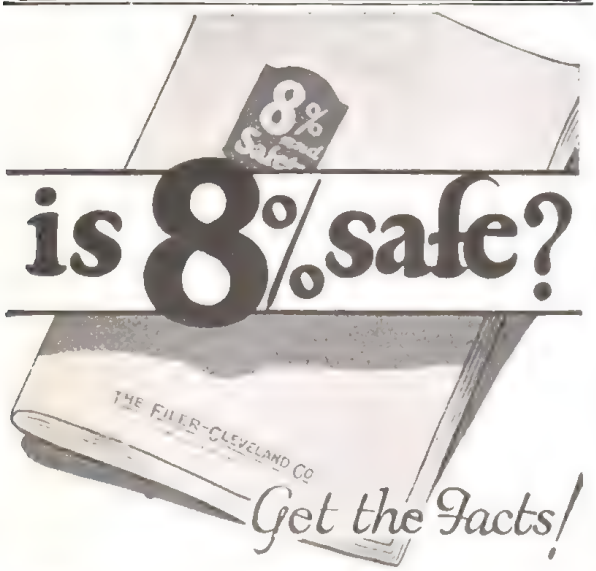

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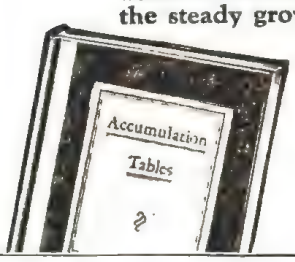

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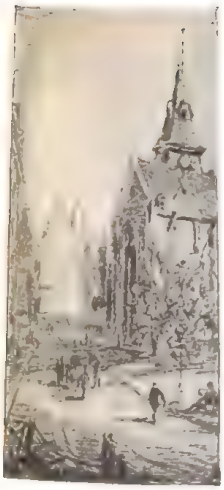

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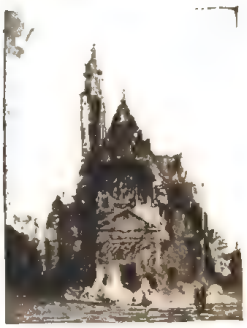

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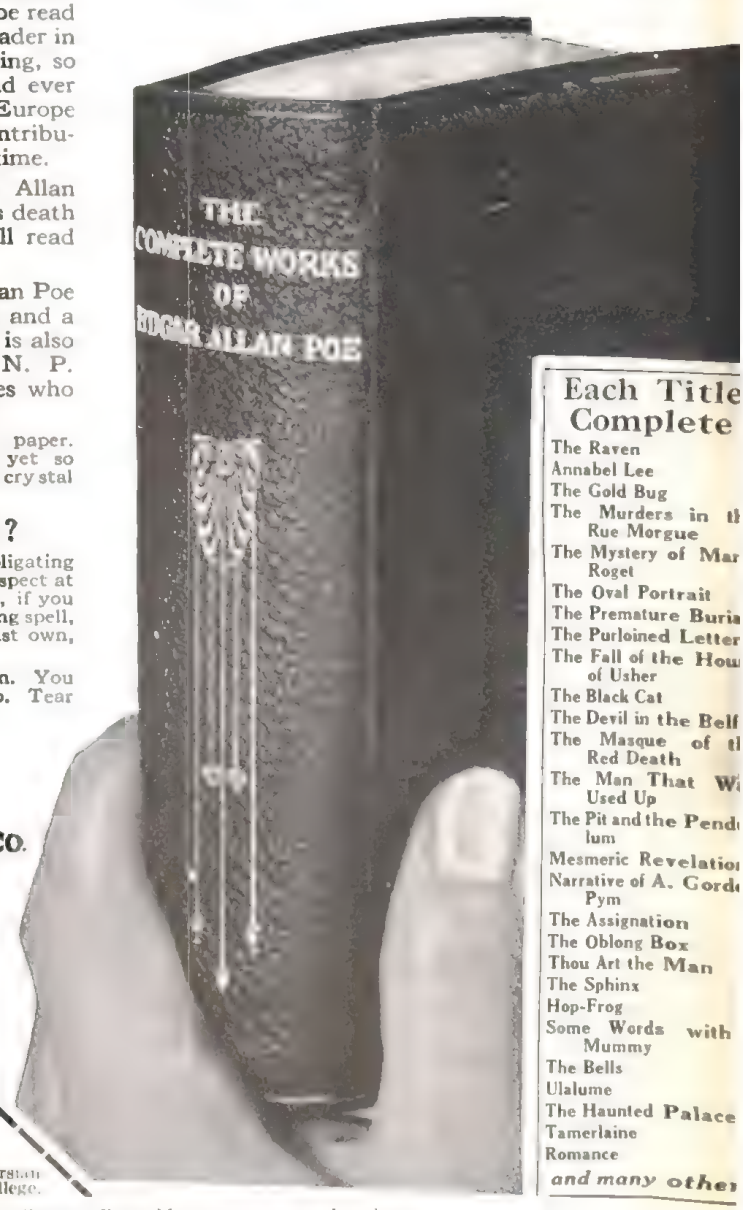

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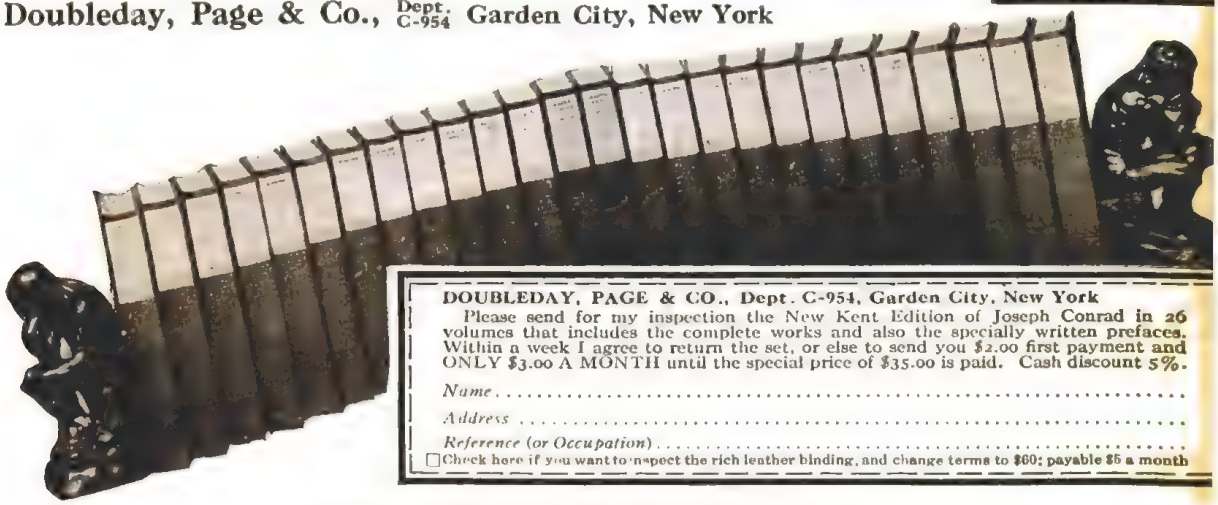

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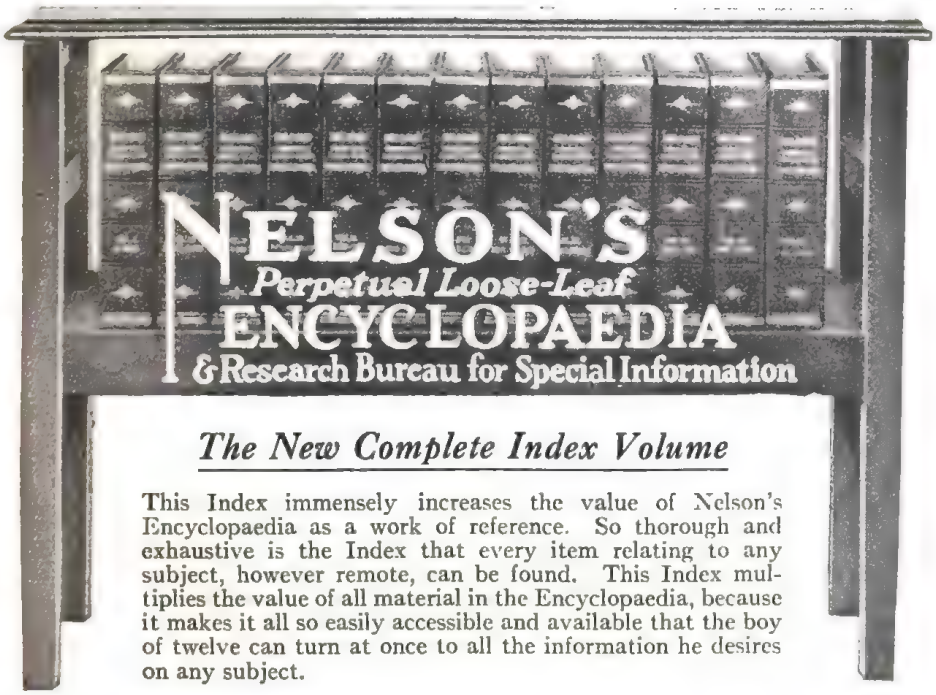

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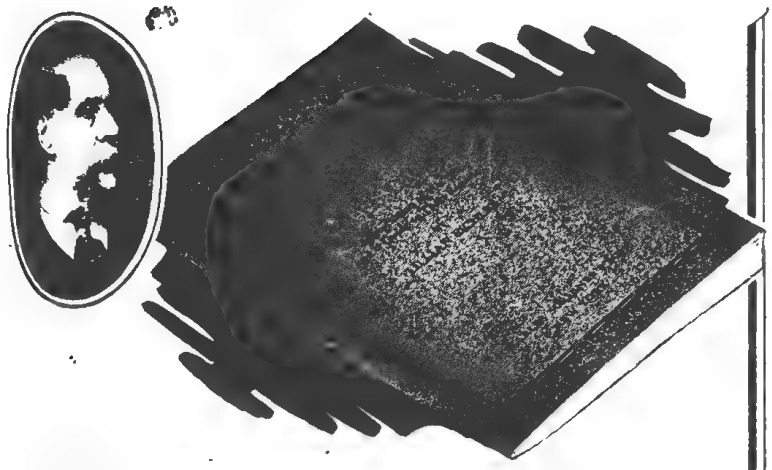

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A Startling Situation and Its Solution

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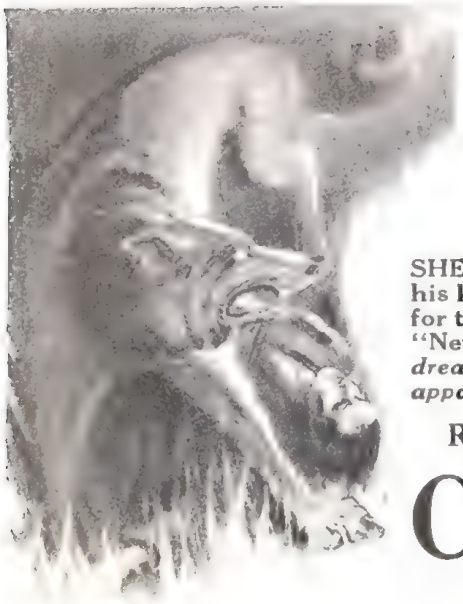

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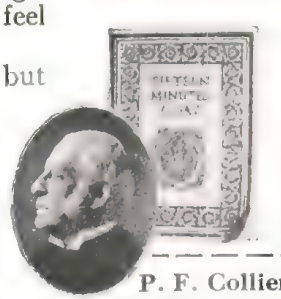

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The Eyes of the Poor

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Translated by Arthur Symons

AH! YOU want to know why I hate you to-day. It will probably be less easy for you to understand than for me to explain it to you; for you are, I think, the most perfect example of feminine impenetrability that could possibly be found.

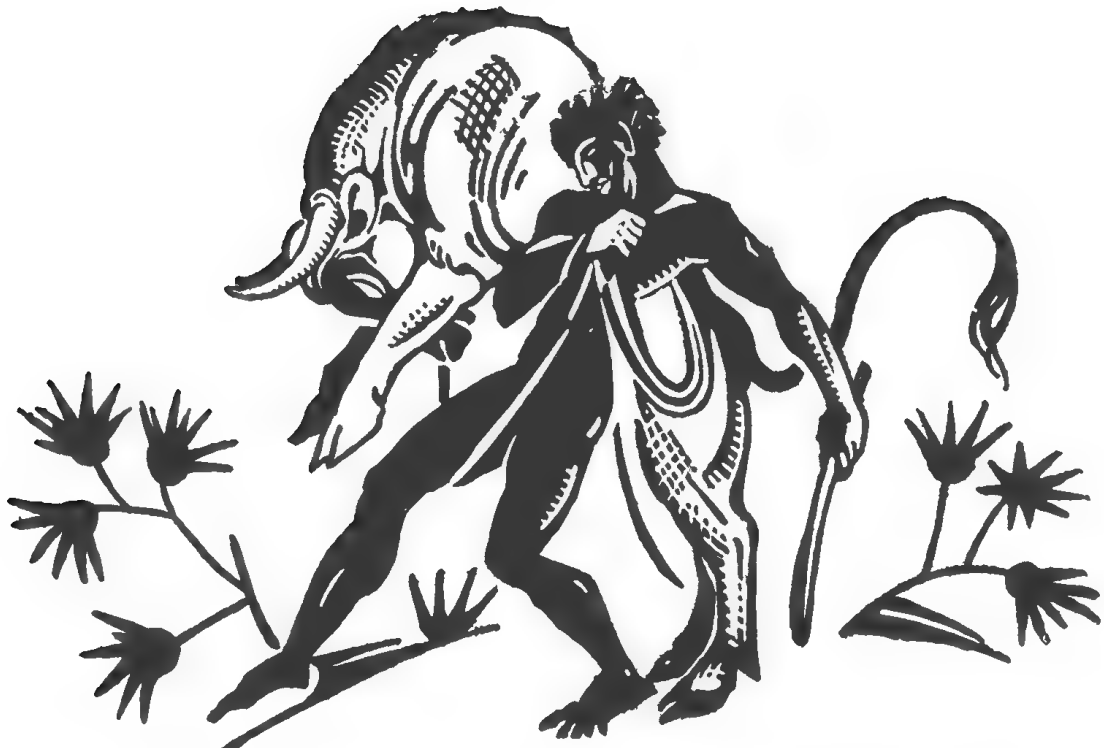
We had spent a long day together, and it had seemed to me short. We had promised one another that we would think the same thoughts and that our two souls should become one soul; a dream which is not original, after all, except that, dreamed by all men, it has been realized by none.

In the evening you were a little tired, and you sat down outside a new café at the corner of a new boulevard, still littered with plaster and already displaying proudly its unfinished splendours. The café glittered. The very gas put on all the fervency of a fresh start, and lighted up with its full force the blinding whiteness of the walls, the dazzling sheets of glass in the mirrors, the gilt of cornices and mouldings, the chubby-cheeked pages straining back from hounds in leash, the ladies laughing at the falcons on their wrists, the nymphs and goddesses carrying fruits and pies and game on their heads, the Hebes and Ganymedes holding out at arm's-length little jars of syrups or parti-coloured obelisks of ices; the whole of history and of mythology brought together to make a paradise for gluttons. Exactly opposite to us, in the roadway, stood a man of about forty years of age, with a weary face and a greyish beard, holding a little boy by one hand and carrying on the other arm a little fellow too weak to walk. He was taking the nursemaid's place, and had brought his children out for a walk in the evening. All were in rags. The three faces were extraordinarily serious, and the six eyes stared fixedly at the new café with an equal admiration, differentiated in each according to age.

The father's eyes said: "How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! One would think that all the gold of the poor world had found its way to these walls." The boy's eyes said: "How beautiful it is! how beautiful it is! But that is a house which only people who are not like us can enter." As for the little one's eyes, they were too fascinated to express anything but stupid and utter joy.

Song-writers say that pleasure ennobles the soul and softens the heart. The song was right that evening, so far as I was concerned. Not only was I touched by this family of eyes, but I felt rather ashamed of our glasses and decanters, so much too much for our thirst. I turned to look at you, dear love, that I might read my own thought in you; I gazed deep into your eyes, so beautiful and so strangely sweet, your green eyes that are the home of caprice and under the sovereignty of the Moon; and you said to me: "Those people are insupportable to me with their staring saucer-eyes! Couldn't you tell the head waiter to send them away?"

So hard is it to understand one another, dearest, and so incommunicable is thought, even between people who are in love!



THE youth of the country make ready for the morris-dance, and the merry milk-maid supplies them with ribbons her true love had given her.

The little fishes lie nibbling at the bait, and the porpoise plays in the pride of the tide.

The shepherds entertain the princes of Arcadia with pleasant roundelays. The aged feel a kind of youth, and youth hath a spirit full of life and activity; the aged hairs refreshen, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the labourer is abroad by the dawning of the day. The sheep's eye in the lamb's head tells kind-hearted maids strange tales, and faith and troth make the true-lover's knot.

It were a world to set down the worth of this month; for it is Heaven's blessing and the earth's comfort. It is the messenger of many pleasures, the courtier's progress and the farmer's profit; the labourer's harvest, and the beggar's pilgrimage.

april.

In sum, there is much to be spoken of it; but to avoid tediousness, I hold it, in all that I can see in it, the jewel of time and the joy of nature. *The Twelve Moneths, 1661.*

1 The boundless hilarity and jocund sports prevalent on the first day of April in England, and during the Huli festival of India ("Hunting the gowk" in Scotland, making "April Fish" in France) have their origin in the ancient practice of celebrating the period of the Vernal Equinox, or the day when the new year of Persia anciently began. MAURICE.

2 *Good Friday.*
In the morning, we do not believe in expediency; we will start afresh and have no patching, no temporary fixtures.
THOREAU.

3 Chast women are often Proud, and Froward, as presuming upon the merit of their Chastity. BACON.

4 *Easter.*
How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! GEORGE HERBERT.

5 If you do not want your heart
Burnt at a small flame
Like a spitted sheep,
Fly the love of women.
Fire burns what it touches,
But love burns from afar.
OLD MANCHURIAN SONG (MATHERS).

6 *Last Day of Passover.*
A sense of humour keen enough to show a man his own absurdities, as well as those of other people, will keep him from the commission of all sins, or nearly all, save those that are worth committing.
SAMUEL BUTLER.

7 Thence going out of White Hall, I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home to my office, and there I broke it open, not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold and £4 in silver. PEPYS.

8 The holy passion of Friendship is of so sweet and steady and loyal and enduring a nature that it will last through a whole lifetime, if not asked to lend money. MARK TWAIN.

9 "In this month," says a pleasant writer of the name of Smith, "the business of creation is resumed." Nature, in fact, brings out all her new spring patterns, unfolds a large stock of new green carpets, and displays a choice assortment of bouquets.
G. A. A'BECKET.

10 The sun, as it were, sheds us abroad in nature, scatters and disperses us; mist draws us together and concentrates us —it is cordial, homely, charged with feeling.
AMIEL.

11 I shall never ask, never refuse, nor ever resign an office.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

12 The April winds are magical
And thrill our tunefull frames,
The garden walks are passional
To bachelors and dames. EMERSON.

13 If seizing the means of the truest happiness . . . be wisdom, then is the unmarried state a great folly. . . . Turn, Fools, and get discretion. Buy cradles and double beds; make yourself a reality in life—and do the State some service.
WALT WHITMAN.

14 The 14 day of April and the morrow after Easter Day (1360) King Edward III with his host lay before the city of Paris; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horsebacks with the cold: wherefore unto this day it hath been called the *Black Monday*.
Stow's Chronicle.

15 Wild April, enkindled to laughter and storm by the kiss of the wildest of winds that blow,
Calls loud on his brother for witness; his hands that were laden with blossoms are sprinkled with snow.
SWINBURNE.

16 The bird of the morning sings. Whence has he word of the morning before the morning breaks, and when the dragon night still holds the sky in its cold black coils? TAGORE.

17 Bassus has bought a cloak for ten thousand sesterces, a Tyrian of the best colour. He has made a bargain. "Is that cheap?" you ask. Well, he will never pay at all. MARTIAL.

18 There is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool. LORD BURLEIGH.

19 No man so callous but he heaves a sigh
When o'er his head the withered cherry-flowers
Come flutt'ring down—Who knows? the spring's soft show'rs
May be but tears shed by the sorrowing sky.
KURONUSHI.

20 How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can attain to!
IZAAK WALTON.

21 But now the sun
With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heav'n; all nature stood disclosed. ADDISON.

22 Abstinence is the better part of physic. QUEEN ELIZABETH.

23 In all our assemblies at plays in London, you shall see such heaving and shoving, such itching and shouldering, to sit by women, such care for their garments that they be not trod on, such eyes to their laps, that no chips light in them, such pillows to their backs, that they take no hurt—such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foote saunt without cards, such ticking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedy to mark their behaviour. STEPHEN GOSSON.

24 The spring was doing its New York best. The dirty little English sparrows were tumbling over each other in their gutter brawls, and cats yowled all night in the areas. THOMPSON SETON.

25 On St. Mark's eve, at twelve o'clock,
The fair maid will watch her smock,
To find her husband in the dark,
By praying unto good St. Mark.
Poor Robin's Almanack, 1770.

26 Moss was in abundant life, some feathering, and some gobleted, and some with fringe of red to it. Overhead there was no ceiling but the sky itself, flashed with little clouds of April whitely wandering over it. BLACKMORE.

27 . . . was the time
Of Aperil, when clothéd is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the prime,
And swote smelling floures white and rede.
CHAUCER.

28 If you boast that you don't in any way obey your wife's orders, you are talking nonsense; for you are not made of tree or stone, as the saying is, and you suffer what most or all of us suffer, you are ruled by a woman. PALLADAS.

29 O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun
And, by and by, a cloud takes all away. SHAKESPEARE.

30 "To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough,
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April,
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers." MILLAY.

The Golden Book Magazine

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To a Venetian Tune

BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

Sincerely yours,
Stephen French Whitman

SPRING had come suddenly to Venice, as love to a maiden, miraculously enhancing the beauty that had already seemed perfect.

It was as if the east wind had wafted over the Adriatic the pollen of far-off lands. Straightway the balconies bloomed with Greek roses and Persian tulips. The flowering bramble burst forth in white spirals round pillars. One would have said that behind every window-hedge of iris a singing-bird warbled from his cage to a sweetheart across the canal. On the streets of water, between the reflections from sculptured walls, the gondoliers hailed one another with lyric cries:

"To-day it is spring for sure!"

But their calls echoed from the palaces in a muffled tone, as though the air was overweighted with perfume and sunshine.

The sun declined. The city floating on the sea blushed deeply. From the farthest lagoons the fishing-craft, their sails painted with saints and madonnas, stood in toward that show of loveliness as human beings toward some superhuman ideal. Then dusk descended; the winding waters multiplied the lamps and the stars.

In Saint Mark's Piazza—that core of Venetian life, as choicely pent in as a mammoth ballroom—an unknown personage raised his hat to me.

"Have you seen them, sir?" he inquired, earnestly.

He was tall, middled-aged, robust, almost herculean, with a grave and benevolent eye. He had on a dinner-coat and a hat of soft gray felt; in these he appeared as superb as a monarch in full regalia, or else as an actor playing a monarch in such a condition. However, as if to say, "Don't confuse dignity with dullness," he carried a cane of which the handle was

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covered with little round faces, some winking, some laughing, some sticking out their tongues.

"Surely, sir," he persisted, "you have seen them to-night? Byron, Tasso, Goldini, and all the rest of them? They are certainly hereabouts; or at least their essence is. For to-night the sprightliness and tender humour and gay perversity of all the past must have rendezvous in Venice. Shall we look about for it?"

Linking his arm with mine in a grip of astonishing power, grandly, almost theatrically, flourishing his cane, he led me across the Piazza.

The sauntering Venetians and visitors eyed him with admiration. As we passed the cafés, in front of which the pavement was cluttered with tables, waiters sprang forward to dust off chairs for him. There followed us a sibilant rumor: "*Eccolo!* There he is! Sure enough, it is he!" There were even ladies—all eyes and quivering ear-rings and emotional pallor, who looked as though they would like to ask him for a lock of his hair, which had begun to turn gray.

But he continued straight through that fairyland, where on all sides a lace-work of marble, coral-coloured or white, seemed to be dissolving in the glow of the lamps.

"Yes," he resumed, "there's something weird in this air. It's a magic made up of all the laughter that has ever resounded here, all the vows that have been exchanged in these balconies and gondolas, all the mystery of masked faces and purposes, indecorum better than stateliness, folly wiser than learning. This is a night in a thousand, a mystic hour, a chance for alliance with all the forces that war on the commonplace."

We approached a bridge that spanned a bright canal, just beyond Saint Mark's Piazza. A gondola was gliding in alongside the landing-place. From the cabin of the gondola two young women emerged—two charming, long-limbed, dark amazons in exuberant health, discreetly jeweled, clad in those high-neck confections that continental ladies wear when gadding about in the evening. My companion, descending the steps in a manner almost excessively elaborate, handed these fair creatures ashore.

"Are we very late?" asked one.

"Have you waited ages, poor old thing?" asked the other.

"You arrive in the nick of time," my companion assured them. And to me: "I present you, sir, to the Archduchess Vashti of Stara-Planina and to the Archduchess Ursa of Syrmia. These titles, I admit, are questionable for the moment, because of recent events, both Stara-Planina and Syrmia now being infested with soviets. But let us forget such trifles. As for myself," he added, with a gesture of modesty, "you may call me Don Orfeo without giving the slightest offense. And now we shall think of dinner."

Across the bridge stood a classic restaurant. We entered it.

The string-band played a flourish, as if expressly for us. All the other diners craned their necks and whispered together. In that glitter of mirrors and complex glow of colours, a fragrance of sachets, of sauces, of table flowers, was wafted round our noses like incense. We seated ourselves, and the cloth abruptly blossomed with a tribute of roses.

"What shall it be?" inquired Marco, the lantern-jawed waiter, rubbing his itching palms.

Don Orfeo instructed him:

"Let it be something exceptional tonight. A *consommé Aretino, petits pêches.* A *mousse de baleine de Jonas.* Some *ris de perroquet au bon guide.* Perhaps a *chaudfroid des rossignols amoureux.* For a sweet, say a *parfait poisson d'Avril.* Or—pshaw! whatever you see in the larder that has an abnormal look."

A murmur of admiration rose from the tables 'round us:

"Here is some one who knows a thing or two about menus!"

"What genius! What *chic!*"

"Lucullus born anew!"

Rising, laying his hand on his heart, Don Orfeo made a solemn bow in acknowledgment of this homage. A lady tossed him a sprig of forget-me-not, which he reverently stuck in his coat-lapel. He sat down amid general applause.

"And a little garlic, perhaps?" asked Marco, the waiter.

"Why not? Are we tourists, barbarians, prudes?"

"As for wines?"

"Whichever ones, in your opinion, produce the prettiest songs."

"Thank God! here at last is a mess of proper Christians! May no calamities befall you while I am in the kitchen."

But as Marco rushed away, a hollow voice uttered:

"*Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!*"

Our table stood by a window; the windo

was open, and out on the pavement, staring at us severely, drooped a bony young man in a slightly damaged straw hat, horn spectacles mended with sealing-wax, and a rumpled Palm Beach suit. It was Beverly Sheepshanks, an old acquaintance of mine—a renegade from wealth, an ardent Bolshevik.

His story was not entirely without interest.

Beverly Sheepshanks was that *rara avis*, a born New-Yorker. Inheriting a fortune in real estate, he had been regarded at first as a pattern for prodigals. One day, however, while he was entering the family mansion on Washington Square, a young female Greenwich-Villager, with bobbed hair and a Russian blouse, bestowed on him a Freudian sort of smile. In her studio under the eaves, beyond Sixth Avenue, she made him maudlin with coffee and social pity, recited the Communist Manifesto—in short, converted him. Shutting his house, he resolved to live on sixty dollars a month. By a strange coincidence, no sooner had he made this decision than she, the cause of his spiritual awakening, married a wealthy broker who thought that Karl Marx was a wholesale clothing merchant.

Had that perfidy made Beverly Sheepshanks relapse? If not, why was he here, instead of in the neat parlours where, round Chippendale tea-wagons, the *intelligentsia* of Manhattan discussed imagist poetry, Trotzky, the post-impressionists, Kraft-Ebing, class-consciousness, Octave Mirbeau, flag-fetishism, and the Department of Justice?

"Well, Beverly! What are you doing in Venice?"

He gave me a stony look: "I am tabulating the effrontery of the privileged classes, the anti-social defiance of joy-riders in gondolas, sniffers of fine bouquets, wearers of Paris dresses, munchers of truffles, flaunters of dinner-coats, swiggers of vintage wines. I am Daniel walking through Babylon, prophesying: 'Thou art found wanting. Beware of the Medes and the Persians!' "

Don Orfeo was gazing at Beverly Sheepshanks with an expression of pleasure.

"See here," he exclaimed. "You must dine with us, young sir. Your researches demand it. Moreover, our consciences need it. I tell you it is your moral duty. Can you refuse?"

The other morosely shook his head. "I have sworn never again to enter the door of a first-class restaurant."

"Very well; climb in through the window."

A light broke on Sheepshanks's face. He climbed in through the window. Don Orfeo presented him to the Archduchesses Vashti and Ursa.

These ladies strikingly resembled each other; one would almost have thought them twins. Their similar shapely largeness produced a feeling of awe. Both had blue-black hair, Hellenistic profiles, skin the colour of honey, large, lustrous eyes that were slightly on the slant. Beverly Sheepshanks pretended, with little success, to regard them indifferently.

The band played a barcarole. The archduchesses grew pensive. In throbbing contralto voices they spoke of their lost domains. They luxuriated in those painful recollections, their nostrils expanding with pride, while their eyelashes shimmered with tears. One easily pictured them in their respective state apartments that seemed built expressly for a race of giants. There, no doubt, in a blaze of candle-light, they had danced some kind of polonaise, or had deigned to accept a pistachio ice from a Balkan prince rigged out in a dolman. As one contemplated their trembling lips, which resembled the pulp of pomegranates, one felt like taking the first express for Stara-Planina and Syrmia, and accosting the soviets of those countries with the words, "A joke is a joke, you know; but it can be carried too far."

Yet those sad reminiscences did not prevent Vashti and Ursa from eating everything that Marco arrayed before them.

As for Beverly Sheepshanks, the air of Venice seemed excellent for his appetite, also.

"Incredible," he mumbled, "that people should subsist on such kickshaws! The physical organism must first be debased, in order to endure it. As Tolstoy said, honest muscular labor produces a horror of *croûte de chameau sucrê à la Cléopâtre.* Never mind! Just wait! Some day you shall see French cooks haled before tribunals of moralists, gourmets repenting in sanitary jails, and even these wealthy waiters renouncing their loathsome past."

On these words, Marco, whether from consternation or malignancy, let slip a large shell of ice-cream, which collapsed on the orator's head, gushing rivulets of minced fruit.

And so as not to embarrass Beverly while he was making his toilet, we engaged the lantern-jawed Marco in conversation.

"Come, Marco, you have an interesting face. What are your views about life?"

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, after all, I am only human. I have my likes and dislikes. Above everything, I dislike a Bolshevik. So you know what those animals want to do? They want to abolish tips."

We sat back and stared in horror.

"Oh, Marco! No!"

"Yes, accidents to them! They wish to ruin me, to put me in rags, give me a tin cup and turn me into a receiver of alms. What's to be done? It would be an easier job to keep the fleas out of all the churches in Venice than to bar the Bolsheviks out of Christendom. While one is watching the door, in they pop through the window. Ah, well, one can only do what one may—what occurs to one on the spurt of the moment, perhaps by the inspiration of one's patron saint."

Whereupon Marco went to fetch the coffee.

The diners round us seemed even happier than when we had entered the restaurant. The music was sprightlier; the lights were more brilliant; the air was more fragrant. In the street, the shadows and the moon had conspired to produce a sort of tender mist. The pedestrians, all apparently pairs of lovers, drifted by with a snatch of song or a gurgle of unsophisticated laughter.

"What a night for a little snack of sentiment," breathed the Archduchess Vashti.

"In a gondola filled with flowers," the Archduchess Ursa amended. "Straight up the patch of the moonlight."

And their wandering, languorous gazes rested on Beverly Sheepshanks.

Outside the window two voices rose together.

"Flowers of spring?" pleaded a feminine voice.

"A cupid to bring good fortune in love?" the masculine voice suggested.

Then, with a charming surprise and courtesy, those two venders turned to each other, apologized in the manner of strangers, and said at the same time:

"No; you were first with your flowers."

"No, no! After you and your cupids."

His cupids were plaster, and he carried them in a basket. He himself, despite his faded felt hat and shabby nankeen jacket, resembled a young faun in bronze. The flower-girl, on the other hand, small, delicate, and willowy, displayed a translucent pallor which was possibly accentuated by her romantic black shawl. Her tresses, uncovered and simply dressed, were the kind that artists go prowling through Venice in search of, crying out, "Did that rascal Titian invent them?" The red of her lips was startling against her white face; she suggested a pale Venetian wine-glass rosy at the brim. Her arch and pathetic glance she cast over us like a net from which there is no escape.

"Flowers of spring! Wear them while they are fresh. Smell them while you may. See how quickly they fade."

She crushed a nosegay with her fingers, then showed us the petals all wilted.

"Cupids!" the young faun murmured. "Cuddle them to your cheeks, catch laughter from them, listen to their whispers, while you may. They are fragile. A bungle and they are lost."

With a sad smile, deliberately he let a cupid slip from his hand to the sidewalk where it was smashed into fragments.

"What is your name, my child?" Don Orfeo asked the flower-girl.

"Zulietta, your Excellency."

"And yours?" the archduchesses inquired of the cupid-seller.

"Zorzio."

"Come, Zulietta and Zorzio," said Don Orfeo. "Your wares are all purchased. Your evening's work is over. Our party has gained two ornaments the more."

He rose. We accompanied him to the street. At the foot of the landing-steps an uncovered gondola awaited us—long, glistening, black, as graceful as a serpent; the prow-blade of speckless steel, the brass-work fashioned like dolphins. Somehow we all arranged ourselves on the cushioned seats meant to hold four persons only. The gondola slipped into the Grand Canal.

On both sides the palaces raised their tiers of fluted pillars, arched windows, and plaques of porphyry. Their doors, corroded by brine, remained shut as if to keep in a perfume of old romance.

But behind and above us, our gondolier burst into a hoarse, melodious song:

"Lean from your windows, flowers amid the flowers
Tremble as I pass by, a disdainful fellow:
Rain follows sunshine; cry! you have lost Otello
Weep out your little showers between God's showers

"There is a fairer maiden, white as a lily;
She the cool breeze from the Alps; I the sirocco
See, I have left my coat in the land of Molocco
Where the sirocco goes the night is not chilly.

"Her will I warm and marry, and by the lagoon
Under a sky with beautiful secrets sprinkled,
We will tarry where Tasso's mandolin tinkled
Wait and watch for the cherubs that fly from the moon."

We applauded the singer, whose hair was cut in flakes, whose mustache belonged in an opera, and who wore, with his tight black trousers and black-and-white shirt, the blue sash of the Nicolotto faction of gondoliers.

"Is your name really Otello?"

"*Sior sì!* I am his descendant."

"The Moorish general's?"

"*Sior sì!* And Desdemona's, also. Only, he was neither a Moor nor a general. Do you think that I would be a descendant of Turks? He was a gondolier, if you must know the truth—a great winner of regattas, and his title was Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotto faction." Without ceasing to vow, he continued: "You've heard, perhaps, of a scribbler named Shakespeare? He has written a fine pack of lies about those ancestors of mine. According to him, Otello was a murderer, and Desdemona his victim without the benefit of clergy. Ah, that Shakespeare! He has done his best to disgrace me. Only let me get him into my gondola some night!"

"Then it all happened otherwise?"

"It never happened at all. Do I deny that they had their little spats? They liked each other all the more for them. They grew old together; her picture was always painted on the sail of his heart; they kissed their grandchildren—it was a life of love. As for that Shakespeare, that donkey, may he die of a colic."

"But if there was no tragedy," objected Don Orfeo, "where is your fame? Abolish the report that your ancestor was his wife's assassin, and how are you better than any other man?"

Otello ceased rowing for a moment in order to scratch his head.

"Well," he vouchsafed at last, "it is true that there was a murder, but the victim was not Desdemona. It was his first wife that he assassinated by stuffing the mattress down her throat, as this Shakespeare, this jailbird, this Austrian, had said. Is that satisfactory?"

"It is a great relief to us," Don Orfeo returned. "For who would willingly deny a good gondolier the comfort of illustrious lineage?"

"True," Otello assented, "I take a certain comfort in the affair. It is not bad to feel oneself better born than other folks."

We floated on between the historic façades. The caged nightingales in the balconies gave us the richest cadences by way of farewell. For, leaving the Grand Canal, we passed into the lagoon. The waters widened—became an inland sea. The lamps marking the channels were like a handful of gems cast over a vast silver floor. Far ahead shone the lights of the Lido, a dune that helps to keep the Adriatic from Venice.

Zorzio, the cupid-seller, had raised his faun's face toward the sky. His look denoted the rapture of southern races at the conjunction of nature and art, which in Italy is not only free to all, but comprehended by all. Zulietta, the delicate vender of flowers, her vivid lips parted, was gazing wistfully at Beverly Sheepshanks. Her preoccupation, it seemed, was with the unattainable. For Beverly, oblivious of her gaze, was glowering at the archduchesses—robust twin goddesses shining with beauty, wrapped round, moreover, with the glamour of high descent. Obviously, he feared them because of this complex armament of theirs. Evidently he hated them for this singularity that all the soviets of Stara-Planina and Syrmia had not been able to deprive them of. All that he lacked, to complete his aversion, was contempt. For a radical who, in his boyhood days, had undoubtedly seen himself as the hero in *The Prisoner of Zenda*, this was as good a way as any of falling in love with the two.

At length he asked them, sternly:

"Are you not ashamed of your past?"

"We are trying to live it down," the archduchesses answered, in penitent tones. "Was it by our choice that we were born in rooms with gilt ceilings, to salvos of artillery and the plaudits of the populace? Have you no pity on victims of heredity?"

"Dash it!" Beverly confessed, drawing his hand across his eyes, "there is something pathetic in it, after all. I may end by pardoning you."

At that moment the gondola tipped. A stranger, dripping with water, climbed aboard and rose to his feet on the decking of the bow.

This stranger was tall and angular, with a waxed mustache that hung down despondently from immersion in the lagoon. Though bareheaded, the visitor wore full evening-dress, in the best of taste from his wilted collar and tie to his black-silk socks. His pumps, however, were gone. As he made his bow to us, the water flowed down his coat-tails.

"Do I arrive so early," he asked, in a timid voice, "as to find this party exclusive?"

All of us except Beverly Sheepshanks assured him to the contrary.

"And if he is chilly, there's something under the bowdeck," Otello added.

The well-dressed stranger, refreshed from Otello's stores, spoke as follows:

"My friends, if I may presume to call you so, I stand before you a passionate antiquarian. There are antiquarians who rummage the dusty ruins of Asia Minor, the brick-heaps of Babylonia, and similar dried-up spots. But I concern myself with relics forgotten in the depths of canals and lagoons. It is a life of danger. When coming up for air, I risk being moonstruck. Those moonstruck in Venice are liable to attacks of unconventionality. Some evening, no doubt, I shall make an ass of myself."

"Sir," said Don Orfeo, enthusiastically, "at any moment you may at least be taken with a chill. Permit me to replenish your glass."

The well-dressed stranger, after toasting us, resumed:

"To-night, in the bottom of this lagoon, I have examined the weapons and gadgets of the Franks defeated in these waters by the early Venetians. I have interviewed ancient fish who remember swallowing the ear-rings of medieval ladies—ear-rings which, as the ladies leaned over the sides of their gondolas, plopped into the water, so sharply did those fair ones shake their heads while saying no to gallants in purple tights."

"The ladies have changed since then," sighed the Archduchess Ursa, darting a look a Beverly Sheepshanks.

"The gallants, too, alas!" the Archduchess Vashti lamented, with a peep in the same direction.

Removing from across his nose a ribbon of seaweed, the well-dressed stranger, as though no unmaidenly remarks had been uttered, continued his discourse:

"Also, in the bed of the Grand Canal, I discovered the white-satin mask of a belle known to Casanova, close by the bracelet of Tintoretto's handsomest model. An agreeable little octopus escorted me to the spot where Tullia of Aragon, while stepping ashore after supper, lost her slipper embroidered with the romance of Cupid and Psyche. I left it there because, by aid of it, all the schools of sardines in the Venetian canals have gained a smattering of the art of the Renaissance—"

He would have gone on, but Beverly Sheepshanks, who had been fuming, interrupted him.

"Why do you not engage in some useful occupation?" Sheepshanks demanded, harshly. "This zeal in archeology improves no social conditions. You rake up the past, a thing that all proper men wish to obliterate. Reform yourself. Become useful to humanity. If nothing else, you can enter a factory and turn out butter-paddles, shaving-mugs, chemical flavours, derby hats, artificial eggs, or hurdy-gurdies. As it is, you are disgustingly non-essential."

The well-dressed stranger, wounded to the quick, drew back, made a gesture of infinite reproach, and, with a sob, plunged into the lagoon. His head did not reappear.

There was a moment of silent regret. Zorzio, the shabby cupid-seller, whispered to me:

"What shall we do with this living emblem of woe, who wants to reduce all of life to a utility basis? I, for one, could not live in his strictly efficient world, nor shall he live long in my happy-go-lucky one. Can you think of a tidy way to put an end to him?"

We were pondering this problem when Sheepshanks began again. He addressed the Archduchesses Vashti and Ursa:

"Yes, I forgive you both. As I contemplate the shame of your former rank, of your upper-class looks, compassion wells up in my heart. I feel like lightening your disgrace by sharing it with you. I am tempted to demand the right to be your apologist. How long does it take to put marriages through in Venice?"

"Shall I tell you?" breathed Zulietta, the translucent, flame-lipped flower-girl, letting her willowy young form sway slightly in his direction. He gave her a glance of impatience, then he went on haranguing the archduchesses. Zulietta's lips quivered. Her ruddy head drooped forward. But when Zorzio's hand closed comfortingly 'round hers, she was not indignant, but grateful.

And presently I heard them murmuring to each other:

"Can you cook?"

"Well, nothing fancy, of course—"

"Describe your masterpiece."

"A blanket of beefsteak stewed in oil and tomato paste. But first it must be rolled up."

"Bless your heart! Must it be rolled up?"

"*Siorsì!* Rolled up with chopped peppers, salami, garlic, hard-boiled eggs, lemon, onions, bread-crumbs, rosemary, parmesan cheese—"

"*Dio mio!* Here is a girl straight from heaven! What else do you know about?"

"Artichokes, with mashed anchovies."

"One moment! Let me master my emotion, or I shall be hugging you."

They leaned close together, a-quiver, as Zulietta revealed those recipes. The rest of us, our dinner forgotten, began to feel that we had made a mistake in not bringing some lunch along.

"At least," Otello reminded us, "there are restaurants on the Lido."

For that was where we were going.

The Lido lights were clearer. Ahead of us a rocket soared and burst in a crimson spray. It had risen from a canopied barge, full of radiance and laughter—one vaguely saw in the distance a sheen of bright faces and fabrics, a blush as if of roses and cheeks, a gay commotion like a fairy pageant. From this barge music came to us—the thrum of guitars, the cry of a violin, and a tenor voice that sang:

"A sea of fishes;
What baits shall I use?
A thousand wishes;
What mates will they choose?
Soft! Luna is fishing:
But what are they wishing?

"He dreams of blond girls:
A brunette will catch him.
He longs for fond girls:
A coquette will snatch him.
Bah! We are all green
When Luna is queen."

And there followed a chorus in voices both soprano and bass:

"So love is our sad fate, in brief:
Let us add our tears to the sea.
Do you think that a squeeze would bate our grief—
Would comfort you and me?
Let us struggle above our dreadful distress
At being in love—in so dismal a mess—
By a kiss or two, or three."

Giggling sounded; a second rocket rose into the sky, and the barge drifted away through a different channel of the lagoon trailed by a string of gondolas that had emerged from the shadows at the first note of song. The lights of the departing barge still dappled the water as if with yellow rose-leaves—an overflow of beauty.

"Shall we follow them, Excellency?"

"No, Otello," said Don Orfeo. "Tonight, for once, let us not admit that the other boat is pleasanter than ours."

Otello rowed on. The barge was lost in the moonlight. We came to the Lido. Beyond that strip of land lay the Adriatic Sea.

"Hello, old sea!"

"Where are all your sirens?"

"You, too, have an unessential look, you watery wretch!"

"Let us give this drone of a sea an excuse for existence."

So we went in swimming.

The bath-house keeper assured us that our bathing-suits had never been worn before. Indeed, we could hardly imagine any one else complaisant enough to wear them. Mine was a tight pink costume that threw the company into spasms of laughter. Don Orfeo's was pale blue, with a species of skirt, as became his dignity, dangling to the knees. Beverly Sheepshanks had chosen a radical red. Zorzio, in light green set off with magenta polka-dots, insisted on tying a sunbonnet over his head as protection against the moon. But we knew that no spectator would give us so much as a glance, with Vashti, Ursa, and Zulietta to look at. From the first one had suspected them of perfection; the fact was now patent.

Otello sat on the sand, refreshing himself from his wine-flask.

"Good-by, Otello. We're off for Fiume."

"I know it. Nothing that you do will surprise me. I am a gondolier of Venice."

We splashed through the Adriatic's little waves and swam out to sea. But somebody shouted, "Whales!" It was only the two archduchesses going through some praiseworthy tricks; nevertheless, we all raced back to shallow water. There the archduchesses began to teach Beverly how to turn cartwheels. Suddenly he emitted a blood-curdling yell. The Archduchess Vashti had slipped a small jelly-fish down the back of his bathing-suit.

"What a vile form of coquetry!" he bawled, repeatedly leaping into the air and shaking his legs.

But he had to forgive them when each discovered sand in her eyes. After dipping their faces in the water, they asked him, tremulously, "Is it all out?" And, since the moonlight was so diffuse, and his spectacles were covered with brine, he had to lean very close, while peering into the lustrous orbs first of Ursa, and then of Vashti, and then of Ursa, and then of Vashti again. In the end he became dizzy, reeled round, and with a splash sat down on his spectacles. Promptly seating themselves beside him, the archduchesses gazed sentimentally towards the Balkans.

In fact, we all sat down with them, up to our ribs in the water. I observed that

Don Orfeo, despite his gray hair, had the arms of a Sandow. He had picked up an iron ship's-bolt, which he pensively bent double between his hands as if it had been a candle. But he straightened it only at the third attempt.

"Heigh-ho!" he mused. "I am getting old, it seems."

Zorzio's arm encircled the waist of dainty Zulietta. And nothing could have been prettier than the pretense of those two, that Zorzio's arm was not there.

Again they fell to whispering:

"Zulietta?"

"Here I am."

"Do you know what those little bright things are, that come to us twinkling from every part of the sea?"

"Yes, I do. They are little bits of moonlight."

"No, they are all the kisses that I shall have to give you."

"As many as that?"

"We are young. We have life before us."

Closing her eyes, Zulietta laid her head on Zorzio's shoulder.

"How the past rises up before me as I look toward the Balkans," quavered Ursa, feeling about as if for her handkerchief. "I remember the last court ball. I recall my entrance, in which at each step the court chamberlain rearranged my train. I see the *quadrille d'honneur,* under crystal chandeliers, reflected in mammoth mirrors framed in curlicues of gilt. I feel again the longing to dance with some one not noble, but sympathetic."

While uttering these words, did she not press Beverly's left hand, under the water?

"Courage!" protested Vashti. "All that must begin again. The proletariat cannot do without us. For their own sakes they'll give us back our palaces, which will become academies for instructing them, in ways that they could not themselves perfect in less than a thousand years, how to show their superiority to the bourgeoisie. And when that day comes, our heinous past will be excused by our services to the new aristocracy."

While speaking, was she not holding Beverly's right hand, under the water?

Just then we saw emerging from the deep, and wading ashore, a tall, angular figure in a wilted dress-suit.

It was the submarine antiquarian.

Bowing before us, his waxed mustache more despondent than ever, he ventured:

"Is it, as it seems to be, a question of weddings? Out there, under the waves, I have located all the rings with which in the old days Venice was periodically wedded to the sea. The mermaids have no use for them, since their ceremony of marriage consists in coming to the surface upside-down and waving their tails three times at the Campanile. I admit that by such practices they confess themselves to be heathen. Who's for converting them? I am ready to lead a proselyting party to their haunts. Besides, in this age no chance should be lost to extend the industrial market. When once we have civilized them, we can sell them all sorts of things, from bathrobes to chewing-gum. It is more than a moral duty. It is an economic imperative."

He looked pathetically at Beverly Sheepshanks, as much as to say, "This time I have touched your heart?" But the latter only retorted:

"Be off with you! A betrothal of the utmost importance to the aristocratic world is about to take place, but not with your sordid commercial clatter as an obligato. If my court chamberlain were here, it wouldn't be the arrangement of a lady's train that I should require of him; it would be a summary readjustment of your coat-tails."

The well-dressed stranger sadly turned his back on us, moped into the sea, and took to swimming. We called after him; but he disappeared in the shimmer of the moonbeams.

Zorzio and I withdrew to the beach for conference.

"How is it to be done?"

"I understand that drowning is not only painless, but pleasant."

"Who said anything about a painless end?"

"Otello, how does one do away with folks in Venice?"

"Without leaving a trace?" asked Otello, drying his operatic mustache.

But before he could enlighten us, the others came up.

"Oh," the Archduchess Ursa protested, "such a question isn't so easily arranged as all that!"

"Which question?"

"Whether we are to marry this gentleman," the Archduchess Vashti replied, demurely nodding at Beverly Sheepshanks.

Don Orfeo announced:

"I for one am against it. And I speak on his behalf as well as on yours, my dears. It seems that he has suddenly turned reactionary, while you are just after talking in a most radical manner. From both points

of view it would be a misalliance. I must refuse my consent."

"And I mine," cried Otello, in horror. "What! Are we Mohammedans? If such villainy is to be done, you may find yourselves another gondolier."

"Yes," Vashti remarked to Sheepshanks, "it seems to be quite a bother."

"Perhaps this old gentleman can settle it," Ursa suggested.

Before us stood an aged wretch all in tatters, his visage wrinkled like a handbag of alligator-skin, his mouth toothless, his chin bedecked with some wisps of whitish hair. Holding his hat in his hands, he gave us the stare of an experienced goat.

"What name, sir?" Don Orfeo asked him, courteously.

"Fortunato," croaked the ancient.

"No doubt you are here absorbing the poetry of the sea?"

Fortunato emitted a cackle of contempt. "Why should I not, for once, treat myself to the luxury of truth? I am here to absorb the small coins of the zanies who find the sea poetic. In a longish life devoted to profiting by the idiotic moments of others, I've learned that nothing loosens the purse-strings like sentimentalism. Moreover, there's nothing like a moonlit sea for making people muzzy. That's why, on these moonlight nights, I beg on the Lido."

"But you, yourself, do you not regard the sea with some affection, then?"

"Affection? The sea?" snorted Fortunato. "To the devil with the sea! Is it wine? Can we drink it? What is it good for? To rush every now and then through the ports into Venice, and flood all the doorways where I am accustomed to sleep. The sea! No greater nonsense could be imagined than the making of it."

"But without the sea, what should we do for fish?"

"There is another piece of tomfoolery. The fish could just as well have been equipped with legs, to run over the land. A silly world! With half an hour's thought I could make a much better one."

"Then perhaps you can settle this delicate question of ours."

"At least, I will warble you a song."

And Fortunato, lifting his wrinkled muzzle toward the moon, produced, in a dreadful howl, the following:

"All little girls are pretty girls,
And big girls they are pretty, too;
And two are prettier than one,
And three are prettier than two:
Don't frown upon my ditty, girls;
For I have scarce begun.

"A garden full of tamarisks,
Wistaria, pomegranate-buds—
Yes, Venice is a garden fair
For young men in their Sunday duds:
He stares and stammers, 'Damn the risks!'
O rash young man, beware!

"The priest will not agree to it
That you should wed the pack of them;
And if you could, how soon would you
Pray heaven for the lack of them!
For one and all they'd see to it
That you were black and blue.

"So if you cannot pitch on one
From all of them to be your wife,
Leave each of them a legacy:
Your sash to Zanzi, and your knife
To Marietta; which, all done,
Go jump into the sea."

As Fortunato finished this doggerel, a gondolier of the Nicolotto faction presented himself to Otello.

"Otello, dost thou know that thy gondola is gone?"

"My gondola? Gone? In what way?"

"It seems that a tall, wet gentleman in evening dress has rowed it off, with no mean talent, to Venice."

Otello, his features unrecognizable, slowly came to his feet, raised his hands above his head, and howled:

"My gondola! My sweetheart! My jewel! Oh, the great tadpole! The son of a Turk! Stealer of holy candles! Falsifier of lotteries! Campanile-wrecker! Spy! Collector of cigarette-butts at church doors! Namesake of a saint that never performed a miracle! Spoiled oyster! Countenance of a pig!"

Screaming these words and others, he made for the lagoon. The rest of us ran to dress. Five minutes later, we all, Fortunato included, set out at full speed for Venice in a launch.

We rushed across the lagoon in a whirl of spray. The delicate Zulietta grew frightened at the speed of the launch; brave Zorzio protected her in a tighter embrace than ever. The archduchesses, their cloaks floating out behind them, resembled Amazons speeding to a battle in which no male warrior would have a chance for his heart. The beacons of Venice rose higher into the sky.

"Cheer up, Otello. We will find it again."

"My gondola! My treasure! My all! Her stem and beams were of oak, her ribs of cherry, her decks of walnut. Her prow-blade was an heirloom, which I rubbed every night with tallow. Promptly every month she went to be scraped and smoked.

No one else knew her temperament. All her darling little ways and whims—who else could master them?"

"Just fancy," said Don Orfeo to Beverly Sheepshanks, as an aristocrat to another, "even one of the people resents expropriation."

But it seemed that Beverly was now a Bolshevik again.

"Otello," he replied, in a menacing way, "is not the only one who must be educated. You, too, will have to see the light, and assent to my expropriation of these ladies, whom I am determined to marry. If not by persuasion, in another way."

"Terrorism!" squealed Ursa and Vashti, those exquisite honey-coloured giantesses, apparently torn between fear and curiosity, and trying to look as helpless as possible.

The aged Fortunato, rolling up his ragged sleeves, announced:

"Young man, if this is the revolution, count me on your side. I have nothing to lose, and all the world to gain. Shall we throw everything and everybody overboard except the wine, the diamonds, the watches, your fiancées, the money in the gentlemen's pockets, and a pair of their stylish suits? The only question is, when we have done so can you run this launch?—for I can't."

However, since we remained eight to two, despite Beverly's efforts to convert Otello, Zorzio, and the engineer of the launch, we were all aboard when the Grand Canal closed round us. On the left, we perceived some pale, impalpable domes; on the right, the alabaster sheen of Saint Mark's Piazzetta; ahead, the bejeweled channel of a myriad songs.

We sped furiously on, setting all the other craft to rocking and bobbing, so that there followed us the maledictions of many gondoliers. As we passed the ferry-stations we shouted for news; but here, too, all we got was bad words, while those on the landings ran to escape the wash of our launch. Leaving the Grand Canal, we forged through the smaller waterways, where the upper stories were coated with silver, the doorways steeped in gloom. High shutters painted in orange, blue, and scarlet banged open; nightcaps appeared; and a natty cavalier, scraping a mandolin below a curtain of honeysuckle, fell out of his gondola with a squawk of indignation.

But Otello gave the quick-stop cry, "*Sciar!*"

We hove to before a wine-shop that stood half a dozen steps above the canal, its open front embowered in rambler roses, its cave-like interior filled with gondoliers. It was a rendezvous of the Nicolotto faction.

At Otello's hail, they came crowding down the steps, still clutching their tumblers and their platters of eels and sardines. But Otello got no chance to unfold his tragedy. Beverly Sheepshanks addressed the gondoliers:

"Which is your leader?"

A swarthy, massive, majestic gondolier of uncertain age replied:

"I am the Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotti."

"Then, comrade, I inform you that the mystic hour has struck. No more classes, ranks, rich idlers, or special privileges. That being understood, I depend on your active assistance. There are persons in this launch who, because of aristocratic prejudice, wish to prevent me from marrying——"

The Grand Gastaldo of the Nicolotti, with the air of a man accustomed to being obeyed, raised his hand for silence.

"What do I hear?" he asked. "There are no more special privileges? The historic privileges of the Nicolotti are abolished? There is no more rank? I am not a Grand Gastaldo? No more rich idlers, to give us their custom? And possibly you wish to equalize our guilds with the world at large, make every one our peer, so that a gondolier is not to be distinguished from other people? General of the devils! Protégé of an assassin! Come nearer. Let me twine my fingers round that nose of yours."

The Grand Gastaldo, in fact, was still urging Beverly to come within arm's-reach when Otello hissed:

"There! He has just rowed past, the thief of my gondola. Look at him yonder, slipping away in the dark!"

The gondoliers dropped their tumblers and plates in horror.

"Thy gondola, Otello?"

"Stolen?"

"By one of those repulsive amateur gondoliers?"

"Here is sacrilege!"

"Here is a case for revenge!"

"Death! Damnation! Blood!"

Forthwith, the Grand Gastaldo leading, they all leaped aboard our launch, and perched themselves everywhere as we set out in pursuit.

Ahead we discerned the coat-tails of the well-dressed stranger, who was rowing as if for his life. He looked back, saw us gaining, and made for the nearest steps,

which chanced to be the steps of a nice little palace. Springing ashore, he beat on the door with his fists. As our launch reached the steps, the door opened inward. The well-dressed stranger bowled over a footman in a coat of garnet plush, and knee-breeches of peach-coloured satin. We saw the fugitive bound up a flight of marble steps flanked with statues of the nymphs.

"We have him!"

Gaining the top of the staircase, we found ourselves in a spacious hall, the floor of marble, the walls covered with yellow brocade, the ceiling painted all over by Tiepolo. On pedestals here and there were classic busts. Between candelabra hung trophies of Turkish armour. All the lights were blazing; the vases were filled with sprays of syringa, and, on a snowy table, a cold buffet was arranged in front of a phalanx of bottles. The gondoliers caught the well-dressed stranger as he was climbing out of a window.

He allowed them to drag him forward without a struggle. His clothes were nearly dry. He had found the time to give his mustache a jaunty upward twirl. His face wore the beatific look of a martyr.

"What shall we do with him?"

The prisoner was still shoeless; this prompted the suggestion, of course, that he be well tickled on the soles of his feet. But the Grand Gastaldo, after a glance at the cold buffet, decided:

"For the present let us tie him up, so that he may be tortured by watching us eat this supper. There is plenty of time to sentence him when all the food is gone."

So with curtain-cords they tied the well-dressed stranger into a large armchair, then turned to the cold buffet.

"This fish in mayonnaise has an exciting look."

"A jellied cutlet for me."

"A bit of chicken, please. Just a wing and a spoonful of aspic."

"What will you have to wash it down with?"

Beverly Sheepshanks turned to a clump of man-servants, who, in their garnet coats and peach-coloured breeches, stood gaping at us, dumfounded.

"Look alive, will you? Open a few of these bottles."

"Is the host here?"

"If so, common decency demands that we pay our respects to him."

With that obligation on their minds, they stuck their heads round some doors, explored the window-curtains, peeped under the piano. As no host revealed himself, there was nothing to do but return to the repast.

The archduchesses, confessing that their swim had made them peckish, consumed between them a chicken, two plates of white truffle salad, a mold of blanc-mange, six tarts, and a frozen custard. Zulietta and Zorzio preferred the cold mullet in a lavender sauce; they supped from one plate, so that they could sit closer together. As for Fortunato, that hoary rip was trying to pocket some forks, when the gondoliers chased him down-stairs. They then sat down on the handsome sofas in gingerly attitudes, their plates on their knees, their glasses between their feet, eating and drinking discreetly, and favourably criticizing the mythological ladies on the ceiling. Don Orfeo, the Grand Gastaldo, and I, pacing the marble floor, discussed melancholia and the means for preventing it.

The well-dressed stranger, trussed up in his chair, still watched us with a smile of beatitude.

But we were not yet done with Beverly Sheepshanks.

He planted himself before the two archduchesses. Side by side on a yellow divan, more exuberant and vital-looking than ever after their snack, they smiled at him as Circe would have smiled at Ulysses, if there had been two of her. All at once their patrician resplendency broke his will. Tears gushed from his eyes. He sank down on one knee before them, and uttered:

"Forgive me! Only, accept me!"

Don Orfeo, in a commiserating way, patted the suppliant's head, and volunteered:

"Poor fellow! Speaking *in loco parentis* —in short, as their father—for that is what I am—I must tell you that these marriages cannot be."

Pallid with rage, Beverly Sheepshanks rose to his feet. "For the same old reasons?"

"No; it has just occurred to me that they are already engaged."

At these words, the archduchesses gave a start and looked at each other strangely, as though to say:

"How in the world did that happen to slip our minds?"

Beverly Sheepshanks uttered a hideous laugh. "To a pair of grand dukes, no doubt! To a couple of wretched popinjays all covered with gimcracks and baubles!"

"No," said Don Orfeo; "to the most

redoubtable wrestler, and the most eupeptic weight-lifter, in Europe."

Every one rose, approached on tiptoe, and made a circle round the yellow divan. Don Orfeo continued in his courtliest manner:

"Apparently it is time for our masquerade to end. Neither my daughters nor myself can claim any patents of nobility other than those bestowed on us by nature. Who are we? We are the Missolonghi Family, whose business it is to reacquaint the world with the physical idealism of ancient Greece. Our palaces are painted behind the footlights. Our subjects are the theater-going public. Our conquests are over the admiration, alone, of new countries. Last month we laid imperial Rome at our feet; to-morrow night we expect to subjugate Venice. I must write you all some passes."

For an instant, did not a cloud cross the faces of Vashti and Ursa—a shade of regret that they were persecuted archduchesses no longer?

"Acrobats!" gasped Beverly Sheepshanks, falling back a pace.

Don Orfeo returned, with simply dignity: "Do not confuse us, pray, with the general run of music-hall posture-masters. Since the beginning, each art, like every other occupation, has had its aristocracy, as no formula has yet been adopted by which people may be born all equally proficient."

"And we took you for a philosophical altruist," I told Don Orfeo.

"It is because I am a philosophical altruist that the Missolonghi Family is unique. As I have hinted, it has a mission higher than mere entertainment. By revealing, on the stage, human forms as they ought to be, we present an ideal, incite mankind to physical perfection, and so work for a grander race. It is true that when every one is as shapely and strong as we, our drawing-power will end. Never mind; we make that sacrifice cheerfully for humanity's sake."

"And this has been your life-work?" I asked him, in awe.

"At first I had other thoughts. I intended to abolish humanity's ignorance. With that in mind, I mastered the history of the world—geographical, ethnological, political, emotional, economic, artistic, amatory, and scientific. It then occurred to me to become, instead, a missionary of good taste. For this purpose I began by delving into the esthetics of dining, but soon acquired a waist-line that alarmed all my friends. One morning, while doing my calisthenics, I seemed to see before me a flaming legend, *Mens sana in corpore sano.* That day I went forth to rescue the bodies of mankind, which seemed to me a preliminary to all the rest. If I was wrong, why have I gained this precious reward—namely, the gift of laughing even at myself?"

"Sir, if you are as fine an athlete as you are idealist——"

By way of reply he beckoned to Ursa and Vashti.

The three ran lightly into the middle of the hall. Quicker than the eye could follow, Vashti swung herself up on Don Orfeo's shoulders, and Ursa soared up over Vashti. For a moment they towered three-high, then began to tip forward like a falling column. Cries of alarm arose. But just as all three seemed about to dash themselves against the marble floor, each turned a somersault in midair; and they stood erect, wafting kisses in all directions.

"Feats of Hercules!" roared the delighted gondoliers.

With a deprecating smile, Don Orfeo murmured:

"It is nothing—a trivial gesture to amuse you. If you have some packs of cards, my daughters will gladly tear them in two, or bend a few coins with their fingers."

Beverly Sheepshanks blenched, retreated, and bumped into Zulietta. While apologizing, he seemed to see that lissom, pale, Titian-haired damsel for the first time.

"Maybe," he stammered in her ear, "I've made a little mistake? A while ago, when I spoke of marriages in Venice, you offered to tell me something?"

Once more Zorzio had the chance to encircle, with his shabby nankeen sleeve, Zulietta's black shawl.

"We, too," he announced, "have a confession to make. All this evening Zulietta has been my wife and I have been her husband. Would you like us less if I told you that to-morrow morning we shall resume our titles of Principe and Principessa di Lunazzurra?"

"A prince! You are not a peddler of cupids, then?"

"A princess! You are not a flower-girl at all?"

"Let me explain," the faunlike Zorzio besought us. "Because we have the misfortune to be noble and rich, that doesn't mean that we have no hearts at all. Tormented by our idle lives, shamed by the ac-

cusations of the radical press, we decided, at first, to live for one month in the year in the manner of common peasants. We sailed to England, leased a small farm—which the English call a manor—and raised for the London market some roses and hothouse grapes, which we clipped with our own hands. But the Spanish *chargé d'Affaires*, who was visiting us, discovered us engaged in manual labour, wrote home about it, and stirred up all our relatives in Spain. Nevertheless, we were still determined to earn our bread, at least one day a year, in a humble and decent manner. We met you while doing so. And we call this night to witness that all good impulses bring their pleasant rewards."

"Can it be," the Grand Gastaldo inquired, in dismay, "that this is now your Excellency's palace?"

"No, it is not," said Zorzio. "We are staying at the Hotel Superb. In fact, we are not Venetians at all, but Neapolitans. We came here yesterday, because, as you can see, it would hardly do for the Prince and Princess of Lunazzurra to peddle cupids and flowers along the sidewalks of Naples."

"That is easily understood," the Grand Gastaldo assured him. "All the same, it would be interesting to know who is the present lessee of this palace of ours."

"I am the guilty person," a happy voice caroled behind us.

It was the well-dressed stranger, still trussed up in his chair.

"You see before you," the well-dressed stranger informed us, "a poor fellow whose one idea is to carry diversion to a humdrum world. Three times to-night I did my best to amuse you; twice I was repulsed, but at last I conquered you. Oh, joy!" he cried, looking up at the chandeliers and beaming in ecstasy. "I have lured all these people to an hour of whimsy under my humble roof. I have tasted the bliss of bestowing happiness. Do your worst to me now. You can't undo my triumph!"

In a jiffy the well-dressed stranger was released by Otello himself.

"Shall we dance?"

Our host clapped his hands. Musicians appeared and began to play a waltz. The Grand Gastaldo danced with Vashti, Zorzio with Ursa, our host with Zulietta. The gondoliers cheerfully waltzed with one another. Fortunato, who had returned when nobody was looking, did a species of folk-dance by himself in a corner, a bottle of wine in each paw.

Don Orfeo and I retired to a balcony.

This side-canal was flooded by the moonlight. In the pink dwelling across the way the emerald shutters were closed. But below, on the narrow stream, lay a flotilla of gondolas, attracted by our music. Inevitably among those moths there was a violin; the musician, catching the key, began to follow the waltz. Soon there rose a sound of humming voices, which harmonized with the melody indoors.

Said Don Orfeo, nodding toward the festive scene within:

"There, at least, is a momentary Utopia—the submergence of conflicting prejudices in amiable give-and-take; the equality in happiness that idealists hope for, that realists say can never be attained. Let us confess that there's something touching in the fact that it is a mirage of the night, and must fade with the sunrise. Alas! why must that be so?"

A voice beside us croaked, "That is easily explained."

It was Fortunato, who had tottered out to the balcony to cool his fevered brow. Lolling against the jamb, wagging his finger at us, the old vagabond declaimed:

"I am admittedly tight, while you gentlemen, apparently, are not; for that reason I feel myself more capable than ever of instructing you. Shall I tell you the trouble with all of us? We are human beings, not angels. Each gains and holds what he can. Each covets what he lacks. But I do not wish to reduce you to despair. I would not have you break down and weep before me. So I admit that this state of things will end. It will end when no gondolier is tickled to be thought the descendant of Otello, when no ladies enjoy being taken for archduchesses, when no princes, after a night of peddling, return to the Hotel Superb, when nobody insists on being a Grand Gastaldo. In fine, the whole mess will end when we are not humans, but angels."

"You paint a black picture, Fortunato," Don Orfeo sighed.

But Fortunato did not hear him. He was asleep, half over the end of the balcony, his face in a clump of flowering bramble. Don Orfeo slipped a banknote into the old rascal's pocket.

The music still kept the air throbbing. Amid the gondolas below us an improviser had fitted words to our waltz:

"Eyes are shining, fingers twining,
Music playing in languid measure;
Lips are smiling, sighs beguiling,
Figures swaying up there, my treasure;

Our answer hums below their wall;
We catch the crumbs of songs that fall
Through the fragrant night,
From the feast of light—
From the house of the Prince of Pleasure."

Waving his hand toward the gondolas below, Don Orfeo remarked:

"He is right in this, that we are all drawn toward that which shines just beyond our reach."

"But to-night is a magical night," I reminded him. "This is the hour when the unattainable, as you have seen, may be attained."

"True," Don Orfeo assented. "And for that reason, why do we not tell our host of all these pathetic folk below his windows? If we do, he will ask them in, and the mirage will be complete."

So he did. There were some pretty girls among them, and the party became a ball. The music went on and on and on; for, happily, the swallows that herald the dawn in Venice were still asleep in their nests.

The Long Road West

By HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

ONCE I heard a Hobo, singing by the tie-trail,
Squatting by the red rail rusty with the dew:
Singing of the firelight, singing of the high-trail
Singing to the morning as the dawn broke through:

"Saddle, rail, or pack-sack—any way you take it:
Choose a pal and try him, but on your own is best.
Sand, clay, or cinders—any way to make it
Looking for To-morrow down the long road West."

Far across the ranges, over where the sea swings,
Battering the raw ledge, booming up the sand:
There I heard a sailor telling what the sea sings,
Sings to every sailor when he longs for land:

"When you've saved your cash and when you've done your hitch, sir;
—Holystone and hardtack, buckle to the test—
When you're back in port and your feet begin to itch, sir,
Think about To-morrow, and the long road West."

Slowly came a cowboy riding round the night-herd;
Silver was the starlight, slender was the moon;
Then I heard him singing, lonely as a night-bird,
Pony's head a-nodding to the queer old tune:

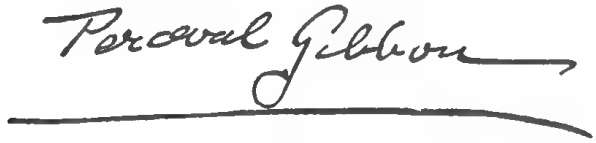
"Wind, rain, and sunshine—every kind of weather:
Sweating on the mesa, freezing on the crest:
Me and just my shadow, jogging on together,
Jogging on together down the long road West."

Lazy was the cool stream slipping through the far light
Shadowing the buckthorn high along the hill,
When I heard a bird sing softly in the starlight,
Singing in the evening when the trees were still:

"Valley, range, and high trail, mesa, butte and river:
Sun across the lowlands, rolling down to rest:
There'll always be the skyline, running on forever,
Running on forever, down the long road West."

The King of the Baboons

By PERCEVAL GIBBON



THE old yellow-fanged dog-baboon that was chained to a post in the yard had a dangerous trick of throwing stones. He would seize a piece of rock in two hands, stand erect and whirl round on his heels till momentum was obtained, and then—let go. The missile would fly like a bullet, and woe betide any one who stood in its way. The performance precluded any kind of aim; the stone was hurled off at any chance tangent: and it was bad luck rather than any kind of malice that guided one three-pound boulder through the window, across the kitchen, and into a portrait of Judas de Beer which hung on the wall not half a dozen feet from the slumbering Vrouw Grobelaar.

She bounced from her chair and ballooned to the door with a silent, swift agility most surprising to see in a lady of her generous build, and not a sound did she utter. She was of good veld-bred fighting stock, which never cried out till it was hurt, and there was even something of compassion in her face as Frikkie jumped from the stoop with a twelve-foot thong in his hand. It was, after all, the baboon that suffered most, if his yells were any index to his feelings. Frikkie could smudge a fly ten feet off with just a flick of his whip, and all the tender parts of the accomplished animal came in for ruthless attention.

"He ought to be shot," was Frikkie's remark as he curled up the thong at the end of the discipline. "A baboon is past teaching if he has bad habits. He is more like a man than a beast."

The Vrouw Grobelaar seated herself in the stoop chair which by common consent was reserved for her use, and shook her head.

"Baboons are uncanny things," she answered slowly. "When you shoot them, you can never be quite sure how much murder there is in it. The old story is that some of them have souls and some not: and it is quite certain that they can talk when they will. You have heard them crying in the night sometimes. Well, you ask a Kafir what that means. Ask an old wise Kafir, not a young one that has forgotten the wisdom of the black people and learned the foolishness only of the white."

"What does it mean, tante?" It was I that put the question. Katje, too, seemed curious.

The old lady eyed me gloomily.

"If you were a landed Boer, instead of a kind of schoolmaster," she replied, witheringly, "you would not need to ask such a question. But I will tell you. A baboon may be wicked—look at that one showing his teeth and cursing—but he is not blind nor a fool. He runs about on the hills, and steals and fights and scratches, and all the time he has all the knowledge and twice the strength of a man, if it were not for the tail behind him and the hair on his body. So it is natural that sometimes he should be grieved to be such a mean thing as a baboon when he could be a useful kind of a man if the men would let him. And at nights, particularly, when their troop is in laager and the young ones are on watch among the high rocks, it comes home to the best of them, and they sob and weep like young widows, pretending that they have pains inside so that the others shall not feel offended and turn on them. Any one may hear them in the kloofs on a windless night, and, I can tell you, the sound of their sorrow is pitiful."

Katje threw out a suggestion to console them with buckshot, and the Vrouw Grobelaar nodded with meaning.

"To hate baboons is well enough in the wife of a Burgher," she said sweetly. "I am glad to see there is so much fitness and wife-

liness about you, since you will naturally spend all your life on farms."

Katje's flush was a distress signal. First blood to the Vrouw.

"Baboons," continued the old lady, "are among a farmer's worst enemies. They steal and destroy and menace all the year round, but for all that there are many farmers who will not shoot or trap them. And these, you will notice, are always farmers of a ripe age and sense-shaped by experience. *They* know, you may be sure. My stepsister's first husband, Shadrach van Guelder, shot at baboons once, and was so frightened afterwards that he was afraid to be alone in the dark."

There was a story toward, and no one moved.

"There were many Kafirs on his farm, which you have not seen," pursued the Vrouw Grobelaar, adjusting her voice to narrative pitch. "It was on the fringe of the Drakensberg, and many spurs of hill, divided by deep kloofs like gashes, descended on to it. So plenty of water came down, and the cattle were held from straying by the rocks, on one side at any rate. The Kafirs had their kraals dotted all about the land; and as they were of the kind that works, my stepsister's husband suffered them to remain and grow their little patches of mealies, while they worked for him in between. He was, of course, a cattle Boer, as all of our family have always been, but here were so many Kafirs to be had for nothing, that he soon commenced to plough great spaces of land and sow valuable crops. There was every prospect that he would make very much money out of that farm; for corn always sells, even when cattle are going for only seven pounds apiece, and Shadrach van Guelder was very cheerful about it.

"But when a farmer weighs an ungrown crop, you will always find that there is something or other he does not take into account. He tells off the weather and the land and the Kafirs and the water on his fingers, and forgets to bend down his thumb to represent God—or something. Shadrach van Guelder lifted up his eyes to the hills from whence came the water, but it was not until the green corn was six inches high that he saw that there came with it baboons. Armies and republics of them; more baboons than he had thought to exist—they swooped down on his sprouting lands and rioted, ate and rooted, trampled and wantoned, with that kind of bouncing devilishness that not even a Kafir can correctly imitate. In one night they undid all his work on five sown morgen of fat land, and with the first wink of the sun in the east they were back again in their kopjes, leaving devastation and foulness wherever they passed.

"It was my stepsister's husband that stood on one leg and cursed like a Jew. He was wrathful as a Hollander that has been drinking water, and what did not help to make him content was the fact that hardly anything would avail to protect his lands. Once the baboons had tasted the sweetness of the young corn, they would come again and again, camping in the kloofs overhead as long as anything remained for them, like a deaf guest. But, for all that, he had no notion of leaving them to plunder at their ease. The least one can do with an unwelcome visitor is to make him uncomfortable; and he sent to certain kraals on the farm for two old Kafirs he had remarked who had the appearance of cunning old men.

"They came and squatted before him, squirming and shuffling, as Kafirs do when a white man talks to them. One was quite a common kind of Kafir, gone a little gray with age, a tuft of white wool on his chin, and little patches of it here and there on his head. But the other was a small twisted yellow man, with no hair at all, and eyes like little blots of fire on a charred stick; and his arms were so long and gnarled and lean that he had a bestial look, like a labourious animal.

" 'The baboons have killed the crop on the lower lands,' said Shadrach, smacking his leg with his sjambok. 'If they are not checked, they will destroy all the corn on this farm. What is the way to go about it?'

"The little yellow man was biting his lips and turning a straw in his hands, and gave no answer, but the other spoke.

" 'I am from Shangaanland,' he said, 'and there, when the baboons plague us, we have a way with them, a good way.'

"He sneered sideways at his yellow companion as he spoke, and the look which the latter returned to him was a thing to shrink from.

" 'What is this way?' demanded Shadrach.

" 'You must trap a baboon,' explained the old Kafir. 'A leading baboon, for choice, who has a lot to say in the government of the troop. And then you must skin him, and let him go again. The others will travel miles and miles as soon as they see him, and never come back again.'

" 'It makes me sick to think of it,' said Shadrach. 'Surely you know some other way of scaring them?'

"The old Kafir shook his head slowly, but

the yellow man ceased to smile and play with the straw and spoke.

"'I do not believe in that way, baas. A Shangaan baboon'—he grinned at his companion—'is more easily frightened than those of the Drakensberg. I am of the bushmen, and I know. If you flay one of those up yonder, the others will make war, and where one came before, ten will come every night. A baboon is not a fat, lazy Kafir; one must be careful with him.'

"'How would you drive them away, then?' asked Shadrach.

"The yellow man shuffled his hands in the dust, squatting on his heels. There! There! See, the baboon in the yard is doing the very same thing.

"'If I were the baas,' said the yellow man, 'I would turn out the young men to walk round the fields at night, with buckets to hit with sticks, and make a noise. And I —well, I am of the bushmen—' he scratched himself and smiled emptily.

"'Yes, yes?' demanded Shadrach. He knew the wonderful ways of the bushmen with some animals.

"'I do not know if anything can be done,' said the yellow man, 'but if the baas is willing I can go up to the rocks and try.'

"'How?'

"But he could tell nothing. None of these wizards that have charms to subdue the beasts can tell you anything about it. A Hottentot will smell the air and say what cattle are near, but if you bid him tell you how he does it, he giggles like a fool and is ashamed.

"'I do not know if anything can be done,' the yellow man repeated. 'I cannot promise the baas, but I can try.'

"'Well, try then,' ordered Shadrach, and went away to make the necessary arrangements to have the young Kafirs in the fields that night.

"They did as he bade, and the noise was loathsome—enough to frighten anything with an ear in its head. The Kafirs did not relish the watch in the dark at first, but when they found that their work was only to thump buckets and howl, they came to do it with zest, and roared and banged till you would have thought a judgment must descend on them. The baboons heard it, sure enough, and came down after a while to see what was going on. They sat on their rumps outside the circle of Kafirs, as quiet as people in a church, and watched the niggers drumming and capering as though it were a show for their amusement. Then they went back, leaving the crops untouched, but pulling all the huts in one kraal to pieces as they passed. It was the kraal of the old white-tufted Shangaan, as Shadrach learned afterwards.

"Shadrach was pleased that the row had saved his corn, and next day he gave the twisted yellow man a lump of tobacco. The man tucked it into his cheek and smiled. wrinkling his nose and looking at the ground.

"'Did you get speech of the baboons last night among the rocks?' Shadrach asked.

"The other shook his head, grinning. 'I am old,' he said. 'They pay no attention to me, but I will try again. Perhaps, before long, they will listen.'

"'When they do that,' said Shadrach, 'you shall have five pounds of tobacco and five bottles of dop.'

"The man was squatting on his heels all this time at Shadrach's feet, and his hard fingers, like claws, were picking at the ground. Now he put out a hand, and began fingering the laces of the farmer's shoes with a quick fluttering movement that Shadrach saw with a spasm of terror. It was so exactly the trick of a baboon, so entirely a thing animal and unhuman.

"'You are more than half a baboon yourself,' he said. 'Let go of my leg! Let go, I say! Curse you, get away—get away from me!'

"The creature had caught his ankle with both hands, the fingers, hard and shovel-ended, pressing into his flesh.

"'Let go!' he cried, and struck at the man with his sjambok.

"The man bounded on all-fours to evade the blow, but it took him in the flank, and he was human—or Kafir—again in a moment, and rubbed himself and whimpered quite naturally.

"'Let me see no more of your baboon tricks,' stormed Shadrach, the more angry because he had been frightened. 'Keep them for your friends among the rocks. And now be off to your kraal.'

"That night again the Kafirs drummed all about the green corn, and sang in chorus the song which the mountain-Kafirs sing when the new moon shows like a paring from a finger-nail of gold. It is a long and very loud song, with stamping of feet every minute, and again the baboons came down to see and listen. The Kafirs saw them, many hundreds of humped black shapes, and sang the louder, while the crowd of beasts grew ever denser as fresh parties came down and joined in. It was opposite the rocks on which they sat that the singing-men col-

lected, roaring their long verses and clattering on the buckets, doubtless not without some intention to jeer at and flout the baffled baboons, who watched them in such a silence. It was drooping now to the pit of night, and things were barely seen as shapes, when from higher up the line, where the guardians of the crops were sparser, there came a discord of shrieks.

"'The baboons are through the line,' they cried, and it was on that instant that the great watching army of apes came leaping in a charge on the main force of the Kafirs. Oh, but that was a wild, a haunting thing! Great bull-headed dog-baboons, with naked fangs and clutching hands alert for murder; bounding mothers of squealing litters that led their young in a dash to the fight; terrible lean old bitches that made for the men when others went for the corn—they swooped like a flood of horror on the aghast Kafirs, biting, tearing, bounding through the air like uncouth birds, and in one second the throng of the Kafirs melted before them, and they were among the corn.

"Eight men they killed by rending, and of the others, some sixty, there was not one but had his wound—some bite to the bone, some gash, where iron fingers had clutched and torn their way through skin and flesh. When they came to Shadrach, and woke him wearily with the breathless timidity of beaten men, it was already too late to go with a gun to the corn-lands. The baboons had contented themselves with small plunder after their victory, and withdrew orderly to the hills; and even as Shadrach came to the door of the homestead, he saw the last of their marshaled line, black against the sky, moving swiftly toward the kloofs.

"He flung out his hands like a man in despair, with never a word to ease his heart, and then the old Shangaan Kafir stood up before him. He had the upper part of his right arm bitten to the bone and worried, and now he cast back the blanket from his shoulder and held out the quivering wound to his master.

"'It was the chief of the baboons that gave me this,' he said, 'and he is a baboon only in the night. He came through the ranks of them bounding like a boulder on a steep hillside, and it was for me that his teeth were bared. So when he hung by his teeth to my arm and tore and snarled, I drew my nails across his back, that the baas should know the truth.'

"'What is this madness?' cried Shadrach.

"'No madness, but simple devilry,' answered the Shangaan, and there came a murmur of support from the Kafirs about him. 'The leader of the baboons is Naqua, and it was he who taught them the trick they played us to-night.'

"'Naqua?' repeated Shadrach, feeling cold and weak.

"'The bushman,' explained the old man. 'The yellow man with the long lean arms who gave false counsel to the baas.'

"'It is true,' came the chorus of the Kafirs. 'It is true; we saw it.'

"Shadrach pulled himself together and raised a hand to the lintel of the door to steady himself.

"'Fetch me Naqua!' he ordered, and a pair of them went upon that errand. But they came back empty: Naqua was not at his hut, and none had news of him.

"Shadrach dismissed the Kafirs to patch their wounds, and at sun-up he went down to the lands where the eight dead Kafirs still lay among the corn, to see what traces remained of the night's work. He had hoped to find a clue in the tracks, but the feet of the Kafirs and the baboons were so mingled that the ground was dumb, and on the grass of the baboons' return there remained, of course, no sign. He was no fool, my stepsister's first husband, and since a wild and belly-quaking tale was the only one that offered, he was not ready to cast it aside till a better one were found. At any rate it was against Naqua that his preparations were directed.

"He had seven guns in his house for which ammunition could be found, and from among all the Kafirs on the land he chose a half-dozen Zulus, who, as you know, will always rather fight than eat. These were only too ready to face the baboons again, since they were to have guns in their hands; and a kind of ambush was devised. They were to lie among the corn so as to command the flank of the beasts, and Shadrach was to lie in the midddle of them, and would give the signal when to commence firing by a shot from his own rifle. There was built, too, a pile of brushwood lying on straw soaked in oil, and this one of them was to put a light to as soon as the shooting began.

"It was dark when they took their places, and then commenced a long and anxious watch among the corn, when every bush that creaked was an alarm and every small beast of the veld that squealed set hearts to thumping. From where he lay on his stomach, with his rifle before him, Shadrach could see the line of ridge of rocks over

which the baboons must come, dark against a sky only just less dark; and with his eyes fixed on this he waited. Afterwards he said that it was not the baboons he waited for, but the yellow man, Naqua, and he had in his head an idea that all the evil and pain that ever was, and all the sin to be, had a home in that bushman. So a man hates an enemy.

"They came at last. Five of them were suddenly seen on the top of the rocks, standing erect and peering round for a trap; but Shadrach and his men lay very still, and soon one of these scouts gave a call, and then was heard the pat! pat! of hard feet as the body of them came up. There was not light enough to tell one from another, except by size, and as they trooped down among the corn Shadrach lay with his finger throbbing on his trigger, peering among them. But he could see nothing except the mass of their bodies, and waiting till the main part of them was past him, so that he could have a shot at them as they came back, should it happen that they retired at once, he thrust forward his rifle, aimed into the brown, and fired.

"Almost in the same instant the rifles of the Zulus spoke, and a crackle of shots ran up and down their line. Then there was a flare of light as the bonfire was lit, and they could see the army of baboons in a fuss of panic dashing to and fro. They fired again and again into the tangle of them, and the beasts commenced to scatter and flee, and Shadrach and his men rose to their full height and shot faster, and the hairy army vanished into the darkness, defeated.

"There was a guffaw of laughter from the Zulus, but ere it was finished a shout from Shadrach brought their rifles leaping up again. The baboons were coming back—a line of them was breaking from the darkness beyond the range of the fire, racing in great leaps toward the men. As they came into the light they were a sight to terrify a host, all big tuskers, and charging without a sound. Shadrach, aiming by instinct only, dropped two as they came, and the next instant they were upon him. He heard the grunt of the Zulu next to him as a huge beast leaped against his chest and bore him down, and there were screams from another. Then something heavy and swift drove at him like a bullet and he clubbed his rifle. As the beast flew, with hands and feet drawn in for the grapple, he hewed at it with the butt and smashed it to the ground. The stock struck on bone, and he felt it crush and fail, and there was the thing at his feet.

"How they broke the charge, with what a frenzy of battle they drove the baboons from them, none of the four who spoke again could ever tell. But it must have been very soon after Shadrach clubbed his rifle that the beasts wavered, were beaten, and fled screaming, and the farmer found himself leaning on his weapon and a great Zulu, shining with sweat, talking to him.

"'Never have I had such a fight,' the Zulu was saying, 'and never may I hope for such another. The baas is a great chief. I watched him.'

"Something was picking at Shadrach's boots, and he drew back with a shudder from the form that lay at his feet.

"'Bring a stick from the fire,' he ordered. 'I want to see this—this baboon.'

"As the man went, he ran a cartridge into the breach of his rifle, and when the burning stick was brought, he turned over the body with his foot.

"A yellow face mowed up at him, and pale yellow eyes sparkled dully.

"'Tck!' clicked the Zulu in surprise. 'It is the bushman, Naqua. No, baas,' as Shadrach cocked his rifle, do not shoot him. 'Keep him and chain him to a post. He will like that less.'

"'I shoot,' answered Shadrach, and shattered the evil grin that gleamed in the face on the ground with a quick shot.

"And, as I told you, my stepsister's first husband, Shadrach van Guelder, was afraid to be alone in the dark after that night," concluded the Vrouw Grobelaar. "It is ill shooting baboons, Frikkie."

"I'm not afraid," retorted Frikkie, and the baboon in the yard rattled his chain and cursed shrilly.

I am no more the man I was,
And he I shall again be—never;
My life's Springtime, and Summer, too,
Have given me the slip forever.
Love, you've always been my master.
More than gods in Heaven or Hell.
But could I be born again, Love,
I should serve you twice as well!

CLEMENT MAROT (TRANSLATED BY ISABEL CARY.)

The Tenth Muse

Advertiza

[*The Greeks started with three Muses; but when "those daughters of High Jove" outsang the Sirens, they had grown to a band of nine, each patronizing a special art: Calliope, epic poetry; Clio, history; Euterpe, lyric poetry and music; Thalia, comedy; Melpomene, tragedy; Urania, study of the stars; Erato, love poetry; Polhymnia, the sublime hymn; and Terpsichore, the dance. Since "every conqueror creates a muse," the flights of modern advertizing, where "all the charms of all the Muses often flower in a lonely word," surely warrant the addition of a tenth sister to the Virgin band.* H. W. L.]

Effect on a Magazine Editor of Contemplating His Forthcoming Issue

Names? We are exalted by them. And out of this melange of art will rise, Venus-like, ever better and better issues of The—— Magazine that are full panoplied, like Venus, with the qualities that make for sound and honest entertainment.

Could we do more?

"And, e'en while Fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy—."

Department-Store Announcement

"I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, after my fashion."

As the smart thing is to remain true to one colour throughout the entire length of one's costume, here we see virtue made easy. For here are new sandals, hat and parasol all very chic and all of matching linen.

"God Has Given Us Wit . . . and Perfumers to Enliven the Days of Man's Pilgrimage"

(*A holographic missive on deckel-edged paper, received from Paris by an American lady*)

Madame,

The Creator of all things has given to but few the ability to create a masterpiece. And into a little group of kindred souls He has breathed the divine spark of Understanding—appreciation of the beautiful.

In sending to America my symphonies of fragrance—*Triomphe de* ———— and Flamme de Gloire—I have not and shall not attempt to reach the multitude. I prefer—much prefer—to limit my selection to those who will appreciate what I have created.

Not being well acquainted in America, to whom I should write was a problem. But friends came to my rescue and through one of them I learned of you, for which good office I am indeed grateful.

In the brochure which accompanies this letter you will find a breath of fragrance—my Flamme de Gloire. It is only the merest suggestion, yet I feel that it will speak to you in a language which you understand.

If it intrigues your fancy, if more familiar acquaintance becomes imperative, you will be able to secure Parfum Flamme de Gloire in a number of carefully selected American shops. The name of one of these shops is revealed on the back of the brochure.

It is to you who understand, that I have dedicated my symphonies, and in wearing these new perfumes, Madame, you will lend to their fragrance the grace of your own loveliness, and so honour him who begs to become, Your most obedient servant.

The Mare and the Motor

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

THEM Todds had got on my nerves. 'Twas Peter's ad that brought 'em down. You see, 'twas 'long toward the end of the season at the Old Home, and Brown had been advertising in the New York and Boston papers to "bag the leftovers," as he called it. Besides the reg'lar hogwash about the "breath of old ocean" and the "simple, cleanly living of the bygone days we dream about," there was some new froth concerning hunting and fishing. You'd think the wild geese roosted on the flagpole nights, and the bluefish clogged up the bay so's you could walk on their back fins without wetting your feet—that is, if you wore rubbers and trod light.

"There!" says Peter T., waving the advertisement and crowing gladsome; "they'll take to that like your temp'rance aunt to brandy coughdrops. We'll have to put up barbed wire to keep 'em off."

"Humph!" grunts Cap'n Jonadab. "Anybody but a born fool'll know there ain't any shooting down here this time of year."

Peter looked at him sorrowful. "Pop," says he, "did you ever hear that Solomon answered a summer hotel ad? This ain't a Chautauqua, this is the Old Home House, and its motto is: 'There's a new victim born every minute, and there's twenty-four hours in a day.' You set back and count the clock ticks."

Well, that's 'bout all we had to do. We got boarders enough from that ridiculous advertisement to fill every spare room we had, including Jonadab's and mine. Me and the cap'n had to bunk in the barn loft; but there was some satisfaction in that—it give us an excuse to get away from the "sports" in the smoking-room.

The Todds was part of the haul. He was a little, dried-up man, single, and a minister. Nigh's I could find out, he'd given up preaching by the request of the doctor and his last congregation. He had a notion that he was a mighty hunter afore the Lord, like Nimrod in the Bible, and he'd come to the Old Home to bag a few gross of geese and ducks.

His sister was an old maid, and slim, neither of which failings was from choice, I cal'late. She wore eye-glasses and a veil to "preserve her complexion," and her idee seemed to be that native Cape Codders lived in trees and ate cocoanuts. She called 'em "barbarians, utter barbarians." Whenever she piped "James" her brother had to drop everything and report on deck. She was skipper of the Todd craft.

Them Todds was what Peter T. called "the limit, and a chip or two over." The other would-be gunners and fishermen were satisfied to slam shot after sandpeeps, or hook a stray sculpin or a hake. But t'wa'n't so with brother James Todd and sister Clarissa. "Ducks" it was in the advertising, and nothing *but* ducks they wanted. Clarissa, she commenced to hint middling p'inted concerning fraud.

Finally we lost patience, and Peter T., he said they'd got to be quieted somehow, or he'd do some shooting on his own hook; said too much Toddy was going to his head. Then I suggested taking' em down the beach somewhere on the chance of seeing a stray coot or loon or something—*anything* that could be shot at. Jonadab and Peter agreed 'twas a good plan, and we matched to see who'd be guide. And I got stuck, of course; my luck again.

So the next morning we started, me and the Reverend James and Clarissa in the *Greased Lightning*, Peter's new motor

launch. First part of the trip that Todd man done nothing but ask questions about the launch; I had to show him how to start it and steer it, and the land knows what all. Clarissa set around doing the heavy contemptuous and turning up her nose at creation generally. It must have its drawbacks, this roosting so far above the common flock; seems to me I'd be thinking all the time of the bump that was due me if I got shoved off the perch.

Well, by and by Lonesome Huckleberries' shanty hove in sight, and I was glad to see it, although I had to answer a million questions about Lonesome and his history.

I told the Todds that, so fur as nationality was concerned he was a little of everything, like a picked-up dinner; principally Eyetalian and Portugee, I cal'late, with a streak of Gay Head Injun. His real name's long enough to touch bottom in the ship channel at high tide, so folks got to calling him "Huckleberries" because he peddles them kind of fruit in summer. Then he mopes around so with nary a smile on his face, that it seemed right to tack on the "Lonesome." So "Lonesome Huckleberries" he's been for ten years. He lives in the patchwork shanty on the beach down there, he is deaf and dumb, drives a liver-coloured, balky mare that no one but himself and his daughter Becky can handle, and he has a love for bad rum and a temper that's landed him in the Wellmouth lock-up more than once or twice. He's one of the best gunners alongshore and at this time he owned a flock of live decoys that he'd refused as high as fifteen dollars apiece for. I told all this and a lot more.

When we struck the beach, Clarissa, she took her paint box and umbrella and mosquito 'intment, and the rest of her cargo, and went off by herself to "sketch." She was great on "sketching," and the way she'd use up good paint and spile nice clean paper was a sinful waste. Afore she went, she give me three fathom of sailing orders concerning taking care of "James." You'd think he was about four year old; made me feel like a hired nurse.

James and me went perusing up and down that beach in the blazing sun looking for something to shoot. We went 'way beyond Lonesome's shanty, but there wa'n't nobody to home. Lonesome himself, it turned out afterward, was up to the village with his horse and wagon, and his daughter Becky was over in the woods on the mainland berrying. Todd was a cheerful talker, but limited. His favourite remark was: "Oh I say, my deah man." That's what he kept calling me, "my deah man." Now, my name ain't exactly a Claude de Montmorency for prettiness, but "Barzilla" 'll fetch *me* alongside a good deal quicker'n "my deah man," I'll tell you that.

We frogged it up and down all the forenoon, but didn't git a shot at nothing but one stray "squawk" that had come over from the Cedar Swamp. I told James 'twas a canvasback, and he blazed away at it, but missed it by three fathom, as might have been expected.

Finally, my game leg—rheumatiz, you understand—begun to give out. So I flops down in the shade of a sand bank to rest, and the reverend goes poking off by himself.

I cal'late I must have fell asleep, for when I looked at my watch it was close to one o'clock, and time for us to be getting back to port. I got up and stretched and took an observation, but further'n Clarissa's umbrella on the skyline, I didn't see anything stirring. Brother James wa'n't visible, but I jedged he was within hailing distance. You can't see very fur on that point, there's too many sand hills and hummocks.

I started over toward the *Greased Lightning*. I'd gone only a little ways, and was down in a gully between two big hummocks, when "Bang! bang!" goes both barrels of a shotgun, and that Todd critter busts out hollering like all possessed.

"'Hooray!'" he squeals, in that squeaky voice of his. "Hooray! I've got 'em! I've got 'em!"

Thinks I, "What in the nation does the lunatic cal'late he's shot?" And I left my own gun laying where 'twas and piled up over the edge of that sand bank like a cat over a fence. And then I see a sight.

There was James, hopping up and down in the beach grass, squealing like a Guinea hen with a sore throat, and waving his gun with one wing—arm, I mean—and there in front of him, in the foam at the edge of the surf, was two ducks as dead as Nebuchadnezzar—two of Lonesome Huckleberries' best decoy ducks—ducks he'd tamed and trained, and thought more of than anything else in this world—except rum, maybe—and the rest of the flock was digging up the beach for home as if they'd been telegraphed for, and squawking "Fire!" and "Murder!"

Well, my mind was in a kind of various state, as you might say, for a minute. 'Course, I'd known about Lonesome's owning them decoys—told Todd about 'em,

too—but I hadn't seen 'em nowhere alongshore, and I sort of cal'lated they was locked up in Lonesome's hen house, that being his usual way when he went to town. I s'pose likely they'd been feeding among the beach grass somewheres out of sight, but I don't know for sartin to this day. And I didn't stop to reason it out then, neither. As Scriptur' or George Washin'ton or somebody says, "'twas a condition, not a theory," I was afoul of.

"I've got 'em!" hollers Todd, grinning till I thought he'd swaller his own ears. "I shot 'em all myself!"

"You everlasting—" I begun, but I didn't get any further. There was a rattling noise behind me, and I turned, to see Lonesome Huckleberries himself, setting on the seat of his old truck wagon and glaring over the hammer head of that balky mare of his straight at brother Todd and the dead decoys.

For a minute there was a kind of tableau, like them they have at church fairs—all four of us, including the mare, keeping still, like we was frozen. But 'twas only for a minute. Then it turned into the liveliest moving picture that ever *I* see. Lonesome couldn't swear—being a dummy—but if ever a man got profane with his eyes, he did right then. Next thing I knew he tossed both hands into the air, clawed two handfuls out of the atmosphere, reached down into the cart, grabbed a pitch-fork and piled out of that wagon and after Todd. There was murder coming and I could see it.

"Run, you loon!" I hollers, desperate.

James didn't wait for any advice. He didn't know what he'd done, I cal'late, but he jedged 'twas his move. He dropped his gun and put down the shore like a wild man, with Lonesome after him. I tried to foller, but my rheumatiz was too big a handicap; all I could do was yell.

You never'd have picked out Todd for a sprinter—not to look at him, you wouldn't—but if he didn't beat the record for his class just then I'll eat my sou'wester. He fairly flew, but Lonesome split tacks with him every time, and kept to wind'ard, into the bargain. When they went out of sight amongst the sand hills 'twas anybody's race.

I was scart. I knew what Lonesome's temper was, 'specially when it had been iled with some Wellmouth Port no-license liquor. He'd been took up once for half killing some boys that tormented him, and I figgered if he got within pitchfork distance of the Todd critter he'd make him the leakiest divine that ever picked a text. I commenced to hobble back after my gun. It looked bad to me.

But I'd forgot sister Clarissa. 'Fore I'd limped fur I heard her calling to me.

"Mr. Wingate," says she, "get in here at once."

There she was, setting on the seat of Lonesome's wagon, holdin' the reins and as cool as a white frost in October.

"Get in at once," says she. I jedged 'twas good advice, and took it.

"Proceed," says she to the mare. "Git dap!" says I, and we started. When we rounded the sand hill we see the race in the distance. Lonesome had gained a p'int or two, and Todd wa'n't more'n four pitchforks in the lead.

"Make for the launch!" I whooped, between my hands.

The parson heard me and come about and broke for the shore. The *Greased Lightning* had swung out about the length of her anchor rope, and the water wa'n't deep. Todd splashed in to his waist and climbed aboard. He cut the roding just as Lonesome reached tide mark. James, he sees it's a close call, and he shins back to the engine, reaching it exactly at the time when the gent with the pitchfork laid hands on the rail. Then the parson throws over the switch—I'd shown him how, you remember—and gives the starting wheel a full turn.

Well, you know the *Greased Lightning?* She don't linger to say farewell, not any to speak of, she don't. And this time she jumped like the cat that lit on the hot stove. Lonesome, being balanced with his knees on the rail, pitches headfust into the cockpit. Todd, jumping out of his way, falls overboard backward. Next thing anybody knew, the launch was scooting for blue water like a streak of what she was named for, and the hunting chaplain was churning up foam like a mill wheel.

I yelled more orders than second mate on a coaster. Todd bubbled and bellered. Lonesome hung on to the rail of the cockpit and let his hair stand up to grow. Nobody was cool but Clarissa, and she was an iceberg. She had her good p'ints, that old maid did, drat her!

"James," she calls, "get out of that water this minute and come here! This instant, mind!"

James minded. He paddled ashore and hopped, dripping like a dishcloth, alongside the truck wagon.

"Get in!" orders Skipper Clarissa. He done it. "Now," says the lady, passing the reins over to me, "drive us home, Mr.

Wingate, before that intoxicated lunatic can catch us."

It seemed about the only thing to do. I knew 'twas no use explaining to Lonesome for an hour or more yet, even if you can talk finger signs, which part of my college training has been neglected. 'Twas murder he wanted at the present time. I had some sort of a foggy notion that I'd drive along, pick up the guns and then get the Todds over to the hotel, afterward coming back to get the launch and pay damages to Huckleberries. I cal'lated he'd be more reasonable by that time.

But the mare had made other arrangements. When I slapped her with the end of the reins she took the bit in her teeth and commenced to gallop. I hollered "Whoa!" and "Heave to!" and "Belay!" and everything else I could think of, but she never took in a reef. We bumped over hummocks and ridges, and every time we done it we spilled something out of that wagon. First 'twas a lot of huckleberry pails, then a basket of groceries and such, then a tin pan with some potatoes in it, then a jug done up in a blanket. We was heaving cargo overboard like a leaky ship in a typhoon. Out of the tail of my eye I see Lonesome, well out to sea, heading the *Greased Lightning* for the beach.

Clarissa put in the time soothing James, who had a serious case of the scart-to-deaths, and calling me an "utter barbarian" for driving so fast. Lucky for all hands, she had to hold on tight to keep from being jounced out, 'long with the rest of movables, so she couldn't take the reins. As for me, I wa'n't paying much attention to her—'twas the Cut-Through that was disturbing *my* mind.

When you drive down to Lonesome P'int you have to ford the "Cut-Through." It's a strip of water between the bay and the ocean, and 'tain't very wide nor deep at low tide. But the tide was coming in now, and, more'n that, the mare wa'n't headed for the ford. She was cuttin' cross-lots on her own hook, and wouldn't answer the helm.

We struck that Cut-Through about a hundred yards east of the ford, and in two shakes we was hub deep in salt water. 'Fore the Todds could do anything but holler the wagon was afloat and the mare was all but swimming. But she kept right on. Bless her, you *couldn't* stop her!

We crossed the first channel and come out on a flat where 'twasn't more'n two foot deep then. I commenced to feel better. There was another channel ahead of us, but I figured we'd navigate that same as we had the first one. And then the most outrageous thing happened.

If you'll b'lieve it, that pesky mare balked and wouldn't stir another step.

And there we was! I punched and kicked and hollered, but all that stubborn horse would do was lay her ears back flat, and snarl up her lip, and look round at us, much as to say: "Now, then, you land sharks, I've got you between wind and water!" And I swan to man if it didn't look as if she had!

"Drive on!" says Clarissa, pretty average vinegary. "Haven't you made trouble enough for us already, you dreadful man? Drive on!"

Hadn't *I* made trouble enough! What do you think of that?

"You want to drown us!" says Miss Todd, continuing her chatty remarks. "I see it all! It's a plot between you and that murderer. I give you warning; if we reach the hotel, my brother and I will commence suit for damages."

My temper's fairly long-suffering, but 'twas raveling some by this time.

"Commence suit!" I says. "I don't care *what* you commence, if you'll commence to keep quiet now!" And then I give her a few p'ints as to what her brother had done, heaving in some personal flatteries every once in a while for good measure.

I'd about got to thirdly when James give a screech and p'inted. And, if there wa'n't Lonesome in the launch, headed right for us, and coming a-b'iling! He'd run her along abreast of the beach and turned in at the upper end of the Cut-Through.

You never in your life heard such a row as there was in that wagon. Clarissa and me yelling to Lonesome to keep off—forgitting that he was stone deef and dumb—and James vowing that he was going to be slaughtered in cold blood. And the *Greased Lightning* p'inted just so she'd split that cart amidships, and coming—well, you know how she can go.

She never budged until she was within ten foot of the flat, and then she sheered off and went past in a wide curve, with Lonesome steering with one hand and shaking his pitchfork at Todd with t'other. And *such* faces as he made up! They'd have got him hung in any court in the world.

He run up the Cut-Through a little ways, and then come about, and back he comes again, never slacking speed a mite, and running close to the shoal as he could shave, and all the time going through the bloodiest

kind of pantomimes. And past he goes, to wheel 'round and commence all over again.

Thinks I, "Why don't he ease up and lay us aboard? He's got all the weapons there is. Is he scart?"

And then it come to me—the reason why. *He didn't know how to stop her.* He could steer first-rate, being used to sailboats, but an electric auto launch was a new ideal for him, and he didn't understand her works. And he dastn't run her aground at the speed she was making; 'twould have finished her and, more'n likely, him, too.

I don't s'pose there ever was another mess just like it afore or sence. Here was us, stranded with a horse we couldn't make go, being chased by a feller who was run away with in a boat he couldn't stop!

Just as I'd about give up hope, I heard somebody calling from the beach behind us. I turned, and there was Becky Huckleberries, Lonesome's daughter. She had the dead decoys by the legs in one hand.

"Hi!" says she.

"Hi!" says I. "How do you get this giraffe of yours under way?"

She held up the decoys.

"Who kill-a dem ducks?" says she.

I p'inted to the reverend. "He did," says I. And then I cal'late I must have had one of them things they call an inspiration. "And he's willing to pay for 'em," I says.

"Pay thirty-five dolla?" says she.

"You bet!" says I.

But I'd forgot Clarissa. She rose up in that waterlogged cart like a Statue of Liberty. "Never!" says she. "We will never submit to such extortion. We'll drown first!"

Becky heard her. She didn't look disapp'inted nor nothing. Just turned and begun to walk up the beach. "*All* right," says she; "*goo'-by.*"

The Todds stood it for a jiffy. Then James give in. "I'll pay it!" he hollers. "I'll pay it!"

Even then Becky didn't smile. She just come about again and walked back to the shore. Then she took up that tin pan and one of the potaters we'd jounced out of the cart.

"Hi, Rosa!" she hollers. That mare turned her head and looked. And, for the first time sence she hove anchor on that flat, the critter unfurled her ears and histed 'em to the masthead.

"Hi, Rosa!" says Becky again, and begun to pound the pan with the potater. And I give you my word that that mare started up, turned the wagon around nice as could be, and begun to swim ashore. When we got where the critter's legs touched bottom, Becky remarks: "Whoa!"

"Here!" I yells, "what did you do that for?"

"Pay thirty-five dolla *now*," says she. She was bus'ness, that girl.

Todd got his wallet from under hatches and counted out the thirty-five, keeping one eye on Lonesome, who was swooping up and down in the launch looking as if he wanted to cut in, but dasn't. I tied the bills to my jack-knife, to give 'em weight, and tossed the whole thing ashore. Becky, she counted the cash and stowed it away in her apron pocket.

"*All* right," says she. "Hi, Rosa!" The potater and pan performance begun again, and Rosa picked up her hoofs and dragged us to dry land. And it sartinly felt good to the feet.

"Say," I says, "Becky, it's none of my affairs, as I know of, but is that the way you usually start that horse of yours?"

She said it was. And Rosa ate the potater.

Becky asked me how to stop the launch, and I told her. She made a lot of finger signs to Lonesome, and inside of five minutes the *Greased Lightning* was anchored in front of us. Old man Huckleberries was still hankering to interview Todd with the pitchfork, but Becky settled that all right. She jumped in front of him, and her eyes snapped and her feet stamped and her fingers flew. And 'twould have done you good to see her dad shrivel up and get humble. I always had thought that a woman wasn't much good as a boss of the roost unless she could use her tongue, but Becky showed me my mistake. Well, it's live and l'arn.

Then Miss Huckleberries turned to us and smiled.

"*All* right," says she; "*goo'*-by."

Them Todds took the train for the city next morning. I drove 'em to the depot. James was kind of glum, but Clarissa talked for two. Her opinion of the Cape and Capers, 'specially me, was decided. The final blast was just as she was climbing the car steps.

"Of all the barbarians," says she; "utter, uncouth, murdering barbarians in——"

She stopped, thinking for a word, I s'pose. I didn't feel that I could improve on Becky Huckleberries conversation much, so I says:

"*All* right! *Goo'*–by!"

Non-Support

Mrs. Beakey's Table (and Chair) Talk

By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK

Well, my love, I had vowed I would never marry into furnished lodgings, we had better wait until he had saved money enough to furnish a house comfortably. I was sillier then than I am now, and I thought his wanting to postpone our marriage didn't look much like love, so I sulked. He was sillier then than he is now, and minded a woman's sulks. He furnished a house completely from top to bottom, from an advertising warehouse, and the whole bill came to 29*l.* 11*s.* 3½*d.* We married and took possession. Here is my diary of the week, love. . . .

Monday.—Charles, while shaving, rested his left hand heavily on the dressing-table. It smashed under his hand, he cut himself severely, and it was a mercy he didn't have his dear nose off. I flew to the drawers for something to stop the bleeding—and we had to open the drawers with the shovel. The hay, with which the easy chair was stuffed, smelt so disagreeably, that we were obliged to send it out of the room, and, as Anne was carrying it, the chair came in halves, the back and arms falling away from the seat.

Tuesday.—The frame of the looking-glass gave way, the glass fell out, and smashed the beautiful little French clock dear uncle Brooks gave us.

Wednesday.—I had a headache, so Charles wheeled the sofa near the fire for me. Doing so, two of the legs came off. He propped it up with books, but by-and-bye I heard a sort of frizzling; it was the glue, which the fire was frying. Hastily removing the sofa, we divided it between us; Charles fell down with the end, and I got the back on my poor toes.

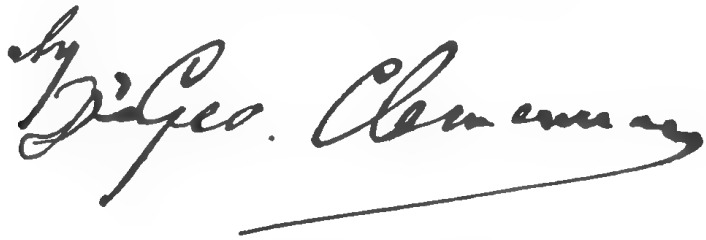
Thursday.—The dining-room table suddenly parted in the middle. The lamp fell on Charles's head (making him swear sadly), and I received a lovely goose, and all the gravy, in the lap of my new satin dress. That night the screws of the bed slipped in the rotten wood, and one side gave way. Charles hurt his head, and used very strong language.

Friday.—One of the brackets of the curtain-rod broke, the curtains, rings and all, came on mamma's head, crushing her new bonnet. Getting on a footstool to dust a picture the stool broke, and I fell against the picture, breaking the glass and cutting my forehead. The pole of a music desk came out of the stand, the candles fell and greased the carpet (which was actually beginning to lose its colour already), and the book smashed Charles's violon-cello. N.B. Not so sorry about this last.

Saturday.—Moved into furnished lodgings, where we stayed until we could afford to deal with a respectable upholsterer.

Gideon in His Grave

By GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU



Translated by Grace Hall

EVERYONE connected with the Cloth Market of Cracow still remembers Gideon the Rich, son of Manasseh, who excelled in the cloth trade and died in the pathways of the Lord. Not only for his prosperity was Gideon notable. He was universally regarded as "a character," and the man truly had been gifted by Heaven with a combination of qualities—whether good or bad, yet well balanced—setting him apart from the common herd.

Gideon was a thick, rotund little Jew, amiable in appearance to the point of joviality, with a fresh pink and white face in which two large emotional blue eyes, always looking ready to brim over, bathed his least words, whether of pity or business, with generous passions. Being an orthodox Jew, he naturally wore a long, black levitical coat which concealed his swinging woollen fringes. Where his abundant gray hair met with his silky beard (unprofaned by shears) hung the two long *pailles*, cabalistic locks which Jehovah loves to see brushing the temples of the faithful. When the whole was topped by a tall hat, impeccably lustrous, and Gideon appeared in the Soukinitza, silence spread, as all gazed at the noble great-coat (of silk or of cloth, according to the season) whose pocket offered a safe asylum to the mysteries of universal trade.

Never suppose that such authority was a result of chance or any sudden bold grasping of advantage. It was the fruit of long endeavour, continually fortunate because he never embarked on an enterprise or a combination without labourious calculations, in which all chances favourable or adverse had been duly weighed. Manasseh had acquired a very modest competence in the old clothes business, and everyone knows that the old clothes of the Polish Jews are young when the rest of mankind consider them past usefulness. One cannot accumulate any great fortune in this business, which is why Gideon, at Manasseh's death, sold his paternal inheritance and went unostentatiously to occupy the meanest booth in the Cloth Market.

At first no one took any notice of him. The shops in that market are little more than wardrobes. The doors fold back and become show-cases. The proprietor sits on a chair in the middle, and the passer will hardly get by without being deluged with reasons for buying exactly the entire contents of the shelves. Gideon, at the front of his black cave, lighted only by the big, hollow, smouldering eyes of his mother, seated motionless for hours on a heap of rags, thought himself in a palace fit for kings. Dazzled but calm, he skillfully spread his striking wares to tempt the passer. Others ran after possible purchasers, soliciting them, bothering them. The modest display which depended upon nothing but its attractiveness obtained favour. "It may be cheaper in there," people said, and submitted to persuasion. It was the beginning of a great destiny.

Twenty years later Gideon, now surnamed "the Rich," had a wife and children, whom he kept busy under the noisy arcade brightened by the rainbow colours of silks for sale. He had clung to his humble counter and was never willing to change it for another. He himself was seldom found there; he was elsewhere occupied with large transactions planned in the silence of the night. Rachel and his two sons, Daniel

and Nathan, represented him at the Soukinitza, where he only showed himself to inquire concerning orders. There he would chatter for hours with the peasants on market days, to make a difference of a few kreutzers in the price of a piece of gossamer silk. No profit is too small to be worth making. This is the principle of successful firms. His conduct excited the admiration of all. How, furthermore, begrudge to Gideon his dues in honour, when he was constantly bestowing hundreds of florins upon schools, synagogues, and every sort of charitable institution?

For Gideon had a dual nature, as, brethren, is the case with many of us. In business the subtle art of his absorbing rapacity circumvented any attempt to lessen his profits by the shaving of a copper. "It is not for myself that I work," he used to say, "it is for the poor." And as this came near being the truth, people were afraid of appearing heartless if they opposed him. They let themselves be caught by his smiling good-humour, his friendly familiar talk, and they were, after all, not much deceived in him, for Gideon, though a victor in life's bitter struggle, was happiest when stretching out a brotherly hand to the vanquished. In the same way, those American billionaires whose immoderate accumulations of wealth spread ruin all around them will anxiously question the first comer as to the most humanitarian way of spending the fortune thus acquired. I know of someone who when asked by that foolish ogre, Carnegie, what he should do with his money, answered: "Return it to those from whom you took it!"

Gideon could hardly have looked upon the matter in that light. He would never have asked advice of any one in reference either to amassing or to returning money. His chief interest, very nearly as important as his business schemes, was religion. The poetry of Judaism roused in him an ardour that nothing could satisfy but the feeling of substantially contributing to the traditional work of his fathers. His charitable gifts were simply a result. His object was the fulfilment of "the Law."

Daniel and Nathan, brought up in the same ideas, lived in silent respect for their father's authority. In Israel, ever since the days of the patriarchs, the head of the house has been, as with all Oriental peoples, an absolute monarch. The sons of Gideon could therefore feel no regret at their father's generosities. Like their father, they placed the service of Jehovah above everything else. Having, however, been reared by him, and taught all the combinations of exchange by which you get as much and give as little as you can, they were conscious of possessing invincible capacities for acquisition.

"They have something better than money," Gideon would say, "they know how to make it."

On one point alone could, possibly, some ferment of dissension in the family have been found. Gideon took a rich man's pride in living modestly. He never would have more than one servant in the house. The young men, with vanity of a different kind, would have delighted in dazzling the twelve tribes. As they were not given the necessary means, they made up their minds to migrate. During the long evenings of a whole winter nothing else was talked of. Gideon did not begrudge the very considerable outlay involved, knowing that it was a good investment. Only one consideration troubled him at the thought of launching his progeny "in the cities of the West." Under penalty of closing the avenues to social success, they would be obliged to relinquish the orthodox long coat and clip off the two corkscrew locks on their temples. Without attaching too much importance to these outward signs, Gideon grieved over what seemed to him a humiliating concession.

"Father," said Daniel, "in Russia the orthodox Jews are obliged to cut their hair, in conformity with an edict of the Czar. But even without *pailles* Jehovah receives them in his bosom, for it is a case of superior force."

"Yes, that is it, superior force," said Gideon, nodding assent. "The only thing that troubles me is that I have always noticed that one concession leads to another. Where shall you stop? One of these days you may think it necessary to your social success to become Christians!"

"That! . . . Never!" cried Daniel and Nathan in one voice, horror-stricken.

"I know, I know that you have no such intention. Like me, you are penetrated by the greatness of our race, and like me you stand in admiration before the miracles of destiny. By their holy books the Jews have conquered the West. Upon our thought the thought of our rulers has been modelled. That, you must know, is the fundamental reason for their reviling us; they are aware of having nothing but brutal force to help them, and of living upon our genius. Though vanquished, we

are their masters. Even in their heresy, which is a Jewish heresy, they proclaim the superiority of the children of Jehovah. When their God was incarnate in man, his choice fell upon a Jewish woman. He was born a Jew. He promised the fulfilment of the Law. His apostles were Jews. Go into their temples. You will see nothing but statues of Jews which they worship on their knees. How sad a thing it is, when signs of our grace are so striking on all sides, to see the wealthiest among us seeking alliances with the barbarous aristocracy who subjugated us. Some of them, while remaining Jews, make donations to the Church of Christ, so as to win the favour of nations and kings. Others submit to the disgrace of baptism. Should you, Daniel, or you, Nathan, commit such a crime, I should curse you, if living; if dead, I should turn in my grave."

Terrified by this portentous threat, Daniel and Nathan, rising with a common impulse, swore, calling upon the Lord, to live as good Jews, like their forefathers.

"That is well done," said Gideon. "I accept your oath. Remember that if you break it, I shall turn in my grave."

Nathan and Daniel acquired great wealth by every means that the law tolerates. Gideon was gathered to his fathers. In accordance with his will, the greater part of his fortune was distributed in charities. A considerable sum, however, fell to each of his sons, accompanied by a letter in which affection had dictated final injunctions. The last word was still: "If ever one of you should become a Christian—forswear the pure faith of Abraham for Christian idolatry, I should turn in my grave."

Time passed. Daniel and Nathan, loaded with riches, had friends in society, at court, and most especially among those great lords who in the midst of their reckless magnificence may sometimes be accommodated by a pecuniary service. Daniel wished to marry. The daughter of an impoverished prince was opportunely at hand. But his conversion was required. The Vatican conferred a title upon him. From the class of mere manipulators of money, the son of the Cloth Market was raised to the higher sphere of world politics. Daniel did not hesitate. His absent brother coming home found him turned into a Christian count.

No violent scene ensued between the two sons of Gideon. Nathan understood perfectly. One thought, however, tormented him.

"I agree with you," he said, "that the Christians are but a sect of Israel, that they are sons of the synagogue, and that you remain loyal in spirit to our faith, though overlaid by debatable additions. The fact none the less remains that we had given our oath to our father. . . . He foresaw only too well the thing that has occurred. And you know what he said: 'I shall turn in my grave.'"

"One says that sort of thing——"

"Gideon, son of Manasseh, was not the man to speak idle words. Think of it, Daniel, if we were to lift the grave stone and our eyes were to behold——"

"Nathan, say no more, I beg of you. The mere thought turns me cold with fear."

The two brothers, formerly indissolubly united, drew away from each other little by little: Daniel, forgetful, cheerfully disposed, a nobleman not altogether free from arrogance, amiably deceived by his Christian spouse, but with or without this assistance becoming the founder of a great family; Nathan, morose, restless, smoulderingly envious of a happiness paid too high for, in his opinion. When a question of interest brought them together for a day, Nathan always ended by returning to his theme:

"Our father said: 'I shall turn in my grave!'"

Whereupon Daniel, finding nothing to reply, cut short the interview.

Then, suddenly, Nathan dropped sadness for mirth, severity for indulgence, stopped sermonizing and smiled instead at other people's faults. The change struck Daniel the more from twice meeting his brother without a word being spoken about their father and his terrible threat. Finally he found the key to the mystery: Nathan had in his turn received baptism and was about to become the happy bridegroom of a widow without fortune whom an act of the royal sovereign authorized to bestow upon her consort a feudal title threatened with falling to female succession. In gratitude, Nathan had promised that Daniel and he would "supervise" a future loan.

"So!" cried Daniel in anger, when he heard the great news. "You are becoming a Christian, too, after viciously tormenting me on every occasion, and reminding me of our father who on my account had 'turned in his grave.' And I was filled with remorse. Yes, I may have seemed happy, but my sleep was troubled. I did not know what to do. There were times when I even contemplated returning to the synagogue. Well, then, if what you tell me is true, if

our father actually has turned in his grave, you will admit that you are now to blame as well as I. Come, speak, what have you to say?"

"I say," replied Nathan, undisturbed, "that I have shown myself in this the more devoted son of the two. I take back nothing of what I said. It is you assuredly who caused Gideon, son of Manasseh, to turn in his grave. About that there is no doubt whatever. But thanks to the act to which I have resigned myself, he has undoubtedly turned back again, according to his solemn promise, and there he lies henceforth just as we buried him, and as he must remain forever. I have retrieved your fault. Our father forgives you. I accept your thanks."

KNOW YE

The King of the Land commands you, saying:

"THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER"

Why does he speak thus?

Long ago our God made the world, and He owns the world.

The people also He made, and He owns them.

The King of the land is commanded by God to protect the people well.

The white people and Indians and Eskimos have him for their ruler. He is their ruler, therefore he commands, saying:

"THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER"

But if a man kills a man, the King sends his servants, the police to take and kill the murderer.

But ye do not kill the murderer, nor cause him to be killed. This only the King's servants, the police, ought to do.

But when a man commits murder, at once tell the King's servants, the police, and they will take and bind the murderer and the ruler will judge him.

Thus our God commands us so that you are to follow the King's command.

DUNCAN C. SCOTT,
In Charge of Eskimo Affairs, Ottawa, Canada

GEORGE, R.I.

ᑯᐅᓚᓪᓕᐅᓚᑦ.

ᓄᓇᒃ ᐊᑎᓂᓗᒃ ᓴᐅᔪᓂ, ᐃᓕᓴ ᐅᖃᖅᓯᓂ:

ᐃᓄᐊᕐᔪᐊᖅᑐᐃᓐᓇᖅᑐᑦ.

ᓂᓴ ᐃᓕᓴ ᐅᖃᖅᑲᓴ?

ᓄᓇᕗᒻᒥᔪᓂ ᔫᑎᓄᒃ ᓂᕆᔨᕐᓂᕐᒥᓴ ᐱᓇᓱᒋᔭᐅᓪᓚᓴ, ᑕᒪᓂᒪᓗ ᓂᕆᔨᕐᓂᓴ ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯ.

ᐃᓄᐊᓪᓚᒃ ᐱᓇᓱᒋᔭᐅᓪᓚᒃ, ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯᓂᕐᓗᓂ ᓄᓇᕗᒻᒥᒃ ᓇᓂᓕᒫᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᔫᑎᓄᒃ ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᐃᓄᐊᓪᓚᒃ ᐅᒪᓕᓂᕐᓂᓕᕆᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ. ᑲᑎᕐᓂᒃ, ᓴᓇᓕᓪᓚᒃ, ᐃᓄᐊᓪᓚᒃ ᑕᒪᓐᓇᐅᑉᐳᓂᒃ ᓇᓂᓕᒫᓂᒃ ᐃᓕᓴᕐᓂᒃ, ᑕᐃᒪᐃᓕᒃ ᐱᖓᓱᓕᒫᓂᒃ, ᐅᖃᖅᑲᓴ:

ᐃᓄᐊᕐᔪᐊᖅᑐᐃᓐᓇᖅᑐᑦ.

ᐃᓄᐊᓕ ᐃᓄᐊᕐᓂᒃ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᒥᒃ, ᓇᓂᓕᒫᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᓴᖅᑭᑉᓂᒃ (ᐊᓕᓂᒃ) ᑎᓕᓴᐃᓂᒃ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᔪᐊᖅ ᑎᒍᑉᓯᔪᓄᑦ ᔫᑎᓄᑦ.

ᐃᓕᓴᕐᓂᓕ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᔪᐊᖅ ᔫᑎᓇᓂ, ᔫᓇᖏᑦᑐᐊᓕᒫᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᓴᖅᑭᑉᓂᒃ (ᐊᓕᓂᒃ) ᓴᓇᓕᓪᓚᒃ ᐱᖓᓱᓕᒫᓂᒃ.

ᐃᓄᐊᓕ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᒥᓂᒃ ᔫᑎᐃᐱ ᐅᖃᐅᓇᓱᒋᔭᐅᓪᓚᒃ ᓇᓂᓕᒫᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᓴᖅᑭᑉᓂᒃ (ᐊᓕᓂᒃ), ᑕᒪᓂᒪᓗ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᔪᐊᖅᑐᐃᓐᓇᖅᑐᑦ ᑎᒍᑉᓯᔪᓄᑦ; ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᐃᓕᓴᕐᓂᒃ ᐃᓄᐊᓪᓚᒃ ᐃᓄᐊᓂᕐᔪᐊᖅᑐᐃᓐᓇᖅᑐᑦ.

ᐃᓕᓴ ᔫᑎᓄᑦ ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ; ᓂᓕᓴ ᓂᓪᓕ ᐱᖓᓱᓕᒫᓂᒃ ᐱᖓᓱᓂᒃᑯᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ ᓴᓇᓕᓪᓚᒃ ᓴᖅᑭᑉᓂᒃ.

ᓴᓇᓕᓪᓚᒃ ᓂ. ᐅᒃᑐᓂ
ᐃᓄᐊᓂᒃ ᐱᖓᓱᓂᕐᓂᒃ
ᐊᑦᑐᓂ, ᑲᓇᑕᓂ.

ᐅᖃᖅᓯᓂ ᑭᓄᖅᓯᓂ
ᐱᖓᓱᓕᒫᓂᕐᓗᓂᒃ

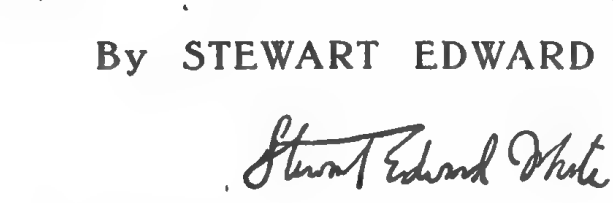
GEORGE, R.I.

VOX REGIS, VOX DEI

Proclamation in Eskimo and English, posted by the Canadian Government, for the instruction of Eskimo tribes. (Affixed in the Barren Lands, by the Revillon Frères Trading Co.)

The Emigrants

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE



AFTER the rain that had held us holed up at the Double R over one day, we discussed what we should do next.

"The flats will be too boggy for riding, and anyway the cattle will be in the high country," the Cattleman summed up the situation. "We'd bog down the chuck-wagon if we tried to get back to the J. H. But now after the rain the weather ought to be beautiful. What shall we do?"

"Was you ever in the Jackson country?" asked Uncle Jim. "It's the wildest part of Arizona. It's a big country and rough, and no one lives there, and there's lots of deer and mountain lions and bear. Here's my dogs. We might have a hunt."

"Good!" said we.

We skirmished around and found a condemned army pack saddle with aparejos, and a sawbuck saddle with kyacks. On these we managed to condense our grub and utensils. There were plenty of horses, so our bedding we bound flat about their naked barrels by means of the squaw-hitch. Then we started.

That day furnished us with a demonstration of what Arizona horses can do. Our way led first through a cañon-bed filled with rounded boulders and rocks, slippery and unstable. Big cottonwoods and oaks grew so thick as partially to conceal the cliffs on either side of us. The rim-rock was mysterious with caves; beautiful with hanging gardens of tree ferns and grasses growing thick in long transverse crevices; wonderful in colour and shape. We passed the little cañons fenced off by the rustlers as corrals into which to shunt from the herds their choice of beeves.

The Cattleman shook his head at them. "Many a man has come from Texas and established a herd with no more asset than a couple of horses and a branding-iron," said he.

Then we worked up gradually to a divide, whence we could see a range of wild and rugged mountains on our right. They rose by slopes and ledges, steep and rough, and at last ended in the thousand-foot cliffs of the buttes, running sheer and unbroken for many miles. During all the rest of our trip they were to be our companions, the only constant factors in the tumult of lesser peaks, precipitous cañons, and twisted systems in which we were constantly involved.

The sky was sun-and-shadow after the rain. Each and every Arizonan predicted clearing.

"Why, it almost never rains in Arizona," said Jed Parker. "And when it does it quits before it begins."

Nevertheless, about noon a thick cloud gathered about the tops of the Galiuros above us. Almost immediately it was dissipated by the wind, but when the peaks again showed, we stared with astonishment to see that they were white with snow. It was as though a magician had passed a sheet before them the brief instant necessary to work his great transformation. Shortly the sky thickened again, and it began to rain.

Travel had been precarious before; but now its difficulties were infinitely increased. The clay subsoil to the rubble turned slippery and adhesive. On the sides of the mountains it was almost impossible to keep a footing. We speedily became wet, our hands puffed and purple, our boots sodden with the water that had trickled from our clothing into them.

"Over the next ridge," Uncle Jim promised us, "is an old shack that I fixed up seven years ago. We can all make out to get in it."

Over the next ridge, therefore, we slipped and slid, thanking the god of luck for each ten feet gained. It was growing cold. The cliffs and palisades near at hand showed dimly behind the falling rain; beyond them

waved and eddied the storm mists through which the mountains revealed and concealed proportions exaggerated into unearthly grandeur. Deep in the clefts of the box cañons the streams were filling. The roar of their rapids echoed from innumerable precipices. A soft swish of water usurped the world of sound.

Nothing more uncomfortable or more magnificent could be imagined. We rode shivering. Each said to himself, "I can stand this—right now—at the present moment. Very well; I will do so, and I will refuse to look forward even five minutes to what I may have to stand," which is the true philosophy of tough times and the only effective way to endure discomfort.

By luck we reached the bottom of that cañon without a fall. It was wide, well grown with oak trees, and belly deep in rich horse feed—an ideal place to camp were it not for the fact that a thin sheet of water a quarter of an inch deep was flowing over the entire surface of the ground. We spurred on desperately, thinking of a warm fire and a chance to steam.

The roof of the shack had fallen in, and the floor was six inches deep in adobe mud.

We did not dismount—that would have wet our saddles—but sat on our horses taking in the details. Finally Uncle Jim came to the front with a suggestion.

"I know of a cave," said he, "close under a butte. It's a big cave, but it has such a steep floor that I'm not sure as we could stay in it; and it's back the other side of that ridge."

"I don't know how the ridge is to get back over—it was slippery enough coming this way—and the cave may shoot us out into space, but I'd like to *look* at a dry place anyway," replied the Cattleman.

We all felt the same about it, so back over the ridge we went. About half-way down the other side Uncle Jim turned sharp to the right, and as the "hog back" dropped behind us, we found ourselves out on the steep side of a mountain, the perpendicular cliff over us to the right, the river roaring savagely far down below our left, and sheets of water glazing the footing we could find among the boulders and débris. Hardly could the ponies keep from slipping sideways on the slope, so as we proceeded farther and farther from the solidity of the ridge behind us, we experienced the illusion of venturing out on a tight rope over abysses of space. Even the feeling of danger was only an illusion, however, composite of the falling rain, the deepening twilight, and the night that had already enveloped the plunge of the cañon below.

Finally Uncle Jim stopped just within the drip from the cliffs.

"Here she is," said he.

We descended eagerly. A deer bounded away from the base of the buttes. The cave ran steep, in the manner of an inclined tunnel, far up into the dimness. We had to dig our toes in and scramble to make way up it at all, but we found it dry, and after a little search discovered a foot-ledge of earth sufficiently broad for a seat.

"That's all right," quoth Jed Parker. "Now, for sleeping places."

We scattered. Uncle Jim and Charley promptly annexed the slight overhang of the cliff whence the deer had jumped. It was dry at the moment, but we uttered pessimistic predictions if the wind should change. Tom Rich and Jim Lester had a little tent, and insisted on descending to the cañon-bed.

"Got to cook there, anyways," said they, and departed with the two pack mules and their bed horse.

That left the Cattleman, Windy Bill, Jed Parker, and me. In a moment Windy Bill came up to us whispering and mysterious.

"Get your cavallos and follow me," said he.

We did so. He led us two hundred yards to another cave, twenty feet high, fifteen feet in diameter, level as a floor.

"How's that?" he cried in triumph. "Found her just now while I was rustling nigger-heads for a fire."

We unpacked our beds with chuckles of joy, and spread them carefully within the shelter of the cave. Except for the very edges, which did not much matter, our blankets and "so-guns," protected by the canvas "tarp," were reasonably dry. Every once in a while a spasm of conscience would seize one or the other of us.

"It seems sort of mean on the other fellows," ruminated Jed Parker.

"They had their first choice," cried we all.

"Uncle Jim's an old man," the Cattleman pointed out.

But Windy Bill had thought of that. "I told him of this yere cave first. But he allowed he was plumb satisfied."

We finished laying out our blankets. The result looked good to us. We all burst out laughing.

"Well, I'm sorry for those fellows," cried the Cattleman.

We hobbled our horses and descended to the gleam of the fire, like guilty conspirators. There we ate hastily of meat, bread and coffee, merely for the sake of sustenance. It certainly amounted to little in the way of pleasure. The water from the direct rain, the shivering trees, and our hat brims accumulated in our plates faster than we could bail it out. The dishes were thrust under a canvas. Rich and Lester decided to remain with their tent, and so we saw them no more until morning.

We broke off back-loads of mesquite and toiled up the hill, tasting thickly the high altitude in the severe labour. At the big cave we dumped down our burden, transported our fuel piecemeal to the vicinity of the narrow ledge, built a good fire, sat in a row, and lit our pipes. In a few moments the blaze was burning high, and our bodies had ceased shivering. Fantastically the firelight revealed the knobs and crevices, the ledges and the arching walls. Their shadows leaped, following the flames, receding and advancing like playful beasts. Far above us was a single tiny opening through which the smoke was sucked as through a chimney. The glow ruddied the men's features. Outside was thick darkness, and the swish and rush and roar of rising waters. Listening, Windy Bill was reminded of a story. We leaned back comfortably against the sloping walls of the cave, thrust our feet toward the blaze, smoked, and hearkened to the tale of Windy Bill.

There's a tur'ble lot of water running loose here, but I've seen the time and place where even what is in that drip would be worth a gold mine. That was in the emigrant days. They used to come over south of here, through what they called Emigrant Pass, on their way to Californy. I was a kid then, about eighteen years old, and what I didn't know about Injins and Agency cattle wasn't a patch of alkali. I had a kid outfit of h'ar bridle, lots of silver and such, and I used to ride over and be the handsome boy before such outfits as happened along.

They were queer people, most of 'em from Missoury and such-like southern seaports, and they were tur'ble sick of travel by the time they come in sight of Emigrant Pass. Up to Santa Fé they mostly hiked along any old way, but once there they herded up together in bunches of twenty wagons or so, 'count of our old friends Geronimo and Loco. A good many of 'em had horned cattle to their wagons, and they crawled along about two miles an hour, hotter'n hell with the blower on, nothin' to look at but a mountain a week away, chuck full of alkali, plenty of sagebrush and rattlesnakes—but mighty little water.

Why, you boys know that country down there. Between the Chiricahua Mountains and Emigrant Pass it's maybe a three or four days' journey for these yere bullskinners.

Mostly they filled up their bellies and their kegs, hopin' to last through, but they sure found it drier than cork legs, and generally long before they hit the Springs their tongues was hangin' out a foot. You see, for all their plumb nerve in comin' so far, the most of them didn't know sic 'em. They were plumb innocent in regard to savin' their water, and Injins, and such; and the long-haired buckskin fakes they picked up at Santa Fé for guides wasn't much better.

That was where Texas Pete made his killin'.

Texas Pete was a tough citizen from the Lone Star. He was about as broad as he was long, and wore all sorts of big whiskers and black eyebrows. His heart was very bad. You never *could* tell where Texas Pete was goin' to jump next. He was a sidewinder and a diamond-back and a little black rattlesnake all rolled into one. I believe that Texas Pete person cared about as little for killin' a man as for takin' a drink—and he shorely drank without an effort. Peaceable citizens just spoke soft and minded their own business; onpeaceable citizens Texas Pete used to plant out in the sage-brush.

Now this Texas Pete happened to discover a water hole right out in the plumb middle of the desert. He promptly annexed said water hole, digs her out, timbers her up, and lays for emigrants. He charged two bits a head—man or beast—and nobody got a mouthful till he paid up in hard coin.

Think of the wads he raked in! I used to figure it up, just for the joy of envyin' him, I reckon. An average twenty-wagon outfit, first and last, would bring him in somewheres about fifty dollars—and besides he had forty-rod at four bits a glass. And outfits at that time were thicker'n spatter.

We used all to go down sometimes to watch them come in. When they see that

little canvas shack and that well, they begun to cheer up and move fast. And when they see that sign, "Water, two bits a head," their eyes stuck out like two raw oysters.

Then come the kicks. What a howl they did raise, shorely. But it didn't do no manner of good. Texas Pete didn't do nothin' but sit there and smoke, with a kind of sulky gleam in one corner of his eye. He didn't even take the trouble to answer, but his Winchester lay across his lap. There wasn't no humour in the situation for him.

"How much is your water for humans?" asks one emigrant.

"Can't you read that sign?" Texas Pete asks him.

"But you don't mean two bits a head for *humans!*" yells the man. "Why, you can get whisky for that!"

"You can read the sign, can't you?" insists Texas Pete.

"I can read it all right," says the man, tryin' a new deal, "but they tell me not to believe more'n half I read."

But that don't go; and Mr. Emigrant shells out with the rest.

I didn't blame them for raisin' their howl. Why, at that time the regular water holes was chargin' five cents a head from the government freighters, and the motto was always "Hold up Uncle Sam," at that. Once in a while some outfit would get mad and go chargin' off dry; but it was a long, long way to the Springs, and mighty hot and dusty. Texas Pete and his one lonesome water hole shorely did a big business.

Late one afternoon me and Gentleman Tim was joggin' along above Texas Pete's place. It was a tur'ble hot day—you had to prime yourself to spit—and we was just gettin' back from drivin' some beef up to the troops at Fort Huachuca. We was due to cross the Emigrant Trail—she's wore in tur'ble deep—you can see the ruts to-day. When we topped the rise we see a little old outfit just makin' out to drag along.

It was one little schooner all by herself, drug along by two poor old cavallos that couldn't have pulled my hat off. Their tongues was out, and every once in a while they'd stick in a chuck-hole. Then a man would get down and put his shoulder to the wheel, and everybody'd take a heave, and up they'd come, all a-trembling and weak.

Tim and I rode down just to take a look at the curiosity.

A thin-lookin' man was drivin', all humped up.

"Hullo, stranger," says I, "ain't you 'fraid of Injins?"

"Yes," says he.

"Then why are you travellin' through an Injin country all alone?"

"Couldn't keep up," says he. "Can I get water here?"

"I reckon," I answers.

He drove up to the water trough there at Texas Pete's, me and Gentleman Tim followin' along because our trail led that way. But he hadn't more'n stopped before Texas Pete was out.

"Cost you four bits to water them hosses," says he.

The man looked up kind of bewildered.

"I'm sorry," says he, "I ain't got no four bits. I got my roll lifted off'n me."

"No water, then," growls Texas Pete back at him.

The man looked about him helpless.

"How far is it to the next water?" he asks me.

"Twenty mile," I tells him.

"My God!" he says, to himself-like.

Then he shrugged his shoulders very tired.

"All right. It's gettin' the cool of the evenin'; we'll make it." He turns into the inside of that old schooner. "Gi' me the cup, Sue."

A white-faced woman who looked mighty good to us alkalis opened the flaps and gave out a tin cup, which the man pointed out to fill.

"How many of you is they?" asks Texas Pete.

"Three," replies the man, wondering.

"Well, six bits, then," says Texas Pete, "cash down."

At that the man straightens up a little.

"I ain't askin' for no water for my stock," says he, "but my wife and baby has been out in this sun all day without a drop of water. Our cask slipped a hoop and bust just this side of Dos Cabesas. The poor kid is plumb dry."

"Two bits a head," says Texas Pete.

At that the woman comes out, a little bit of a baby in her arms. The kid had fuzzy yellow hair, and its face was flushed red and shiny.

"Shorely you won't refuse a sick child a drink of water, sir," says she.

But Texas Pete had some sort of a special grouch; I guess he was just beginning to get his snowshoes off after a fight with his own forty-rod.

"What the hell are you-all doin' on the

trail without no money at all?" he growls, "and how do you expect to get along? Such plumb tenderfeet drive me weary."

"Well," says the man, still reasonable, "I ain't got no money, but I'll give you six bits' worth of flour or trade or an'thin' I got."

"I don't run no truck store," snaps Texas Pete, and turns square on his heel and goes back to his chair.

"Got six bits about you?" whispers Gentleman Tim to me.

"Not a red," I answers.

Gentleman Tim turns to Texas Pete.

"Let 'em have a drink, Pete. I'll pay you next time I come down."

"Cash down," growls Pete.

"You're the meanest man I ever see," observes Tim. "I wouldn't speak to you if I met you in hell carryin' a lump of ice in your hand."

"You're the softest *I* ever see," sneers Pete. "Don't they have any genooine Texans down your way?"

"Not enough to make it disagreeable," says Tim.

"That lets you out," growls Pete, gettin' hostile and handlin' of his rifle.

Which the man had been standin' there bewildered, the cup hangin' from his finger. At last, lookin' pretty desperate, he stooped down to dig up a little of the wet from an overflow puddle lyin' at his feet. At the same time the hosses, left sort of to themselves, and bein' drier than a covered bridge, drug forward and stuck their noses in the trough.

Gentleman Tim and me was sittin' there on our hosses, a little to one side. We saw Texas Pete jump up from his chair, take a quick aim, and cut loose with his rifle. It was plumb unexpected to us. We hadn't thought of any shootin', and our six-shooters was tied in, 'count of the jumpy country we'd been drivin' the steers over. But Gentleman Tim, who had unslung his rope, aimin' to help the hosses out of the chuck-hole, snatched her off the horn, and with one of the prettiest twenty-foot flip throws I ever see done he snaked old Texas Pete right out of his wicky-up, gun and all. The old renegade did his best to twist around for a shot at us; but it was no go; and I never enjoyed hog-tying a critter more in my life than I enjoyed hog-tying Texas Pete. Then we turned to see what damage had been done.

We were some relieved to find the family all right, but Texas Pete had bored one of them poor old crow-bait hosses plumb through the head.

"It's lucky for you you don't get the old man," says Gentleman Tim very quiet and polite.

Which Gentleman Tim was an Irishman, and I'd been on the range long enough with him to know that when he got quiet and polite it was time to dodge behind something.

"I hope, sir," says he to the stranger, "that you will give your wife and baby a satisfying drink. As for your hoss, pray do not be under any apprehension. Our friend, Mr. Texas Pete, here, has kindly consented to make good any deficiencies from his own corral."

Tim could talk high, wide, and handsome when he set out to.

The man started to say something; but I managed to herd him to one side.

"Let him alone," I whispers. "When he talks that way, he's mad; and when he's mad, it's better to leave nature to supply the lightnin' rods."

He seemed to sabe all right, so we built us a little fire and started some grub, while Gentleman Tim walked up and down very grand and fierce.

By and by he seemed to make up his mind. He went over and untied Texas Pete.

"Stand up, you hound," says he. "Now listen to me. If you make a break to get away, or if you refuse to do just as I tell you, I won't shoot you, but I'll march you up country and see that Geronimo gets you."

He sorted out a shovel and pick, made Texas Pete carry them right along the trail a quarter, and started him to diggin' a hole.

Texas Pete started in hard enough, Tim sittin' over him on his hoss, his six-shooter loose, and his rope free. The man and I stood by, not darin' to say a word. After a minute or so Texas Pete began to work slower and slower. By and by he stopped.

"Look here," says he, "is this here thing my grave?"

"I am goin' to see that you give the gentleman's hoss decent interment," says Gentleman Tim very polite.

"Bury a hoss!" growls Texas Pete.

But he didn't say any more. Tim cocked his six-shooter.

"Perhaps you'd better quit panting and sweat a little," says he.

Texas Pete worked hard for a while, for Tim's quietness was beginning to scare him up the worst way. By and by he had got down maybe four or five feet, and Tim got off his hoss.

"I think that will do," says he. "You may come out. Billy, my son, cover him. Now, Mr. Texas Pete," he says, cold as steel, "there is the grave. We will place the hoss in it. Then I intend to shoot you and put you in with the hoss, and write you an epitaph that will be a comfort to such travellers of the Trail as are honest, and a warnin' to such as are not. I'd as soon kill you now as an hour from now, so you may make a break for it if you feel like it."

He stooped over to look in the hole. I thought he looked an extra long time, but when he raised his head his face had changed complete.

"March!" says he very brisk.

We all went back to the shack. From the corral Tim took Texas Pete's best team and hitched her to the old schooner.

"There," says he to the man. "Now you'd better hit the trail. Take that whisky keg there for water. Good-bye."

We sat there without sayin' a word for some time after the schooner had pulled out. Then Tim says very abrupt:

"I've changed my mind."

He got up.

"Come on, Billy," says he to me. "We'll just leave our friend tied up." He turns to Pete. "I'll be back to-morrow to turn you loose. In the meantime it won't hurt you a bit to be a little uncomfortable, and hungry—and thirsty."

We rode off just about sundown, leavin' Texas Pete lashed tight.

Now all this knocked me hell-west and crooked, and I said so, but I couldn't get a word out of Gentleman Tim. All the answer I could get was just little laughs.

We drawed into the ranch near midnight, but next mornin' Tim had a long talk with the boss, and the result was that the whole outfit was instructed to arm up with a pick or a shovel apiece, and to get set for Texas Pete's. We got there a little after noon, turned the old boy out—without firearms—and then began to dig at a place Tim told us to, near that grave of Texas Pete's. In three hours we had the finest water-hole developed you ever want to see. Then the boss stuck up a sign that said:

PUBLIC WATER-HOLE. WATER FREE.

"Now you old skin," says he to Texas Pete, "charge all you want to on your own property. But if I ever hear of your layin' claim to this other hole, I'll shore make you hard to catch."

Then we rode off home.

You see, when Gentleman Tim inspected that grave, he noted indications of water; and it struck him that runnin' the old renegade out of business was a neater way of gettin' even than merely killin' him.

Somebody threw a fresh mesquite on the fire. The flames leaped up again, showing a thin trickle of water running down the other side of the cave. The steady downpour again made itself prominent through the re-established silence.

"What did Texas Pete do after that?" asked the Cattleman.

"Texas Pete?" chuckled Windy Bill. "Well, he put in a heap of his spare time lettin' Tim alone."

A Moral Little Tale

By JOAQUIN MARIA BARTRINA

JOHN had a diamond of great price, and in order to learn how to appreciate what he had, he studied chemistry; and excited, breathless, he analyzed the diamond.

But oh, horrors! That perfect jewel, in appearance like some star's tear, he found with wrath and with profound rancour was nothing but a little piece of lamp-black.

If you wish to keep your happiness, as you say you do, don't analyze, my boy; don't analyze.

The Three Strangers

By THOMAS HARDY

AMONG the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county-town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists, afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

The night of March 28, 182—, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside-out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were all now assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly-polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamen-

tally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures of old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half-a-dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high-days, holy-days, and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles was in itself significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled "like the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charley Jake the hedge-carpenter, Elijah New the parish-clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed in being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and *bonhomie* of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages; but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing-party was the alternative; but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind: the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish-clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had traveled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fen-

nel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little-worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage.

It was nearly the time of full moon, and on this account, though the sky was lined with a uniform sheet of dripping cloud, ordinary objects out of doors were readily visible. The sad wan light revealed the lonely pedestrian to be a man of supple frame; his gait suggested that he had somewhat passed the period of perfect and instinctive agility, though not so far as to be otherwise than rapid of motion when occasion required. At a rough guess, he might have been about forty years of age. He appeared tall, but a recruiting sergeant, or other person accustomed to the judging of men's heights by the eye, would have discerned that this was chiefly owing to his gauntness, and that he was not more than five-feet-eight or nine.

Notwithstanding the regularity of his tread, there was caution in it, as in that of one who mentally feels his way; and despite the fact that it was not a black coat nor a dark garment of any sort that he wore, there was something about him which suggested that he naturally belonged to the black-coated tribes of men. His clothes were of fustian, and his boots hobnailed, yet in his progress he showed not the mud-accustomed bearing of hobnailed and fustianed peasantry.

By the time that he had arrived abreast of the shepherd's premises the rain came down, or rather came along, with yet more determined violence. The outskirts of the little settlement partially broke the force of wind and rain, and this induced him to stand still. The most salient of the shepherd's domestic erections was an empty sty at the forward corner of his hedgeless garden, for in these latitudes the principle of masking the homelier features of your establishment by a conventional frontage was unknown. The traveler's eye was attracted to this small building by the pallid shine of the wet slates that covered it. He turned aside, and, finding it empty, stood under the pent-roof for shelter.

While he stood, the boom of the serpent within the adjacent house, and the lesser strains of the fiddler, reached the spot as an accompaniment to the surging hiss of the flying rain on the sod, its louder beating on the cabbage-leaves of the garden, on the eight or ten beehives just discernible by the path, and its dripping from the eaves into a row of buckets and pans that had been placed under the walls of the cottage. For at Higher Crowstairs, as at all such elevated domiciles, the grand difficulty of housekeeping was an insufficiency of water; and a casual rainfall was utilized by turning out, as catchers, every utensil that the house contained. Some queer stories might be told of the contrivances for economy in suds and dish-waters that are absolutely necessitated in upland habitations during the droughts of summer. But at this season there were no such exigencies; a mere acceptance of what the skies bestowed was sufficient for an abundant store.

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedestrian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden-gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county-town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song

to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles, and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of a fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say.—I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eyes of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so. And so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer. "And that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying, as he did so, "Hand me your baccy box—I'll fill that too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He too was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat

upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab greatcoat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than on the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardliness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his greatcoat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters:—

THERE IS NO FUN
UNTIL I CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprize the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense.

"I knew it!" said the toper to the shepherd with much satisfaction. "When I walked up your garden before coming in, and saw the hives all of a row, I said to myself, 'Where there's bees there's honey, and where there's honey there's mead.' But mead of such a truly comfortable sort as this I really didn't expect to meet in my older days." He took yet another pull at the mug, till it assumed an ominous elevation.

"Glad you enjoy it!" said the shepherd warmly.

"It is goodish mead," assented Mrs. Fennel, with an absence of enthusiasm which seemed to say that it was possible to buy praise for one's cellar at too heavy a price. "It is trouble enough to make—and really I hardly think we shall make any more. For honey sells well, and we ourselves can make shift with a drop o' small mead and metheglin for common use from the comb-washings."

"O, but you'll never have the heart!" reproachfully cried the stranger in cinder-gray, after taking up the mug a third time and setting it down empty. "I love mead, when 'tis old like this, as I love to go to church o' Sundays, or to relieve the needy any day of the week."

"Ha, ha, ha!" said the man in the chimney-corner, who, in spite of the taciturnity induced by the pipe of tobacco, could not or would not refrain from this slight testimony to his comrade's humour.

Now the old mead of those days, brewed of the purest first-year or maiden honey, four pounds to the gallon—with its due complement of white of eggs, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, mace, rosemary, yeast, and processes of working, bottling, and cellaring—tasted remarkably strong; but it did not taste so strong as it actually was. Hence, presently, the stranger in cinder-gray at the table, moved by its creeping influence, unbuttoned his waistcoat, threw himself back in his chair, spread his legs, and made his presence felt in various ways.

"Well, well, as I say," he resumed, "I am going to Casterbridge, and to Casterbridge I must go. I should have been almost there by this time; but the rain drove me into your dwelling, and I'm not sorry for it."

"You don't live in Casterbridge?" said the shepherd.

"Not as yet; though I shortly mean to move there."

"Going to set up in trade, perhaps?"

"No, no," said the shepherd's wife. "It is easy to see that the gentleman is rich, and don't want to work at anything."

The cinder-gray stranger paused, as if to consider whether he would accept that definition of himself. He presently rejected it by answering, "Rich is not quite the word for me, dame. I do work, and I must work. And even if I only get to Casterbridge by midnight I must begin work there at eight to-morrow morning. Yes, het or wet, blow or snow, famine or sword, my day's work to-morrow must be done."

"Poor man! Then, in spite o' seeming, you be worse off than we?" replied the shepherd's wife.

"'Tis the nature of my trade, men and maidens. 'Tis the nature of my trade more than my poverty. . . . But really and truly I must up and off, or I shan't get a lodging in the town." However, the speaker did not move, and directly added, "There's time for one more draught of friendship before I go; and I'd perform it at once if the mug were not dry."

"Here's a mug o' small," said Mrs. Fennel. "Small, we call it, though to be sure 'tis only the first wash o' the combs."

"No," said the stranger disdainfully. "I won't spoil your first kindness by partaking o' your second."

"Certainly not," broke in Fennel. "We don't increase and multiply every day, and I'll fill the mug again." He went away to the dark place under the stairs where the barrel stood. The shepherdess followed him.

"Why should you do this?" she said reproachfully, as soon as they were alone. "He's emptied it once, though it held enough for ten people; and now he's not contented wi' the small, but must needs call for more o' the strong! And a stranger unbeknown to any of us. For my part, I don't like the look o' the man at all."

"But he's in the house, my honey; and 'tis a wet night, and a christening. Daze it, what's a cup of mead more or less? There'll be plenty more next bee-burning."

"Very well—this time, then," she answered, looking wistfully at the barrel. "But what is the man's calling, and where is he one of, that he should come in and join us like this?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him again."

The catastrophe of having the mug drained dry at one pull by the stranger in cinder-gray was effectually guarded against this time by Mrs. Fennel. She poured out his allowance in a small cup, keeping the large one at a discreet distance from him. When he had tossed off his portion the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the stranger's occupation.

The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney-corner, with sudden demonstrativeness, said, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

"A very good trade for these parts," said the shepherd.

"And anybody may know mine—if they've the sense to find it out," said the stranger in cinder-gray.

"You may generally tell what a man is by his claws," observed the hedge-carpenter, looking at his own hands. "My fingers be as full of thorns as an old pincushion is of pins."

The hands of the man in the chimney-corner instinctively sought the shade, and he gazed into the fire as he resumed his pipe. The man at the table took up the hedge-carpenter's remark, and added smartly, "True; but the oddity of my trade is that, instead of setting a mark upon me, it sets a mark upon my customers."

No observation being offered by anybody in elucidation of this enigma, the shepherd's wife once more called for a song. The same obstacles presented themselves as at the former time—one had no voice, another had forgotten the first verse. The stranger at the table, whose soul had now risen to a good working temperature, relieved the difficulty by exclaiming that, to start the company, he would sing himself. Thrusting one thumb into the arm-hole of his waistcoat, he waved the other hand in the air, and, with an extemporizing gaze at the shining sheep-crooks above the mantelpiece, began:—

"O my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all—
My trade is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft 'em to a far countree!"

The room was silent when he had finished the verse—with one exception, that of the man in the chimney-corner, who, at the singer's word, "Chorus!" joined him in a deep bass voice of musical relish—

"And waft 'em to a far countree!"

Oliver Giles, John Pitcher the dairyman, the parish-clerk, the engaged man of fifty, the row of young women against the wall, seemed lost in thought not of the gayest kind. The shepherd looked meditatively on the ground, the shepherdess gazed keenly at the singer, and with some suspicion; she was doubting whether this stranger were merely singing an old song from recollection,

or was composing one there and then for the occasion. All were as perplexed at the obscure revelation as the guests at Belshazzar's Feast, except the man in the chimney-corner, who quietly said, "Second verse, stranger," and smoked on.

The singer thoroughly moistened himself from his lips inwards, and went on with the next stanza as requested:—

"My tools are but common ones,
Simple shepherds all—
My tools are no sight to see:
A little hempen string, and a post whereon to swing,
Are implements enough for me!"

Shepherd Fennel glanced round. There was no longer any doubt that the stranger was answering his question rhythmically. The guests one and all started back with suppressed exclamations. The young woman engaged to the man of fifty fainted half-way, and would have proceeded, but finding him wanting in alacrity for catching her she sat down trembling.

"O, he's the——!" whispered the people in the background, mentioning the name of an ominous public officer. "He's come to do it! 'Tis to be at Casterbridge jail tomorrow—the man for sheep-stealing—the poor clock-maker we heard of, who used to live away at Shottsford and had no work to do—Timothy Summers, whose family were a-starving, and so he went out of Shottsford by the high-road, and took a sheep in open daylight, defying the farmer and the farmer's wife and the farmer's lad, and every man jack among 'em. He" (and they nodded towards the stranger of the deadly trade) "is come from up the country to do it because there's not enough to do in his own county-town, and he's got the place here now our own county man's dead; he's going to live in the same cottage under the prison wall."

The stranger in cinder-gray took no notice of this whispered string of observations, but again wetted his lips. Seeing that his friend in the chimney-corner was the only one who reciprocated his joviality in any way, he held out his cup towards that appreciative comrade, who also held out his own. They clinked together, the eyes of the rest of the room hanging upon the singer's actions. He parted his lips for the third verse; but at that moment another knock was audible upon the door. This time the knock was faint and hesitating.

The company seemed scared; the shepherd looked with consternation towards the entrance, and it was with some effort that he resisted his alarmed wife's deprecatory glance, and uttered for the third time the welcoming words, "Walk in!"

The door was gently opened, and another man stood upon the mat. He, like those who had preceded him, was a stranger. This time it was a short, small personage, of fair complexion, and dressed in a decent suit of dark clothes.

"Can you tell me the way to——?" he began: when, gazing round the room to observe the nature of the company amongst whom he had fallen, his eyes lighted on the stranger in cinder-gray. It was just at the instant when the latter, who had thrown his mind into his song with such a will that he scarcely heeded the interruption, silenced all whispers and inquiries by bursting into his third verse:—

"To-morrow is my working day,
Simple shepherds all—
To-morrow is a working day for me:
For the farmer's sheep is slain, and the lad who did did it ta'en,
And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

The stranger in the chimney-corner, waving cups with the singer so heartily that his mead splashed over on the hearth, repeated in his bass voice as before:—

"And on his soul may God ha' merc-y!"

All this time the third stranger had been standing in the doorway. Finding now that he did not come forward or go on speaking, the guests particularly regarded him. They noticed to their surprize that he stood before them the picture of abject terror—his knees trembling, his hand shaking so violently that the door-latch by which he supported himself rattled audibly: his white lips were parted, and his eyes fixed on the merry officer of justice in the middle of the room. A moment more and he had turned, closed the door, and fled.

"What a man can it be?" said the shepherd.

The rest, between the awfulness of their late discovery and the odd conduct of this third visitor, looked as if they knew not what to think, and said nothing. Instinctively they withdrew further and further from the grim gentleman in their midst, whom some of them seemed to take for the Prince of Darkness himself, till they formed a remote circle, an empty space of floor being left between them and him——

". . . circulus, cujus centrum diabolus."

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that noth-

ing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times; but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to gie me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this," said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns?—I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied——"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well provided with lanterns; and lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half-hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground-floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"O—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right), "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hog's-back elevation which dominated this part of the down. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpment at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed; and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher. "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving

them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did: you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung to-morrow morning. Neighbours, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men, bring forward your prisoner!" And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived."

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after inquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell, I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim who was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life depends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to?—what is his occupation?"

"He's a watch-and-clock-maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released offhand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of the magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat of a mysterious figure being occasionally seen in some old overgrown trackway or other, remote from turnpike roads; but when a search was instituted in any of these suspected quarters nobody was found. Thus the days and weeks passed without tidings.

In brief, the bass-voiced man of the chimney-corner was never recaptured. Some said that he went across the sea, others that he did not, but buried himself in the depths of a populous city. At any rate, the gentleman in cinder-gray never did his morning's work at Casterbridge, nor met anywhere at all, for business purposes, the genial comrade with whom he had passed an hour of relaxation in the lonely house on the coomb.

The grass has long been green on the graves of Shepherd Fennel and his frugal wife; the guests who made up the christening party have mainly followed their entertainers to the tomb; the baby in whose honour they all had met is a matron in the sere and yellow leaf. But the arrival of the three strangers at the shepherd's that night, and the details connected therewith, is a story as well known as ever in the country about Higher Crowstairs.

The Season of Joy

By KUSHAL KHAN

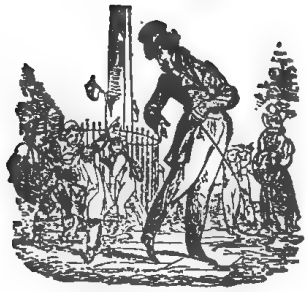
Translated by Achmed Abdullah

MY GRIEF has ended.
Comes now the season of Joy.
For the flowers of Spring are jewelling my green garden.
Let us make ready to walk through its paths.
Go! Tell the nightingale that Spring is here.

And tell the minstrel to come with his lute.
Let him sing us a ballad of the flowers of Spring.
Do not listen to the parrot whispering to the rose
That Autumn will soon be here.

With Spring my love returned to me,
And again I behold the moon of my delight.
Let others have their various festivals:
My only festival is when, in Spring,
I see my mistress' slender feet
Step through the garden like lisping twin blossoms.

Then Kushal Khan put on his brightest robes,
And he enters the bazaar of his lady's soft arms.



All Fools' Day

By CHARLES LAMB

Yours rather much unwell

Ch. Lamb

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all! Many happy returns of this day to you—and you—and *you*, Sir—nay, never frown, man, nor put a long face upon the matter. Do not we know one another? what heed of ceremony among friends? we have all a touch of *that same*—you understand me—a speck of the motley. Beshrew the man who on such a day as this, the *general festival*, should affect to stand aloof. I am none of those sneakers. I am free of the corporation, and care not who knows it. He that meets me in the forest to-day, shall meet with no wise-acre, I can tell you. *Stultus sum.* Translate me that, and take the meaning of it to yourself for your pains. What, man, we have four quarters of the globe on our side, at the least computation.

Fill us a cup of that sparkling gooseberry—we will drink no wise, melancholy, politic port on this day—and let us troll the catch of Amiens—*duc ad me—duc ad me*—how goes it?

> Here shall he see
> Gross fools as he.

Now would I give a trifle to know, historically and authentically, who was the greatest fool that ever lived. I would certainly give him in a bumper. Marry, of the present breed, I think I could without much difficulty name you the party.

Remove your cap a little further, if you please; it hides my bauble. And now each man bestride his hobby, and dust away his bells to what tune he pleases. I will give you, for my part,

> ——The crazy old church clock,
> And the bewildered chimes.

Good master Empedocles, you are welcome. It is long since you went a salamander-gathering down Ætna. Worse than samphire-picking by some odds. 'Tis a mercy your worship did not singe your mustachios.

Ha! Cleombrotus! and what salads in faith did you light upon at the bottom of the Mediterranean? You were founder, I take it, of the disinterested sect of the Calenturists.

Gebir, my old free-mason, and prince of plasterers at Babel, bring in your trowel, most Ancient Grand! You have claim to a seat here at my right hand, as patron of the stammerers. You left your work, if I remember Herodotus correctly, at eight hundred million toises, or thereabout, above the level of the sea. Bless us, what a long bell you must have pulled, to call your top workmen to their luncheon on the low grounds of Sennaar. Or did you send up your garlick and onions by a rocket?

I am a rogue if I am not ashamed to show you our Monument on Fish Street Hill, after your altitudes. Yet we think it somewhat.

What, the magnanimous Alexander in tears?—cry, baby, put its finger in its eye, it shall have another globe, round as an orange, pretty moppet!

Mister Adams—'odso, I honour your coat—pray do us the favour to read to us that sermon, which you lent to Mistress Slipslop—the twenty and second in your portmanteau there—on Female Incontinence—the same—it will come in most irrelevantly and impertinently seasonable to the time of the day.

Good Master Raymund Lully, you look wise. Pray correct that error.

Duns, spare your definitions. I must fine you a bumper, or a paradox. We will have nothing said or done syllogistically this day. Remove those logical forms, waiter, that no gentleman break the tender shins of his apprehension stumbling across them.

Master Stephen, you are late—Ha! Cokes, is it you?—Aguecheek, my dear knight, let me pay my devoir to you—Master Shallow, your worship's poor servant to command.—Master Silence, I will use few words with you—Slender, it shall go hard if I edge not you in somewhere—You six will engross all the poor wit of the company to-day—I know it, I know it.

Ha! honest Ramsay, my fine old Librarian of Ludgate, time out of mind, art thou here again? Bless thy doublet, it is not overnew, threadbare as thy stories:—what dost thou flitting about the world at this rate?—Thy customers are extinct, defunct, bedrid, have ceased to read long ago—Thou goest still among them, seeing if, peradventure, thou canst hawk a volume or two.—Good Granville Sharp, thy last patron, is flown.

> King Pandion, he is dead,
> All thy friends are lapt in lead.—

Nevertheless, noble Ramsay, come in, and take your seat here, between Armado and Quisada: for in true courtesy, in gravity, in fantastic smiling to thyself, in courteous smiling upon others, in the goodly ornature of well-apparelled speech, and the commendation of wise sentences, thou art nothing inferior to those accomplished Dons of Spain. The spirit of chivalry forsake me forever, when I forget thy singing the song of Macheath, which declares that he might be *happy with either*, situated between those two ancient spinsters—when I forget the inimitable formal love which thou didst make, turning now to the one, and now to the other, with that Malvolian smile—as if Cervantes, not Gay, had written it for his hero; and as if thousands of periods must revolve, before the mirror of courtesy could have given his invidious preference between a pair of so goodly-propertied and meritorious-equal damsels. . . .

To descend from these altitudes, and not to protract our Fools' Banquet beyond its appropriate day,—for I fear the second of April is not many hours distant—in sober verity I will confess a truth to thee, reader. I love a *Fool*—as naturally, as if I were of kith and kin to him. When a child, with childlike apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read those *Parables*—not guessing at their involved wisdom—I had more yearnings toward that simple architect, that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and—prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat *unfeminine* wariness of their competitors—I felt a kindliness, that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins.—I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted; or a friendship, that answered; with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you, that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security, which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed, that "the foolisher the fowl or fish—woodcocks,—dotterels,—cod's-heads, etc., the finer the flesh thereof," and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindliest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity, minions of the goddess, and her white boys?—Reader, if you wrest my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the *April Fool*.

So They Say

GOVERNOR THOMAS G. MCLEOD:
of South Carolina

"When I was a boy, all negroes did the Charleston. Now they are too respectable."

BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING:
of the Protestant Episcopal Church

"It is my opinion that the beautiful game of polo in its place is as pleasing to God as a beautiful service in a beautiful cathedral."

A BATANGI CHIEF:
of the Lower Congo country, talking with Rev. R. H. C. Graham, Baptist missionary

"Many ages ago the ape's ancestors were men. They got into debt and made many enemies. So they ran away to the forest and refused to speak. Ever since they have remained degenerate men. We are better and prouder than the apes. Therefore we eat them."

MAXIM GORKY:
Russian novelist

"I am a man of the earth, and outside of its men there is nothing I desire to know."

CHARLES HACKETT:
American tenor

"In America there is little that is spontaneous in our opera. Even the applause is arranged, and much of it paid for."

DR. DAVID KINLEY:
President of University of Illinois

"New York is a literary cesspool."

PEGGY HULL:
Canadian newspaper correspondent in China

"According to our standards, the Oriental does everything backward, but he has an amazing ability of achieving his goal just the same."

DR. CHARLES GRAY SHAW:
Professor of Philosophy at New York University

"No home is complete now without a complex of some sort."

MRS. LAURA E. CHRISTY:
married eight times, and on trial for poisoning two of her husbands

"I gave him arsenic in a capsule because he was mean to me."

JUDGE CHARLES A. GOSS:
of Omaha, Nebraska

"Matrimony isn't just a Saturday and Sunday affair."

ANAHARIKA DHARMAPALA:
Director of the Buddhist Mission of India

"If Americans only find how to add happiness to their capacity for enjoyment, America will lead the world spiritually as it now leads materially."

HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN:
President of Trustees, American Museum of Natural History

"I would like to see all the religious men of this great city of six million souls get together and agree upon a simple, elemental, and more or less primitive teaching of religion, in which all men, except those who persuade themselves that they are atheists, agree."

NOAH WEBSTER COOPER:
Chairman, Sabbath Crusade Committee, Tennessee Synod of the M. E. Church, South

"If professing Christians don't stop patronizing Sunday trains, Sunday newspapers and Sunday business, the Christian Sabbath will be lost, and America will go to a Babylon of ruin, the fate that Nehemiah bewailed for Israel.
"Anybody who buys a Sunday newspaper is helping the devil to ruin America."

CHARLES SAROLEA:
Professor of French Literature, University of Edinburgh

"The French peasant has an infinite capacity for thrift. But he will not save in order to pay taxes; he will only save to buy a cow or a piece of land."

MRS. RUTH J. MAUER:
Head of a national chain of beauty schools

"Through carelessness and ignorance of toilet methods the modern woman's face is resembling a mask or a comic valentine."

F. M. MATTHESON:
Cosmetician, at the National Beauty Shop Owners' Convention

"The idea that women can fall in love only once is as out of date as hoopskirts and pantalettes. And the instability of matrimony certainly makes beauty a necessity."

JOSIAH MAIN:
formerly of Hays, Kansas, Teachers' College

"If Florida will draw off the riffraff, they are welcome to it. California will be as little affected by it as her rock-ribbed mountains were affected by the mound-builders."

HARLAN F. STONE:
Associate Justice, U. S. Supreme Court

"The average quality of our legal profession is not equal to the British bar. This is because the British, although, perhaps, not so well trained, are far better educated."

WILLIAM JESSE NEWLIN:
Professor of Philosophy, Amherst College

"Colleges have taken on all the appurtenances of country clubs in full blast, where students may expect to find social recognition and build future fortunes."

WILLIAM R. GRIDLEY:
of Philadelphia, in his Last Will and Testament

"I bequeath my son, Charles, $5 and the world to make a living in."

JOHN MASEFIELD:
English poet and novelist

"There is no such thing as a work of art which appeals only to a few."

BERYL RUBINSTEIN:
American pianist, in "The Musician"

"Bach I consider the spine and body of piano technique and musicianship."

WILLIAM T. TILDEN:
American lawn-tennis champion

"As a strategist Miss Wills is not in Lenglen's class. Helen may have a poker face, but Suzanne has a chess mind."

MRS. ANNIE BESANT:
President, International Theosophical Society, announcing an impending new religious revelation

"I believe that Krishnamurti is the 'World Teacher's' chosen vehicle."

CROWN PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA:
who seems to be "revoluting" against something—either matrimony or his father's government

"All that I know about motor-cars is that I love to drive real speedy ones."

COUNT M. SOYESHIMA:
Japanese nobleman and publicist, after lecturing at the University of Chicago

"I did not like the Americans because most of them are in fact most arrogant imperialists. . . . While they set themselves up as ardent champions of Justice, they really are the devotees of the outrageous and brazen-faced Monroe Doctrine."

LUTHER BURBANK:
Originator of new fruits and flowers,—asserting there would not be room for all the dead, if they lived after death

"A theory of personal resurrection or reincarnation of the individual is untenable when one but pauses to consider the magnitude of the idea."

BENITO MUSSOLINI:
Italian Dictator

"The time has now come to show that there is no such thing as personal liberty."

JOSEPHUS DANIELS:
Ex-Secretary of the Navy; Editor, Raleigh "News and Observer"

"To-day we are syndicating our morals instead of assuming individual responsibility."

COUNT STANISLAS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD:
just before marrying the comic opera star, Alice Cocea, in spite of all his family's efforts

"Alice can support me very nicely, and everybody in Paris will be joking about the musical comedy actress who is supporting the son of a la Rochefoucauld."

ALFRED PRAGA:
President, London Society of Miniature Painters

"Girls of to-day are in fact developing the motoring face, the dancing face, and the sports face. The effect of this over-indulgence in sports creates a hard type of countenance that no amount of lipstick or other aids to complexion will overcome."

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY:
Editor of "The Athenæum"; Chief Censor of England

"The American who rejects America must choose England if he wants to remain creative at all.
"An artist must have roots; if he pulls himself up from his native soil, he must quickly strike root in another. I am convinced that an American will never find roots in Paris."

HERBERT C. HOWE:
Professor at University of Oregon

"Every coach that ever was worth his salt hates to have 'stars' on his team. The game of football is no place for leading ladies."

MRS. DURKIN:
one of the brides of the man celebrated as "the Chicago bandit," after his capture

"He worked steadily as a switchman, and then the women began vamping him. When he began matching his neckties with his shirts I could see his finish."

REV. DR. JAMES EMPRINGHAM:
former State Superintendent, Anti-Saloon League, Nat'l. Secretary, Church Temperance Society

"The Eighteenth Amendment sounded the death-knell of prohibition. . . . We honestly believe it has been responsible for a spread of anarchy and general lawlessness."

DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON:
of the Methodist-Episcopal Board of Temperance

"The Episcopal Church has contributed nothing to the triumph of the prohibition law, and its attempt to betray it will be without consequence."

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY:
in "China Press"

"Art is undergoing a process of democratization, and is adopting itself to its new rôle of serving as guide to the masses."

IRVING BERLIN:
Most popular of jazz song composers, shortly after his marriage to the daughter of Clarence H. Mackay

"The newspapers do not want us to be happy, they are not interested in our happiness; all they care about, now that they have got us safely married, is news of the divorce."

GEORGES CARPENTIER:
former idol of the French prize-ring

"Ah, it was most sad! Siki's murder can be laid to his victory over me. That turned his head. He thought that he was a public character, and that it was necessary for him to live up to it."

ETHELBERT STEWART:
Chief of Bureau of Labour Statistics

"I believe that a girl who works nine hours in the spindle room of a cotton mill, or eight or nine hours in a boot and shoe factory, at the speed rates which now prevail, can stand a little 'petting.'"

The Rajah's Diamond

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Robert Louis Stevenson

Story of the House With the Green Blinds

FRANCIS SCRYMGEOUR, a clerk in the Bank of Scotland at Edinburgh, had attained the age of twenty-five in a sphere of quiet, creditable, and domestic life. His mother died while he was young; but his father, a man of sense and probity, had given him an excellent education at school, and brought him up at home to orderly and frugal habits. Francis, who was of a docile and affectionate disposition, profited by these advantages with zeal, and devoted himself heart and soul to his employment. A walk upon Saturday afternoon, an occasional dinner with members of his family, and a yearly tour of a fortnight in the Highlands or even on the continent of Europe, were his principal distractions, and he grew rapidly in favour with his superiors, and enjoyed already a salary of nearly two hundred pounds a year, with the prospect of an ultimate advance to almost double that amount. Few young men were more contented, few more willing and labourious than Francis Scrymgeour. Sometimes at night, when he had read the daily paper, he would play upon the flute to amuse his father, for whose qualities he entertained a great respect.

One day he received a note from a well-known firm of Writers to the Signet, requesting the favour of an immediate interview with him. The letter was marked "Private and Confidential," and had been addressed to him at the bank, instead of at home—two unusual circumstances which made him obey the summons with the more alacrity. The senior member of the firm, a man of much austerity of manner, made him gravely welcome, requested him to take a seat, and proceeded to explain the matter in hand in the picked expressions of a veteran man of business. A person, who must remain nameless, but of whom the lawyer had ever reason to think well—a man, in short, of some station in the country—desired to make Francis an annual allowance of five hundred pounds. The capital was to be placed under the control of the lawyer's firm and two trustees who must also remain anonymous. There were conditions annexed to this liberality, but he was of opinion that his new client would find nothing either excessive or dishonourable in the terms; and he repeated these two words with emphasis, as though he desired to commit himself to nothing more.

Francis asked their nature.

"The conditions," said the Writer to the Signet, "are, as I have twice remarked, neither dishonourable nor excessive. At the same time I cannot conceal from you that they are most unusual. Indeed, the whole case is very much out of our way; and I should certainly have refused it had it not been for the reputation of the gentleman who entrusted it to my care, and, let me add, Mr. Scrymgeour, the interest I have been led to take in yourself by many complimentary and, I have no doubt, well-deserved reports."

Francis entreated him to be more specific.

"You cannot picture my uneasiness as to these conditions," he said.

"They are two," replied the lawyer, "only two; and the sum, as you will remember, is five hundred a year—and unburthened, I forgot to add, unburthened."

And the lawyer raised his eyebrows at him with solemn gusto.

"The first," he resumed, "is of remarkable simplicity. You must be in Paris by the afternoon of Sunday, the 15th; there you will find, at the box-office of the Comédie Française, a ticket for admission taken in your name and waiting you. You are

requested to sit out the whole performance in the seat provided, and that is all."

"I should certainly have preferred a week-day," replied Francis. "But, after all, once in a way——"

"And in Paris, my dear sir," added the lawyer, soothingly. "I believe I am something of a precisian myself, but upon such a consideration, and in Paris, I should not hesitate an instant."

And the pair laughed pleasantly together.

"The other is of more importance," continued the Writer to the Signet. "It regards your marriage. My client, taking a deep interest in your welfare, desires to advise you absolutely in the choice of a wife. Absolutely, you understand," he repeated.

"Let us be more explicit, if you please," returned Francis. "Am I to marry anyone, maid or widow, black or white, whom this invisible person chooses to propose?"

"I was to assure you that suitability of age and position should be a principle with your benefactor," replied the lawyer. "As to race, I confess the difficulty had not occurred to me, and I failed to inquire; but if you like I will make a note of it at once, and advise you on the earliest opportunity."

"Sir," said Francis, "it remains to be seen whether this whole affair is not a most unworthy fraud. The circumstances are inexplicable—I had almost said incredible; and until I see a little more daylight, and some plausible motive, I confess I should be very sorry to put a hand to the transaction. I appeal to you in this difficulty for information. I must learn what is at the bottom of it all. If you do not know, cannot guess, or are not at liberty to tell me, I shall take my hat and go back to my bank as I came."

"I do not know," answered the lawyer, "but I have an excellent guess. Your father, and no one else, is at the root of this apparently unnatural business."

"My father!" cried Francis, in extreme disdain. "Worthy man, I know every thought of his mind, every penny of his fortune!"

"You misinterpret my words," said the lawyer. "I do not refer to Mr. Scrymgeour senior; for he is not your father. When he and his wife came to Edinburgh, you were already nearly one year old, and you had not yet been three months in their care. The secret has been well kept; but such is the fact. Your father is unknown, and I say again that I believe him to be the original of the offers I am charged at present to transmit to you."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the astonishment of Francis Scrymgeour at this unexpected information. He pleaded this confusion to the lawyer.

"Sir," said he, "after a piece of news so startling, you must grant me some hours for thought. You shall know this evening what conclusion I have reached."

The lawyer commended his prudence; and Francis, excusing himself upon some pretext at the bank, took a long walk into the country, and fully considered the different steps and aspects of the case. A pleasant sense of his own importance rendered him the more deliberate; but the issue was from the first not doubtful. His whole carnal man leaned irresistibly towards the five hundred a year, and the strange conditions with which it was burdened; he discovered in his heart an invincible repugnance to the name of Scrymgeour, which he had never hitherto disliked; he began to despise the narrow and unromantic interest of his former life; and when once his mind was fairly made up, he walked with a new feeling of strength and freedom, and nourished himself with the gayest anticipations.

He said but a word to the lawyer, and immediately received a check for two quarters' arrears; for the allowance was ante-dated from the first of January. With this in his pocket, he walked home. The flat in Scotland Street looked mean in his eyes; his nostrils, for the first time, rebelled against the odour of broth; and he observed little defects of manner in his adoptive father which filled him with surprise and almost with disgust. The next day, he determined, should see him on his way to Paris.

In that city, where he arrived long before the appointed date, he put up at a modest hotel frequented by English and Italians, and devoted himself to improvement in the French tongue; for this purpose he had a master twice a week, entered into conversation with loiterers in the Champs Élysées, and nightly frequented the theater. He had his whole toilette fashionably renewed; and was shaved and had his hair dressed every morning by a barber in a neighbouring street. This gave him something of a foreign air, and seemed to wipe off the reproach of his past years.

At length, on the Saturday afternoon, he betook himself to the box-office of the theater in the Rue Richelieu. No sooner had he mentioned his name than the clerk produced the order in an envelope of which the address was scarcely dry.

"It has been taken this moment," said the clerk.

"Indeed!" said Francis. "May I ask what the gentleman was like?"

"Your friend is easy to describe," replied the official. "He is old and strong and beautiful, with white hair and a sabre-cut across his face. You cannot fail to recognize so marked a person."

"No, indeed," returned Francis; "and I thank you for your politeness."

"He cannot yet be far distant," added the clerk. "If you make haste you might still overtake him."

Francis did not wait to be twice told; he ran precipitately from the theater into the middle of the street and looked in all directions. More than one white-haired man was within sight; but though he overtook each of them in succession, all wanted the sabre-cut. For nearly half an hour he tried one street after another in the neighbourhood, until at length, recognizing the folly of continued search, he started on a walk to compose his agitated feelings; for this proximity of an encounter with him to whom he could not doubt he owed the day had profoundly moved the young man.

It chanced that his way lay up the Rue Drouot and thence up the Rue des Martyrs; and chance, in this case, served him better than all the forethought in the world. For on the outer boulevard he saw two men in earnest colloquy upon a seat. One was dark, young, and handsome, secularly dressed, but with an indelible clerical stamp; the other answered in every particular to the description given him by the clerk. Francis felt his heart beat high in his bosom; he knew he was now about to hear the voice of his father; and making a wide circuit, he noiselessly took his place behind the couple in question, who were too much interested in their talk to observe much else. As Francis had expected, the conversation was conducted in the English language.

"Your suspicions begin to annoy me, Rolles," said the older man. "I tell you I am doing my utmost; a man cannot lay his hand on millions in a moment. Have I not taken you up, a mere stranger, out of pure good-will? Are you not living largely on my bounty?"

"On your advances, Mr. Vandeleur," corrected the other.

"Advances, if you choose; and interest instead of good-will, if you prefer it," returned Vandeleur, angrily. "I am not here to pick expressions. Business is business, and your business, let me remind you, is too muddy for such airs. Trust me, or leave me alone and find someone else; but let us have an end, for God's sake, of your jeremiads."

"I am beginning to learn the world," replied the other, "and I see that you have every reason to play me false, and not one to deal honestly. I am not here to pick expressions, either; you wish the diamond for yourself: you know you do—you dare not deny it. Have you not already forged my name, and searched my lodging in my absence? I understand the cause of your delays; you are lying in wait; you are the diamond-hunter, forsooth; and sooner or later, by fair means or foul, you'll lay your hands upon it. I tell you, it must stop; push me much further and I promise you a surprise."

"It does not become you to use threats," returned Vandeleur. "Two can play at that. My brother is here in Paris; the police are on the alert; and if you persist in wearying me with your caterwauling, I will arrange a little astonishment for you, Mr. Rolles. But mine shall be once and for all. Do you understand, or would you prefer me to tell it you in Hebrew? There is an end to all things, and you have come to the end of my patience. Tuesday, at seven; not a day, not an hour sooner, not the least part of a second, if it were to save your life. And if you do not choose to wait, you may go to the bottomless pit for me, and welcome."

And so saying, the Dictator arose from the bench, and marched off in the direction of Montmartre, shaking his head and swinging his cane with a most furious air; while his companion remained where he was, in an attitude of great dejection.

Francis was at the pitch of surprise and horror; his sentiments had been shocked to the last degree; the hopeful tenderness with which he had taken his place upon the bench was transformed into repulsion and despair; old Mr. Scrymgeour, he reflected, was a far more kindly and creditable parent than this dangerous and violent intriguer; but he retained his presence of mind, and suffered not a moment to elapse before he was on the trail of the Dictator.

That gentleman's fury carried him forward at a brisk pace, and he was so completely occupied in his angry thoughts that he never so much as cast a look behind him till he reached his own door.

His house stood high up in the Rue Lepic, commanding a view of all Paris and enjoying the pure air of the heights. It was two stories high, with green blinds and shutters;

and all the windows looking on the street were hermetically closed. Tops of trees showed over the high garden wall, and the wall was protected by *chevaux-de-frise.* The Dictator paused a moment while he searched his pocket for a key; and then, opening a gate, disappeared within the enclosure.

Francis looked about him; the neighbourhood was very lonely; the house isolated in its garden. It seemed as if his observation must here come to an abrupt end. A second glance, however, showed him a tall house next door presenting a gable to the garden, and in this gable a single window. He passed to the front and saw a ticket offering unfurnished lodgings by the month; and, on inquiry, the room which commanded the Dictator's garden proved to be one of those to let. Francis did not hesitate a moment; he took the room, paid an advance upon the rent, and returned to his hotel to seek his baggage.

The old man with the sabre-cut might or might not be his father; he might or he might not be on the true scent; but he was certainly on the edge of an exciting mystery, and he promised himself that he would not relax his observation until he had got to the bottom of the secret.

From the window of his new apartment Francis Scrymgeour commanded a complete view into the garden of the house with the green blinds. Immediately below him a very comely chestnut with wide boughs sheltered a pair of rustic tables where people might dine in the height of summer. On all sides save one a dense vegetation concealed the soil: but there, between the tables and the house, he saw a patch of gravel walk leading from the veranda to the garden-gate. Studying the places from between the boards of the Venetian shutter, which he durst not open for fear of attracting attention, Francis observed but little to indicate the manners of the inhabitants, and that little argued no more than a close reserve and a taste for solitude. The garden was conventual, the house had the air of a prison. The green blinds were all drawn down upon the outside; the door into the veranda was closed; the garden, as far as he could see it, was left entirely to itself in the evening sunshine. A modest curl of smoke from a single chimney alone testified to the presence of living people.

In order that he might not be entirely idle, and to give a certain colour to his way of life, Francis had purchased Euclid's Geometry in French, which he set himself to copy and translate on the top of his portmanteau and seated on the floor against the wall; for he was equally without chair or table. From time to time he would rise and cast a glance into the enclosure of the house with the green blinds; but the windows remained obstinately closed and the garden empty.

Only late in the evening did anything occur to reward his continued attention. Between nine and ten the sharp tinkle of a bell aroused him from a fit of dozing; and he sprang to his observatory in time to hear an important noise of locks being opened and bars removed, and to see Mr. Vandeleur, carrying a lantern and clothed in a flowing robe of black velvet with a skull-cap to match, issue from under the veranda and proceed leisurely toward the garden gate. The sound of bolts and bars was then repeated; and a moment after Francis perceived the Dictator escorting into the house, in the mobile light of the lantern, an individual of the lowest and most despicable appearance.

Half-an-hour afterward the visitor was reconducted to the street; and Mr. Vandeleur, setting his light upon one of the rustic tables, finished a cigar with great deliberation under the foliage of the chestnut. Francis, peering through a clear space among the leaves, was able to follow his gestures as he threw away the ash or enjoyed a copious inhalation; and beheld a cloud upon the old man's brow and a forcible action of the lips, which testified to some deep and probably painful train of thought. The cigar was already almost at an end, when the voice of a young girl was heard suddenly crying the hour from the interior of the house.

"In a moment," replied John Vandeleur.

And, with that, he threw away the stump, and, taking up the lantern, sailed away under the veranda for the night. As soon as the door was closed, absolute darkness fell upon the house; Francis might try his eyesight as much as he pleased, he could not detect so much as a single chink of light below a blind; and he concluded, with great good sense, that the bed chambers were all upon the other side.

Early the next morning (for he was early awake after an uncomfortable night upon the floor), he saw cause to adopt a different explanation. The blinds rose, one after another, by means of a spring in the interior, and disclosed steel shutters such as we see on the front of shops; these in their turn were rolled up by a similar contri-

vance; and for the space of about an hour, the chambers were left open to the morning air. At the end of that time Mr. Vandeleur, with his own hand, once more closed the shutters and replaced the blinds from within.

While Francis was still marvelling at these precautions, the door opened and a young girl came forth to look about her in the garden. It was not two minutes before she reëntered the house, but even in that short time he saw enough to convince him that she possessed the most unusual attractions. His curiosity was not only highly excited by this incident, but his spirits were improved to a still more notable degree. The alarming manners and more than equivocal life of his father ceased from that moment to prey upon his mind; from that moment he embraced his new family with ardour; and whether the young lady should prove his sister or his wife, he felt convinced she was an angel in disguise. So much was this the case that he was seized with a sudden horror when he reflected how little he really knew, and how possible it was that he followed the wrong person when he followed Mr. Vandeleur.

The porter, whom he consulted, could afford him little information; but, such as it was, it had a mysterious and questionable sound. The person next door was an English gentleman of extraordinary wealth, and proportionately eccentric in his tastes and habits. He possessed great collections, which he kept in the house beside him; and it was to protect these that he had fitted the place with steel shutters, elaborate fastenings and *chevaux-de-frise* along the garden wall. He lived much alone, in spite of some strange visitors with whom, it seemed, he had business to transact; and there was no one in the house except Mademoiselle and an old woman servant.

"Is Mademoiselle his daughter?" inquired Francis.

"Certainly," replied the porter. "Mademoiselle is the daughter of the house; and strange it is to see how she is made to work. For all his riches, it is she who goes to market; and every day in the week you may see her going by with a basket on her arm."

"And the collections?" asked the other.

"Sir," said the man, "they are immensely valuable. More I cannot tell you. Since M. de Vandeleur's arrival no one in the quarter has so much as passed the door."

"Suppose not," returned Francis, "you must surely have some notion what these famous galleries contain. Is it pictures, silks, statutes, jewels, or what?"

"My faith, sir," said the fellow with a shrug, "it might be carrots, and still I could not tell you. How should I know? The house is kept like a garrison, as you perceive."

And then as Francis was returning disappointed to his room, the porter called him back.

"I have just remembered, sir," said he. "M. de Vandeleur has been in all parts of the world, and I once heard the old woman declare that he had brought many diamonds back with him. If that be the truth, there must be a fine show behind those shutters."

By an early hour on Sunday Francis was in his place at the theater. The seat which had been taken for him was only two or three numbers from the left-hand side, and directly opposite one of the lower boxes. As the seat had been specially chosen there was doubtless something to be learned from its position; and he judged by an instinct that the box upon his right was, in some way or other, to be connected with the drama in which he ignorantly played a part. Indeed it was so situated that its occupants could safely observe him from beginning to end of the piece, if they were so minded; while, profiting by the depth, they could screen themselves sufficiently well from any counter-examination on his side. He promised himself not to leave it for a moment out of sight; and whilst he scanned the rest of the theater, or made a show of attending to the business of the stage, he always kept a corner of an eye upon the empty box.

The second act had been some time in progress, and was even drawing towards a close, when the door opened and two persons entered and ensconced themselves in the darkest of the shade. Francis could hardly control his emotion. It was Mr. Vandeleur and his daughter. The blood came and went in his arteries and veins with stunning activity; his ears sang; his head turned. He dared not look lest he should awake suspicion; his play-bill, which he kept reading from end to end and over and over again, turned from white to red before his eyes; and when he cast a glance upon the stage, it seemed incalculably far away, and he found the voices and gestures of the actors to the last degree impertinent and absurd.

From time to time he risked a momentary look in the direction which principally arrested him; and once at least he felt certain that his eyes encountered those of

the young girl. A shock passed over his body, and he saw all the colours of the rainbow. What would he not have given to overhear what passed between the Vandeleurs? What would he not have given for the courage to take up his opera-glass and steadily inspect their attitude and expression? There, for aught he knew, his whole life was being decided—and he not able to interfere, not able even to follow the debate, but condemned to sit and suffer where he was, in impotent anxiety.

At last the act came to an end. The curtain fell, and the people around him began to leave their places for the interval. It was only natural that he should follow their example; and if he did so, it was not only natural but necessary that he should pass immediately in front of the box in question. Summoning all his courage, but keeping his eyes lowered, Francis drew near the spot. His progress was slow, for the old gentleman before him moved with incredible deliberation, wheezing as he went. What was he to do? Should he address the Vandeleurs by name as he went by? Should he take the flower from his button-hole and throw it into the box? Should he raise his face and direct one long and affectionate look upon the lady who was either his sister or his betrothed? As he found himself thus struggling among so many alternatives, he had a vision of his old equable existence in the bank, and was assailed by a thought of regret for the past.

By this time he had arrived directly opposite the box; and although he was still undetermined what to do or whether to do anything, he turned his head and lifted his eyes. No sooner had he done so than he uttered a cry of disappointment and remained rooted to the spot. The box was empty. During his slow advance Mr. Vandeleur and his daughter had quietly slipped away.

A polite person in his rear reminded him that he was stopping the path; and he moved on again with mechanical footsteps, and suffered the crowd to carry him unresisting out of the theater. Once in the street, the pressure ceasing, he came to a halt, and the cool night air speedily restored him to the possession of his faculties. He was surprised to find that his head ached violently, and that he remembered not one word of the two acts which he had witnessed. As the excitement wore away, it was succeeded by an overweening appetite for sleep, and he hailed a cab and drove to his lodging in a state of extreme exhaustion and some disgust of life.

Next morning he lay in wait for Miss Vandeleur on her road to market, and by eight o'clock beheld her stepping down a lane. She was simply, and even poorly, attired; but in the carriage of her head and body there was something flexible and noble that would have lent distinction to the meanest toilette. Even her basket, so aptly did she carry it, became her like an ornament. It seemed to Francis, as he slipped into a doorway, that the sunshine followed and the shadows fled before her as she walked; and he was conscious, for the first time, of a bird singing in a cage above the lane.

He suffered her to pass the doorway, and then, coming forth once more, addressed her by name from behind.

"Miss Vandeleur," said he.

She turned and, when she saw who he was, became deadly pale.

"Pardon me," he continued; "Heaven knows I had no will to startle you; and, indeed, there should be nothing startling in the presence of one who wishes you so well as I do. And, believe me, I am acting rather from necessity than choice. We have many things in common, and I am sadly in the dark. There is much that I should be doing, and my hands are tied. I do not know even what to feel, nor who are my friends and enemies."

She found her voice with an effort.

"I do not know who you are," she said.

"Ah, yes! Miss Vandeleur, you do," returned Francis; "better than I do myself. Indeed it is on that, above all, that I seek light. Tell me what you know," he pleaded. "Tell me who I am, who you are, and how our destinies are intermixed. Give me a little help with my life, Miss Vandeleur—only a word or two to guide me, only the name of my father, if you will—and I shall be grateful and content."

"I will not attempt to deceive you," she replied. "I know who you are, but I am not at liberty to say."

"Tell me, at least, that you have forgiven my presumption, and I shall wait with all the patience I have," he said. "If I am not to know, I must do without. It is cruel, but I can bear more upon a push. Only do not add to my troubles the thought that I have made an enemy of you."

"You did only what was natural," she said, "and I have nothing to forgive you. Farewell."

"Is it to be *farewell?*" he asked.

"Nay, that I do not know myself," she answered. "Farewell for the present, if you like."

And with these words she was gone.

Francis returned to his lodging in a state of considerable commotion of mind. He made the most trifling progress with his Euclid for that forenoon, and was more often at the window than at his improvised writing-table. But beyond seeing the return of Miss Vandeleur, and the meeting between her and her father, who was smoking a Trichinopoli cigar in the veranda, there was nothing notable in the neighbourhood of the house with the green blinds before the time of the mid-day meal. The young man hastily allayed his appetite in a neighbouring restaurant, and returned with the speed of unallayed curiosity to the house in the Rue Lepic. A mounted servant was leading a saddle-horse to and fro before the garden wall; and the porter of Francis's lodging was smoking a pipe against the door-post, absorbed in contemplation of the livery and the steeds.

"Look!" he cried to the young man, "what fine cattle! what an elegant costume! They belong to the brother of M. de Vandeleur, who is now within upon a visit. He is a great man, a general, in your country; and you doubtless know him well by reputation."

"I confess," returned Francis, "that I have never heard of General Vandeleur before. We have many officers of that grade, and my pursuits have been exclusively civil."

"It is he," replied the porter, "who lost the great diamond of the Indies. Of that at least you must have read often in the papers."

As soon as Francis could disengage himself from the porter he ran up-stairs and hurried to the window. Immediately below the clear space in the chestnut leaves, the two gentlemen were seated in conversation, over a cigar. The General, a red, military-looking man, offered some traces of a family resemblance to his brother; he had something of the same features, something, although very little, of the same free and powerful carriage; but he was older, smaller, and more common in air; his likeness was that of a caricature, and he seemed altogether a poor and debile being by the side of the Dictator.

They spoke in tones so low, leaning over the table with every appearance of interest, that Francis could catch no more than a word or two on an occasion. For as little as he heard, he was convinced that the conversation turned upon himself and his own career; several times the name of Scrymgeour reached his ear, for it was easy to distinguish, and still more frequently he fancied he could distinguish the name Francis.

At length the General, as if in a hot anger, broke forth into several violent exclamations.

"Francis Vandeleur!" he cried, accentuating the last word. "Francis Vandeleur, I tell you."

The Dictator made a movement of his whole body, half affirmative, half contemptuous, but his answer was inaudible to the young man.

Was he the Francis Vandeleur in question? he wondered. Were they discussing the name under which he was to be married? Or was the whole affair a dream and a delusion of his own conceit and self-absorption?

After another interval of inaudible talk, dissension seemed again to arise between the couple underneath the chestnut, and again the General raised his voice angrily so as to be audible to Francis.

"My wife?" he cried. "I have done with my wife for good. I will not hear her name. I am sick of her very name."

And he swore aloud and beat the table with his fist.

The Dictator appeared, by his gestures, to pacify him after a paternal fashion; and a little after he conducted him to the garden-gate. The pair shook hands affectionately enough; but as soon as the door had closed behind his visitor, John Vandeleur fell into a fit of laughter which sounded unkindly and even devilish in the ears of Francis Scrymgeour.

So another day had passed, and little more learnt. But the young man remembered that the morrow was Tuesday, and promised himself some curious discoveries; all might be well, or all might be ill; he was sure, at least, to glean some curious information, and, perhaps, by good luck, get at the heart of the mystery which surrounded his father and his family.

As the hour of the dinner drew near many preparations were made in the garden of the house with the green blinds. The table which was partly visible to Francis through the chestnut leaves was destined to serve as a sideboard, and carried relays of plates and the materials for salad: the other, which was almost entirely concealed, had been set apart for the diners, and Francis could catch glimpses of white cloth and silver plate.

Mr. Rolles arrived, punctual to the minute; he looked like a man upon his guard, and spoke low and sparingly. The Dictator, on the other hand, appeared to enjoy an unusual flow of spirits; his laugh, which was youthful and pleasant to hear, sounded frequently from the garden; by the modulation and the changes of his voice it was obvious that he told many droll stories and imitated the accents of a variety of different nations; and before he and the young clergyman had finished their vermouth all feeling of distrust was at an end, and they were talking together like a pair of school companions.

At length Miss Vandeleur made her appearance, carrying the soup-tureen. Mr. Rolles ran to offer her assistance, which she laughingly refused; and there was an interchange of pleasantries among the trio which seemed to have reference to this primitive manner of waiting by one of the company.

"One is more at one's ease," Mr. Vandeleur was heard to declare.

Next moment they were all three in their places, and Francis could see as little as he could hear of what passed; but the dinner seemed to go merrily; there was a perpetual babble of voices and sound of knives and forks below the chestnut; and Francis, who had no more than a roll to gnaw, was affected with envy by the comfort and deliberation of the meal. The party lingered over one dish after another, and then over a delicate dessert, with a bottle of old wine carefully uncorked by the hand of the Dictator himself. As it began to grow dark a lamp was set upon the table and a couple of candles on the sideboard; for the night was perfectly pure, starry, and windless. Light overflowed besides from the door and window in the veranda, so that the garden was fairly illuminated and the leaves twinkled in the darkness.

For perhaps the tenth time Miss Vandeleur entered the house; and on this occasion she returned with the coffee tray, which she placed upon the sideboard. At the same moment her father rose from his seat.

"The coffee is my province," Francis heard him say.

And next moment he saw his supposed father standing by the sideboard in the light of the candles.

Talking over his shoulder all the while, Mr. Vandeleur poured out two cups of the brown stimulant, and then, by a rapid act of prestidigitation, emptied the contents of a tiny phial into the smaller one of the two. The thing was so swiftly done that even Francis, who looked straight into his face, had hardly time to perceive the movement before it was completed. And next instant, and still laughing, Mr. Vandeleur had turned again toward the table with a cup in either hand.

"We have done with this," said he, "we may expect our famous Hebrew."

It would be impossible to depict the confusion and distress of Francis Scrymgeour. He saw foul play going forward before his eyes, and he felt bound to interfere, but knew not how. It might be a mere pleasantry, and then how should he look if he were to offer an unnecessary warning? Or again, if it were serious, the criminal might be his own father, and then how should he not lament if he were to bring ruin on the author of his days? For the first time he became conscious of his own position as a spy. To wait inactive at such a juncture and with such a conflict of sentiments in his bosom was to suffer the most acute torture; he clung to the bars of the shutters, his heart beat fast and with irregularity, and he felt a strong sweat break forth upon his body.

Several minutes passed.

He seemed to perceive the conversation die away and grow less and less in vivacity and volume; but still no sign of any alarming or even notable event.

Suddenly the ring of a glass breaking was followed by a faint and dull sound, as of a person who should have fallen forward with his head upon the table. At the same moment a piercing scream rose from the garden.

"What have you done?" cried Miss Vandeleur. "He is dead!"

The Dictator replied in a violent whisper, so strong and sibilant that every word was audible to the watcher at the window.

"Silence!" said Mr. Vandeleur; "the man is as well as I am. Take him by the heels whilst I carry him by the shoulders."

Francis heard Miss Vandeleur break forth into a passion of tears.

"Do you hear what I say?" resumed the Dictator, in the same tones. "Or do you wish to quarrel with me? I give you your choice, Miss Vandeleur."

There was another pause, and the Dictator spoke again.

"Take that man by the heels," he said. "I must have him brought into the house. If I were a little younger, I could help myself against the world. But now that years and dangers are upon me and my hands are weakened, I must turn to you for aid."

"It is a crime," replied the girl.

"I am your father," said Mr. Vandeleur.

This appeal seemed to produce its effect. A scuffling noise followed upon the gravel, a chair was overset, and then Francis saw the father and daughter stagger across the walk and disappear under the veranda, bearing the inanimate body of Mr. Rolles embraced about the knees and shoulders. The young clergyman was limp and pallid, and his head rolled upon his shoulders at every step.

Was he alive or dead? Francis, in spite of the Dictator's declaration, inclined to the latter view. A great crime had been committed; a great calamity had fallen upon the inhabitants of the house with the green blinds. To his surprise, Francis found all horror for the deed swallowed up in sorrow for a girl and an old man whom he judged to be in the height of peril. A tide of generous feeling swept into his heart; he, too, would help his father against man and mankind, against fate and justice; and casting open the shutters he closed his eyes and threw himself with outstretched arms into the foliage of the chestnut.

Branch after branch slipped from his grasp or broke under his weight; then he caught a stalwart bough under his armpit, and hung suspended for a second; and then he let himself drop and fell heavily against the table. A cry of alarm from the house warned him that his entrance had not been effected unobserved. He recovered himself with a stagger, and in three bounds crossed the intervening space and stood before the door in the veranda.

In a small apartment, carpeted with matting and surrounded by glazed cabinets full of rare and costly curios, Mr. Vandeleur was stooping over the body of Mr. Rolles. He raised himself as Francis entered, and there was an instantaneous passage of hands. It was the business of a second; as fast as an eye can wink the thing was done; the young man had not the time to be sure, but it seemed to him as if the Dictator had taken something from the curate's breast, looked at it for the least fraction of time as it lay in his hand, and then suddenly and swiftly passed it to his daughter.

All this was over while Francis had still one foot upon the threshold, and the other raised in air. The next instant he was on his knees to Mr. Vandeleur.

"Father!" he cried. "Let me, too, help you. I will do what you wish and ask no questions; I will obey you with my life; treat me as a son, and you will find I have a son's devotion."

A deplorable explosion of oaths was the Dictator's first reply.

"Son and Father?" he cried. "Father and son? What d—d unnatural comedy is all this? How do you come in my garden? What do you want? And who, in God's name, are you?"

Francis, with a stunned and shamefaced aspect, got upon his feet again, and stood in silence.

Then a light seemed to break upon Mr. Vandeleur, and he laughed aloud.

"I see," cried he. "It is the Scrymgeour. Very well, Mr. Scrymgeour. Let me tell you in a few words how you stand. You have entered my private residence by force, or perhaps by fraud, but certainly with no encouragement from me; and you come at a moment of some annoyance, a guest having fainted at my table, to besiege me with your protestations. You are no son of mine. You are my brother's bastard by a fishwife, if you want to know. I regard you with an indifference closely bordering on aversion; and from what I now see of your conduct, I judge your mind to be exactly suitable to your exterior. I recommend you these mortifying reflections for your leisure; and, in the meantime, let me beseech you to rid us of your presence. If I were not occupied," added the Dictator, with a terrifying oath, "I should give you the unholiest drubbing ere you went!"

Francis listened in profound humiliation. He would have fled had it been possible; but as he had no means of leaving the residence into which he had so unfortunately penetrated, he could do no more than stand foolishly where he was.

It was Miss Vandeleur who broke the silence.

"Father," she said, "you speak in anger. Mr. Scrymgeour may have been mistaken, but he meant well and kindly."

"Thank you for speaking," returned the Dictator. "You remind me of some other observations which I hold it a point of honour to make to Mr. Scrymgeour. My brother," he continued, addressing the young man, "has been foolish enough to give you an allowance; he was foolish enough and presumptuous enough to propose a match between you and this young lady. You were exhibited to her two nights ago; and I rejoice to tell you that she rejected the idea with disgust. Let me add that I have considerable influence with your father; and it shall not be my fault if you are not beggared of your allowance

and sent back to your scrivening ere the week be out."

The tones of the old man's voice were, if possible, more wounding than his language; Francis felt himself exposed to the most cruel, blighting, and unbearable contempt; his head turned, and he covered his face with his hands, uttering at the same time a tearless sob of agony. But Miss Vandeleur once again interfered in his behalf.

"Mr. Scrymgeour," she said, speaking in clear and even tones, "you must not be concerned at my father's harsh expressions. I felt no disgust for you; on the contrary, I asked an opportunity to make your better acquaintance. As for what has passed to-night, believe me it has filled my mind with both pity and esteem."

Just then Mr. Rolles made a convulsive movement with his arm, which convinced Francis that he was only drugged, and was beginning to throw off the influence of the opiate. Mr. Vandeleur stooped over him and examined his face for an instant.

"Come, come!" cried he, raising his head. "Let there be an end of this. And since you are so pleased with his conduct, Miss Vandeleur, take a candle and show the bastard out."

The young lady hastened to obey.

"Thank you," said Francis, as soon as he was alone with her in the garden. "I thank you from my soul. This has been the bitterest evening of my life, but it will have always one pleasant recollection."

"I spoke as I felt," she replied, "and in justice to you. It made my heart sorry that you should be so unkindly used."

By this time they had reached the garden gate; and Miss Vandeleur, having set the candle on the ground, was already unfastening the bolts.

"One word more," said Francis. "This is not for the last time—I shall see you again, shall I not?"

"Alas!" she answered. "You have heard my father. What can I do but obey?"

"Tell me at least that it is not with your consent," returned Francis; "tell me that you have no wish to see the last of me."

"Indeed," replied she, "I have none. You seem to me both brave and honest."

"Then," said Francis, "give me a keepsake."

She paused for a moment, with her hand upon the key; for the various bars and bolts were all undone, and there was nothing left but to open the lock.

"If I agree," she said, "will you promise to do as I tell you from point to point?"

"Can you ask?" replied Francis. "I would do so willingly on your bare word."

She turned the key and threw open the door.

"Be it so," said she. "You do not know what you ask, but be it so. Whatever you hear," she continued, "whatever happens, do not return to this house; hurry fast until you reach the lighted and populous quarters of the city; even there be upon your guard. You are in a greater danger than you fancy. Promise me you will not so much as look at any keepsake until you are in a place of safety."

"I promise," replied Francis.

She put something loosely wrapped in a handkerchief into the young man's hand; and at the same time, with more strength than he could have anticipated, she pushed him into the street.

"Now, run!" she cried.

He heard the door close behind him, and the noise of the bolts being replaced.

"My faith," said he, "since I have promised!"

And he took to his heels down the lane that leads into the Rue Ravignan.

He was not fifty paces from the house with the green blinds when the most diabolical outcry suddenly arose out of the stillness of the night. Mechanically he stood still; another passenger followed his example; in the neighbouring floors he saw people crowding to the windows; a conflagration could not have produced more disturbance in this empty quarter. And yet it seemed to be all the work of a single man, roaring between grief and rage, like a lioness robbed of her whelps; and Francis was surprised and alarmed to hear his own name shouted with English imprecations to the wind.

His first movement was to return to the house; his second, as he remembered Miss Vandeleur's advice, to continue his flight with greater expedition than before; and he was in the act of turning to put his thought in action, when the Dictator, bareheaded, bawling aloud, his white hair blowing about his head, shot past him like a ball out of the cannon's mouth, and went careering down the street.

"That was a close shave," thought Francis to himself. "What he wants with me, and why he should be so disturbed, I cannot think; but he is plainly not good company for the moment, and I cannot do better than follow Miss Vandeleur's advice."

So saying, he turned to retrace his steps, thinking to double and descend by the Rue

Lepic itself while his pursuer should continue to follow after him on the other line of street. The plan was ill-advised; as a matter of fact, he should have taken his seat in the nearest café, and waited there until the first heat of the pursuit was over. But besides that Francis had no experience and little natural aptitude for the small war of private life, he was so unconscious of any evil on his part, that he saw nothing to fear beyond a disagreeable interview. And to disagreeable interviews he felt he had already served his apprenticeship that evening; nor could he suppose that Miss Vandeleur had left anything unsaid. Indeed, the young man was sore both in body and mind—the one was all bruised, the other was full of smarting arrows; and he owned to himself that Mr. Vandeleur was master of a very deadly tongue.

The thought of his bruises reminded him that he had not only come without a hat, but that his clothes had considerably suffered in his descent through the chestnut. At the first magazine he purchased a cheap wide-awake, and had the disorder of his toilet summarily repaired. The keepsake, still rolled in the handkerchief, he thrust in the meanwhile into his trousers pocket.

Not many steps beyond the shop he was conscious of a sudden shock, a hand upon his throat, an infuriated face close to his own, and an open mouth bawling curses in his ear. The Dictator, having found no trace of his quarry, was returning by the other way. Francis was a stalwart young fellow; but he was no match for his adversary whether in strength or skill; and after a few ineffectual struggles he resigned himself entirely to his captor.

"What do you want with me?"

"We will talk of that at home," returned the Dictator, grimly.

And he continued to march the young man up hill in the direction of the house with the green blinds.

But Francis, although he no longer struggled, was only waiting an opportunity to make a bold push for freedom. With a sudden jerk he left the collar of his coat in the hands of Mr. Vandeleur, and once more made off at his best speed in the direction of the Boulevards.

The tables were now turned. If the Dictator was the stronger, Francis, in the top of his youth, was the more fleet of foot, and he had soon effected his escape among the crowds. Relieved for a moment, but with a growing sentiment of alarm and wonder in his mind, he walked briskly until he debouched upon the Place de l'Opéra, lit up like day with electric lamps.

"This, at least," thought he, "should satisfy Miss Vandeleur."

And turning to his right along the Boulevards, he entered the Café Américain and ordered some beer. It was both late and early for the majority of the frequenters of the establishment. Only two or three persons, all men, were dotted here and there at separate tables in the hall; and Francis was too much occupied by his own thoughts to observe their presence.

He drew the handkerchief from his pocket. The object wrapped in it proved to be a morocco case, clasped and ornamented in gilt, which opened by means of a spring, and disclosed to the horrified young man a diamond of monstrous bigness and extraordinary brilliancy. The circumstance was so inexplicable, the value of the stone was plainly so enormous, that Francis sat staring into the open casket without movement, without conscious thought, like a man stricken suddenly with idiocy.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder, lightly but firmly, and a quiet voice, which yet had in it the ring of command, uttered these words in his ear:

"Close the casket, and compose your face."

Looking up, he beheld a man, still young, of an urbane and tranquil presence, and dressed with rich simplicity. This personage had risen from a neighbouring table, and bringing his glass with him, had taken a seat beside Francis.

"Close the casket," replied the stranger, "and put it quietly back into your pocket, where I feel persuaded it should never have been. Try, if you please, to throw off your bewildered air, and act as though I were one of your acquaintances whom you had met by chance. So! Touch glasses with me. That is better. I fear, sir, you must be an amateur."

And the stranger pronounced these last words with a smile of peculiar meaning, leaned back in his seat and enjoyed a deep inhalation of tobacco.

"For God's sake," said Francis, "tell me who you are and what this means? Why I should obey your most unusual suggestions I am sure I know not; but the truth is, I have fallen this evening into so many perplexing adventures, and all I meet conduct themselves so strangely, that I think I must either have gone mad or wandered into another planet. Your face

inspires me with confidence; you seem wise, good, and experienced; tell me, for heaven's sake, why you accost me in so odd a fashion?"

"All in due time," replied the stranger. "But I have the first hand, and you must begin by telling me how the Rajah's Diamond is in your possession."

"The Rajah's Diamond!"

"I would not speak so loud, if I were you," returned the other. "But most certainly you have the Rajah's Diamond in your pocket. I have seen and handled it a score of times in Sir Thomas Vandeleur's collection."

"Sir Thomas Vandeleur! The General! My father!"

"Your father?" repeated the stranger. "I was not aware the General had any family."

"I am illegitimate, sir," replied Francis with a flush.

The other bowed with gravity. It was a respectful bow, as of a man silently apologizing to his equal; and Francis felt relieved and comforted, he scarce knew why. The society of this person did him good; he seemed to touch firm ground; a strong feeling of respect grew up in his bosom, and mechanically he removed his wide-awake as though in the presence of a superior.

"I perceive," said the stranger, "that your adventures have not all been peaceful. Your collar is torn, your face is scratched, you have a cut upon your temple; you will, perhaps, pardon my curiosity when I ask you to explain how you came by these injuries, and how you happen to have stolen property to an enormous value in your pocket."

"I must differ from you!" returned Francis, hotly. "I possess no stolen property. And if you refer to the diamond, it was given to me not an hour ago by Miss Vandeleur in the Rue Lepic."

"By Miss Vandeleur of the Rue Lepic!" repeated the other. "You interest me more than you suppose. Pray continue."

"Heavens!" cried Francis.

His memory had made a sudden bound. He had seen Mr. Vandeleur take an article from the breast of his drugged visitor, and that article, he was now persuaded, was a morocco case.

"You have a light?" inquired the stranger.

"Listen," said Francis. "I know not who you are, but I believe you to be worthy of confidence and helpful; I find myself in strange waters; I must have counsel and support, and since you invite me I shall tell you all."

And he briefly recounted his experiences since the day when he was summoned from the bank by his lawyer.

"Yours is indeed a remarkable history," said the stranger, after the young man had made an end of his narrative; "and your position is full of difficulty and peril. Many would counsel you to seek out your father, and give the diamond to him; but I have other views. Waiter!" he cried.

The waiter drew near.

"Will you ask the manager to speak with me a moment?" said he; and Francis observed once more, both in his tone and manner, the evidence of a habit of command.

The waiter withdrew, and returned in a moment with the manager, who bowed with obsequious respect.

"What," said he, "can I do to serve you?"

"Have the goodness," replied the stranger, indicating Francis, "to tell this gentleman my name."

"You have the honour, sir," said the functionary, addressing young Scrymgeour, "to occupy the same table with His Highness Prince Florizel of Bohemia."

Francis rose with precipitation, and made a grateful reverence to the Prince, who bade him resume his seat.

"I thank you," said Florizel, once more addressing the functionary; "I am sorry to have deranged you for so small a matter."

And he dismissed him with a movement of his hand.

"And now," added the Prince, turning to Francis, "give me the diamond."

Without a word the casket was handed over.

"You have done right," said Florizel; "your sentiments have properly inspired you, and you will live to be grateful for the misfortunes of to-night. A man, Mr. Scrymgeour, may fall into a thousand perplexities, but if his heart be upright and his intelligence unclouded, he will issue from them all without dishonour. Let your mind be at rest; your affairs are in my hands; and with the aid of heaven I am strong enough to bring them to a good end. Follow me, if you please, to my carriage."

So saying the Prince arose and, having left a piece of gold for the waiter, conducted the young man from the café and along the Boulevard to where an unpretentious brougham and a couple of servants out of livery awaited his arrival.

"This carriage," said he, "is at your disposal; collect your baggage as rapidly as

you can make it convenient, and my servants will conduct you to a villa in the neighbourhood of Paris where you can wait in some degree of comfort until I have had time to arrange your situation. You will find there a pleasant garden, a library of good authors, a cook, a cellar, and some good cigars, which I recommend to your attention. Jérome," he added, turning to one of the servants, "you have heard what I say; I leave Mr. Scrymgeour in your charge; you will, I know, be careful of my friend."

Francis uttered some broken phrases of gratitude.

"It will be time enough to thank me," said the Prince, "when you are acknowledged by your father and married to Miss Vandeleur."

And with that the Prince turned away and strolled leisurely in the direction of Montmartre. He hailed the first passing cab, gave an address, and a quarter of an hour afterward, having discharged the driver some distance lower, he was knocking at Mr. Vandeleur's garden gate.

It was opened with singular precautions by the Dictator in person.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"You must pardon me this late visit, Mr. Vandeleur," replied the Prince.

"Your Highness is always welcome," returned Mr. Vandeleur, stepping back.

The Prince profited by the open space, and without waiting for his host walked right into the house and opened the door of the *salon*. Two people were seated there; one was Miss Vandeleur, who bore the marks of weeping about her eyes, and was still shaken from time to time by a sob; in the other the Prince recognized the young man who had consulted him on literary matters about a month before, in a club smoking-room.

"Good evening, Miss Vandeleur," said Florizel; "you look fatigued. Mr. Rolles, I believe? I hope you have profited by the study of Gaboriau, Mr. Rolles."

But the young clergyman's temper was too much embittered for speech; and he contented himself with bowing stiffly, and continued to gnaw his lip.

"To what good wind," said Mr. Vandeleur, following his guest, "am I to attribute the honour of your Highness's presence?"

"I am come on business," returned the Prince; "on business with you; as soon as that is settled I shall request Mr. Rolles to accompany me for a walk. Mr. Rolles," he added, with severity, "let me remind you that I have not yet sat down."

The clergyman sprang to his feet with an apology; whereupon the Prince took an armchair beside the table, handed his hat to Mr. Vandeleur, his cane to Mr. Rolles, and, leaving them standing and thus menially employed upon his service, spoke as follows:

"I have come here, as I said, upon business; but, had I come looking for pleasure, I could not have been more displeased with my reception nor more dissatisfied with my company. You, sir," addressing Mr. Rolles, "you have treated your superior in station with discourtesy; you, Vandeleur, receive me with a smile, but you know right well that your hands are not yet cleansed from misconduct. I do not desire to be interrupted, sir," he added, imperiously; "I am here to speak, and not to listen; and I have to ask you to hear me with respect, and to obey punctiliously. At the earliest possible date your daughter shall be married at the Embassy to my friend, Francis Scrymgeour, your brother's acknowledged son. You will oblige me by offering not less than ten thousand pounds dowry. For yourself, I will indicate to you in writing a mission of some importance in Siam which I destine to your care. And now, sir, you will answer me in two words whether or not you agree to these conditions."

"Your Highness will pardon me," said Vandeleur, "and permit me, with all respect, to submit to him two queries?"

"The permission is granted," replied the Prince.

"Your Highness," resumed the Dictator, "has called Mr. Scrymgeour his friend. Believe me, had I known that he was thus honoured, I should have treated him with proportional respect."

"You interrogate adroitly," said the Prince; "but it will not serve your turn. You have my commands; if I had never seen that gentleman before to-night, it would not render them less absolute."

"Your Highness interprets my meaning with his usual subtlety," returned Vandeleur. "Once more: I have, unfortunately, put the police upon the track of Mr. Scrymgeour on a charge of theft; am I to withdraw or to uphold the accusation?"

"You will please yourself," replied Florizel. "The question is one between your conscience and the laws of this land. Give me my hat; and you, Mr. Rolles, give me my cane and follow me. Miss Vandeleur, I wish you good evening. I judge," he

added to Vandeleur, "that your silence means unqualified assent."

"If I can do no better," replied the old man, "I shall submit; but I warn you openly it shall not be without a struggle."

"You are old," said the Prince; "but years are disgraceful to the wicked. Your age is more unwise than the youth of others. Do not provoke me, or you may find me harder than you dream. This is the first time that I have fallen across your path in anger; take care that it be the last."

With these words, motioning the clergyman to follow, Florizel left the apartment and directed his steps toward the garden-gate; and the Dictator, following with a candle, gave them light, and once more undid the elaborate fastenings with which he sought to protect himself from intrusion.

"Your daughter is no longer present," said the Prince, turning on the threshold. "Let me tell you that I understand your threats; and you have only to lift your hand to bring upon yourself sudden and irremediable ruin."

The Dictator made no reply; but as the Prince turned his back upon him in the lamplight he made a gesture full of menace and insane fury; and the next moment, slipping round a corner, he was running at full speed for the nearest cab-stand.

(*Here*, says my Arabian, *the thread of events is finally diverted from* THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN BLINDS. *One more adventure*, he adds, *and we have done with* THE RAJAH'S DIAMOND. *That last link in the chain is known among the inhabitants of Bagdad by the name of* THE ADVENTURE OF PRINCE FLORIZEL AND A DETECTIVE.)

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

By ROBERT BROWNING

OH, TO be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

"Do Not Think Like That!"

("Pa Combiné, Chê!")

By LAFCADIO HEARN

Lafcadio Hearn

I

MORE finely than any term in our tongue does the French word "frisson" express that faint shiver—as of a ghostly touch thrilling from hair to feet—which intense pleasure sometimes gives, and which is felt most often and most strongly in childhood, when the imagination is still so sensitive and so powerful that one's whole being trembles to the vibration of a fancy. And this electric word best expresses, I think, that long thrill of amazed delight inspired by the first knowledge of the tropic world—a sensation of weirdness in beauty, like the effect, in child-days, of fairy tales and stories of phantom isles.

For all unreal seems the vision of it. The transfiguration of all things by the stupendous light and the strange vapours of the West Indian sea—the interorbing of flood and sky in blinding azure—the sudden springs of germ-tinted coast from the ocean—the iris-colours and astounding shapes of the hills—the unimaginable magnificence of palms—the high woods veiled and swathed in vines that blaze like emerald: all remind you in some queer way of things half forgotten—the fables of enchantment. Enchantment it is indeed—but only the enchantment of that Great Wizard, the Sun, whose power you are scarcely beginning to know.

And into the life of the tropical city you enter as in dreams one enters into the life of a dead century. In all the quaint streets—over whose luminous yellow façades the beautiful burning violet of the sky appears as if but a few feet away—you see youth good to look upon as ripe fruit; and the speech of the people is soft as a coo; and eyes of brown girls caress you with a passing look. . . . Love's world, you may have heard, has few restraints here, where Nature ever seems to cry out, like the swart seller of corossoles: "Ça qui lè doudoux?" . . .

How often in some passing figure does one discern an ideal almost realized, and forbear to follow it with untired gaze only when another, another, and yet another, come to provoke the same æsthetic fancy—to win the same unspoken praise! How often does one long for artist's power to fix the fleeting lines, to catch the colour, to seize the whole exotic charm of some special type! . . . One finds a strange charm even in the timbre of these voices—these half-breed voices, always with a tendency to contralto, and vibrant as ringing silver. What is that mysterious quality in a voice which has power to make the pulse beat faster, even when the singer is unseen? . . . do only the birds know?

. . . It seems to you that you could never weary of watching this picturesque life—of studying the costumes, brilliant with butterfly colours—and the statuesque semi-nudity of labouring hundreds—and the untaught grace of attitudes—and the simplicity of manners. Each day brings some new pleasure of surprise;—even from the window of your lodging you are ever noting something novel, something to delight the sense of oddity or beauty. . . . Even in your room everything interests you, because of its queerness or quaintness: you become fond of the objects about you—the great noiseless rocking-chairs that lull to sleep;—the immense bed (lit-à-bateau) of heavy polished wood, with its richly carven sides reaching down to the very floor;—and its invariable companion, the little couch or sopha, similarly shaped but much narrower, used only for the siesta;—and the thick red earthen vessels (do-bannes) which keep your drinking-water cool on the hottest days, but which are always filled thrice be-

tween sunrise and sunset with clear water from the mountain—dleau toutt vivant, "all alive";—and the verrines, tall glass vases with stems of bronze in which your candle will burn steadily despite a draught;—and even those funny little angels and Virgins which look at you from their bracket in the corner, over the oil lamp you are presumed to kindle nightly in their honour, however great a heretic you may be. . . . You adopt at once, and without reservation, those Creole home habits which are the result of centuries of experience with climate—abstention from solid food before the middle of the day, repose after the noon meal;—and you find each repast an experience as curious as it is agreeable. It is not at all difficult to accustom one's self to green peas stewed with sugar, eggs mixed with tomatoes, salt fish stewed in milk, palmiste pith made into salad, grated cocoa formed into rich cakes, and dishes of titiri cooked in oil—the minuscule fish, of which a thousand will scarcely fill a saucer. Above all, you are astonished by the endless variety of vegetables and fruits, of all conceivable shapes and inconceivable flavours.

And it does not seem possible that even the simplest little recurrences of this antiquated, gentle home-life could ever prove wearisome by daily repetition through the months and years. The musical greeting of the coloured child, tapping at your door before sunrise—"Bonjou', Missié"—as she brings your cup of black hot coffee and slice of corossole;—the smile of the silent brown girl who carries your meals upstairs in a tray poised upon her brightly coiffed head, and who stands by while you dine, watching every chance to serve, treading quite silently with her pretty bare feet;—the pleasant manners of the màchanne who brings your fruit, the porteuse who delivers your bread, the blanchisseuse who washes your linen at the river—and all the kindly folk who circle about your existence, with their trays and turbans, their foulards and douillettes, their primitive grace and Creole chatter: these can never cease to have a charm for you. You cannot fail to be touched also by the amusing solicitude of these good people for your health, because you are a stranger: their advice about hours to go out and hours to stay at home—about roads to follow and paths to avoid on account of snakes—about removing your hat and coat, or drinking while warm. . . . Should you fall ill, their solicitude intensifies to devotion; you are tirelessly tended;—the good people will exhaust their wonderful knowledge of herbs to get you well—will climb the mornes even at midnight, in spite of the risk of snakes and fear of zombis, to gather strange plants by the light of a lantern. Natural joyousness, natural kindliness, heartfelt desire to please, childish capacity of being delighted with trifles—seem characteristic of all this coloured population. It is turning its best side toward you, no doubt; but the side of the nature made visible appears none the less agreeable because you suspect there is another which you have not seen. What kindly inventiveness is displayed in contriving surprizes for you, or in finding some queer thing to show you—some fantastic plant, or grotesque fish, or singular bird! What apparent pleasure in taking trouble to gratify—what innocent frankness of sympathy! . . . Childishly beautiful seems the readiness of this tinted race to compassionate: you do not reflect that it is also a savage trait, while the charm of its novelty is yet upon you. No one is ashamed to shed tears for the death of a pet animal; any mishap to a child creates excitement, and evokes an immediate volunteering of services. And this compassionate sentiment is often extended, in a semi-poetical way, even to inanimate objects. One June morning, I remember, a three-masted schooner lying in the bay took fire, and had to be set adrift. An immense crowd gathered on the wharves; and I saw many curious manifestations of grief—such grief, perhaps, as an infant feels for the misfortune of a toy it imagines to possess feeling, but not the less sincere because unreasoning. As the flames climbed the rigging, and the masts fell, the crowd moaned as though looking upon some human tragedy; and everywhere one could hear such strange cries of pity as, "Pauv' malhérè!" (poor unfortunate), "pauv' diabe!" . . . "Toutt baggaïe-y pou allé, cassé!" (All its things-to-go-with are broken!) sobbed a girl, with tears streaming down her cheeks. . . . She seemed to believe it was alive. . . .

. . . And day by day the artlessness of this exotic humanity touches you more;—day by day this savage, somnolent, splendid Nature—delighting in furious colour—bewitches you more. Already the anticipated necessity of having to leave it all some day—the far-seen pain of bidding it farewell—weighs upon you, even in dreams.

II

READER, if you be of those who have longed in vain for a glimpse of that tropic world—tales of whose beauty charmed your childhood, and made stronger upon you that weird mesmerism of the sea which pulls at the heart of a boy—one who had longed like you, and who, chance-led, beheld at last the fulfillment of the wish, can swear to you that the magnificence of the reality far excels the imagining. Those who know only the lands in which all processes for the satisfaction of human wants have been perfected under the terrible stimulus of necessity, can little guess the witchery of that Nature ruling the zones of colour and of light. Within their primeval circles, the earth remains radiant and young as in that pre-glacial time whereof some transmitted memory may have created the hundred traditions of an Age of Gold. And the prediction of a paradise to come—a phantom realm of rest and perpetual light: may this not have been but a sum of the remembrances and the yearnings of man first exiled from his heritage—a dream born of the great nostalgia of races migrating to people the pallid North? . . .

. . . But with the realization of the hope to know this magical Nature you learn that the actuality varies from the preconceived ideal otherwise than in surpassing it. Unless you enter the torrid world equipped with scientific knowledge extraordinary, your anticipations are likely to be at fault. Perhaps you had pictured to yourself the effect of perpetual summer as a physical delight—something like an indefinite prolongation of the fairest summer weather ever enjoyed at home. Probably you had heard of fevers, risks of acclimatization, intense heat, and a swarming of venomous creatures; but you may nevertheless believe you know what precautions to take; and published statistics of climatic temperature may have persuaded you that the heat is not difficult to bear. By that enervation to which all white dwellers in the tropics are subject you may have understood a pleasant languor—a painless disinclination to effort in a country where physical effort is less needed than elsewhere—a soft temptation to idle away the hours in a hammock, under the shade of giant trees. Perhaps you have read, with eyes of faith, that torpor of the body is favourable to activity of the mind, and therefore believe that the intellectual powers can be stimulated and strengthened by tropical influences:—you suppose that enervation will reveal itself only as a beatific indolence which will leave the brain free to think with lucidity, or to revel in romantic dreams.

III

YOU are not at first undeceived;—the disillusion is long delayed. Doubtless you have read the delicious idyl of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre (this is not Mauritius, but the old life of Mauritius was well-nigh the same); and you look for idyllic personages among the beautiful humanity about you—for idyllic scenes among the mornes shadowed by primeval forest, and the valleys threaded by a hundred brooks. I know not whether the faces and forms that you seek will be revealed to you;—but you will not be able to complain for the lack of idyllic loveliness in the commonest landscape. Whatever artistic knowledge you possess will merely teach you the more to wonder at the luxuriant purple of the sea, the violet opulence of the sky, the violent beauty of foilage greens, the lilac tints of evening, and the colour-enchantments distance gives in an atmosphere full of iridescent power—the amethysts and agates, the pearls and ghostly golds, of far mountainings. Never, you imagine, never could one tire of wandering through those marvelous valleys—of climbing the silent roads under emeraldine shadow to heights from which the city seems but a few inches long, and the moored ships tinier than gnats that cling to a mirror—or of swimming in that blue bay whose clear flood stays warm through all the year.[1] Or, standing alone, in some aisle of colossal palms, where humming-birds are flashing and shooting like a showering of jewel-fires, you feel how weak the skill of poet or painter to fix the sensation of that white-pillared imperial splendour;—and you think you know why Creoles exiled by necessity to colder lands may sicken for love of their own—die of home-yearnings, as did many a one in far Louisiana, after the political tragedies of 1848. . . .

. . . But you are not a Creole, and must pay tribute of suffering to the climate of the tropics. You will have to learn that a temperature of 90 deg. F. in the tropics

[1] Rufz remarks that the first effect of this climate of the Antilles is a sort of general physical excitement, an exaltation, a sense of unaccustomed strength—which begets the desire of immediate action to discharge the surplus of nervous force. "Then all distances seem brief;—the greatest fatigues are braved without hesitation." (*Etudes.*)

is by no means the same thing as 90 deg. F. in Europe or the United States;—that the mornes cannot be climbed with safety during the hotter hours of the afternoon;—that by taking a long walk you incur serious danger of catching a fever;—that to enter the high woods, a path must be hewn with the cutlass through the creepers and vines and undergrowth—among snakes, venomous insects, venomous plants, and malarial exhalations;—that the finest blown dust is full of irritant and invisible enemies;—that it is folly to seek repose on a sward, or in the shade of trees—particularly under tamarinds. Only after you have by experience become well convinced of these facts can you begin to comprehend something general in regard to West Indian conditions of life.

IV

. . . Slowly the knowledge comes. . . . For months the vitality of a strong European (the American constitution bears the test even better) may resist the debilitating climate: perhaps the stranger will flatter himself that, like men habituated to heavy labour in stifling warmth—those toiling in mines, in foundries, in engine-rooms of ships, at iron-furnaces—so he too may become accustomed, without losing his strength, to the continuous draining of the pores, to the exhausting force of this strange motionless heat which compels change of clothing many times a day. But gradually he finds that it is not heat alone which is debilitating him, but the weight and septic nature of an atmosphere charged with vapour, with electricity, with unknown agents not less inimical to human existence than propitious to vegetal luxuriance. If he has learned those rules of careful living which served him well in a temperate climate, he will not be likely to abandon them among his new surroundings; and they will help him, no doubt—particularly if he be prudent enough to avoid the sea-coast at night, and all exposure to dews or early morning mists, and all severe physical strain. Nevertheless, he becomes slowly conscious of changes extraordinary going on within him—in especial, a continual sensation of weight in the brain, daily growing, and compelling frequent repose;—also a curious heightening of nervous sensibility to atmospheric changes, to tastes and odours, to pleasure and pain. Total loss of appetite soon teaches him to follow the local custom of eating nothing solid before midday, and enables him to divine how largely the necessity for caloric enters into the food-consumption of Northern races. He becomes abstemious, eats sparingly, and discovers his palate to have become oddly exacting—finds that certain fruits and drinks are, indeed, as the Creoles assert, appropriate only to particular physical conditions corresponding with particular hours of the day. Corossole is only to be eaten in the morning, after black coffee;—vermouth is good to drink only between the hours of nine and half-past ten;—rum or other strong liquor only before meals or after fatigue;—claret or wine only during a repast, and then very sparingly—for, strangely enough, wine is found to be injurious in a country where stronger liquors are considered among the prime necessaries of existence.

And he expected, at the worst, to feel lazy, to lose some physical energy! But this is no mere languor which now begins to oppress him;—it is a sense of vital exhaustion painful as the misery of convalescence: the least effort provokes a perspiration profuse enough to saturate clothing, and the limbs ache as from muscular overstrain;—the lightest attire feels almost insupportable;—the idea of sleeping even under a sheet is torture, for the weight of a silken handkerchief is discomfort. One wishes one could live as a savage—naked in the heat. One burns with a thirst impossible to assuage—feels a desire for stimulants, a sense of difficulty in breathing, occasional quickenings of the heart's action so violent as to alarm. Then comes at last the absolute dread of physical exertion. Some slight relief might be obtained, no doubt, by resigning one's self forthwith to adopt the gentle indolent manners of the white Creoles, who do not walk when it is possible to ride, and never ride if it is equally convenient to drive;—but the Northern nature generally refuses to accept this ultimate necessity without a protracted and painful struggle.

. . . Not even then has the stranger fully divined the evil power of this tropical climate, which remodels the characters of races within a couple of generations—changing the shape of the skeleton—deepening the cavities of the orbits to protect the eye from the flood of light—transforming the blood—darkening the skin. Following upon the nervous modifications of the first few months come modifications and changes of a yet graver kind;—with the loss of bodily energy ensues a more than corre-

sponding loss of mental activity and strength. The whole range of thought diminishes, contracts—shrinks to that narrowest of circles which surrounds the physical self, the inner ring of merely material sensation: the memory weakens appallingly;—the mind operates faintly, slowly, incoherently—almost as in dreams. Serious reading, vigourous thinking, become impossible. You doze over the most important project;—you fall fast asleep over the most fascinating of books.

Then comes the vain revolt, the fruitless desperate striving with this occult power which numbs the memory and enchants the will. Against the set resolve to think, to act, to study, there is a hostile rush of unfamiliar pain to the temples, to the eyes, to the nerve centres of the brain; and a great weight is somewhere in the head, always growing heavier: then comes a drowsiness that overpowers and stupefies, like the effect of a narcotic. And this obligation to sleep, to sink into coma, will impose itself just so surely as you venture to attempt any mental work in leisure hours, after the noon repast, or during the heat of the afternoon. Yet at night you can scarcely sleep. Repose is made feverish by a still heat that keeps the skin drenched with thick sweat, or by a perpetual, unaccountable, tingling and prickling of the whole body-surface. With the approach of morning the air grows cooler, and slumber comes—a slumber of exhaustion, dreamless and sickly; and perhaps when you rise with the sun you feel such a dizziness, such a numbness, such a torpor, that only by the most intense effort can you keep your feet for the first five minutes. You experience a sensation that recalls the poet's fancy of death-in-life, or old stories of sudden rising from the grave: it is as though all the electricity of will had ebbed away—all the vital force evaporated, in the heat of the night. . . .

V

It might be stated, I think, with safety, that for a certain class of invalids the effect of the climate is like a powerful stimulant—a tonic medicine which may produce astonishing results within a fixed time—but which if taken beyond that time will prove dangerous. After a certain number of months, your first enthusiasm with your new surroundings dies out;—even Nature ceases to affect the senses in the same way: the frisson ceases to come to you. Meanwhile you may have striven to become as much as possible a part of the exotic life into which you have entered—may have adopted its customs, learned its language. But you cannot mix with it mentally;—you circulate only as an oil-drop in its current. You still feel yourself alone.

The very longest West Indian day is but twelve hours fifty-six minutes;—perhaps your first dissatisfaction was evoked by the brevity of the days. There is no twilight whatever; and all activity ceases with sundown: there is no going outside of the city after dark, because of snakes;—club life here ends at the hour it only begins abroad;—there is no visiting of evenings; after the seven o'clock dinner, every one prepares to retire. And the foreigner, accustomed to make evening a time for social intercourse, finds no small difficulty in resigning himself to this habit of early retiring. The natural activity of a European or American mind requires some intellectual exercise—at least some interchange of ideas with sympathetic natures; the hours during the suspension of business after noon, or those following the closing of offices at sunset, are the only ones in which busy men may find time for such relaxation; and these very hours have been always devoted to restorative sleep by the native population ever since the colony began. Naturally, therefore, the stranger dreads the coming of the darkness, the inevitable isolation of long sleepless hours. And if he seek those solaces for loneliness which he was wont to seek at home—reading, study—he is made to comprehend, as never before, what the absence of all libraries, lack of books, inaccessibility of all reading-matter, means for the man of the nineteenth century. One must send abroad to obtain even a review, and wait months for its coming. And this mental starvation gnaws at the brain more and more as one feels less inclination and less capacity for effort, and as that single enjoyment, which at first rendered a man indifferent to other pleasures—the delight of being alone with tropical Nature—becomes more difficult to indulge. When lethargy has totally mastered habit and purpose, and you must at last confess yourself resigned to view Nature from your chamber, or at best from a carriage window—then, indeed, the want of all literature proves a positive torture. It is not a consolation to discover that you are an almost solitary sufferer—from climate as well as from mental

hunger. With amazement and envy you see young girls passing to walk right across the island and back before sunset, under burdens difficult for a strong man to lift to his shoulder;—the same journey on horseback would now weary you for days. You wonder of what flesh and blood can these people be made—what wonderful vitality lies in those slender woman-bodies, which, under the terrible sun, and despite their astounding expenditure of force, remain cool to the sight and touch as bodies of lizards and serpents! And contrasting this savage strength with your own weakness, you begin to understand better how mighty the working of those powers which temper races and shape race habits in accordance with environment.

. . . Ultimately, if destined for acclimatation, you will cease to suffer from these special conditions; but ere this can be, a long period of nervous irritability must be endured; and fevers must thin the blood, soften the muscles, transform the Northern tint of health to a dead brown. You will have to learn that intellectual pursuits can be persisted in only at risk of life;—that in this part of the world there is nothing to do but to plant cane and cocoa, and make rum, and cultivate tobacco—or open a magazine for the sale of Madras handkerchiefs and foulards—and eat, drink, sleep, perspire. You will understand why the tropics settled by European races produce no sciences, arts, or literature—why the habits and the thoughts of other centuries still prevail where Time itself moves slowly as though enfeebled by the heat.

And with the compulsory indolence of your life, the long exacerbation of the nervous system, will come the first pain of nostalgia—the first weariness of the tropics. It is not that Nature can become ever less lovely to your sight; but that the tantalization of her dangerous beauty, which you may enjoy only at a safe distance, exasperates at last. The colours that at first bewitched will vex your eyes by their violence;—the Creole life that appeared so simple, so gentle, will reveal dulnesses and discomforts undreamed of. You will ask yourself how much longer can you endure the prodigious light, and the furnace heat of blinding blue days, and the void misery of sleepless nights, and the curse of insects, and the sound of the mandibles of enormous roaches devouring the few books in your possession. You will grow weary of the grace of the palms, of the gemmy colours of the ever-clouded peaks, of the sight of the high woods made impenetrable by lianas and vines and serpents. You will weary even of the tepid sea, because to enjoy it as a swimmer you must rise and go out at hours while the morning air is still chill and heavy with miasma;—you will weary, above all, of tropic fruits, and feel that you would gladly pay a hundred francs for the momentary pleasure of biting into one rosy, juicy Northern apple.

VI

. . . But if you believe this disillusion perpetual—if you fancy the old bewitchment has spent all its force upon you—you do not know this Nature. She is not done with you yet; she has only torpified your energies a little. Of your willingness to obey her, she takes no cognizance;—she ignores human purposes, knows only molecules and their combinations; and the blind blood in your veins—thick with Northern heat and habit—is still in dumb desperate rebellion against her.

Perhaps she will quell this revolt forever—thus:

One day, in the second hour of the afternoon, a few moments after leaving home, there will come to you a sensation such as you have never known before: a sudden weird fear of the light.

It seems to you that the blue sky-fire is burning down into your brain—that the flare of the white pavements and yellow walls is piercing somehow into your life—creating an unfamiliar mental confusion—blurring out thought. . . . Is the whole world taking fire? . . . The flaming azure of the sea dazzles and pains like a crucible-glow;—the green of the mornes flickers and blazes in some amazing way. . . . Then dizziness inexpressible: you grope with eyes shut fast—afraid to open them again in that stupefying torrefaction—moving automatically—vaguely knowing you must get out of the flaring and flashing—somewhere, anywhere away from the white wrath of the sun, and the green fire of the hills, and the monstrous colour of the sea. . . . Then, remembering nothing, you find yourself in bed—with an insupportable sense of weight at the back of the head—a pulse beating furiously—and a strange sharp pain at intervals stinging through your eyes. . . . And the pain grows; expands—fills all the skull—forces you to cry out—replaces all other

sensations except a weak consciousness, vanishing and recurring, that you are very sick, more sick than ever before in all your life.

. . . And with the tedious ebbing of the long fierce fever, all the heat seems to pass from your veins. You can no longer imagine, as before, that it would be delicious to die of cold;—you shiver even with all the windows closed;—you feel currents of air—imperceptible to nerves in a natural condition—which shock like a dash of cold water, whenever doors are opened and closed; the very moisture upon your forehead is icy. What you now wish for are stimulants and warmth. Your blood has been changed;—tropic Nature has been good to you: she is preparing you to dwell with her.

. . . Gradually, under the kind nursing of those coloured people—among whom, as a stranger, your lot will probably be cast—you recover strength; and perhaps it will seem to you that the pain of lying awhile in the Shadow of Death is more than compensated by this rare and touching experience of human goodness. How tirelessly watchful—how naïvely sympathetic—how utterly self-sacrificing these women-natures are! Patiently, through weeks of stifling days and sleepless nights—cruelly unnatural to them for their life is in the open air—they struggle to save without one murmur of fatigue, without heed of their most ordinary physical wants, without a thought of recompense;—trusting to their own skill when the physician abandons hope—climbing to the woods for herbs when medicines prove without avail. The dream of angels holds nothing sweeter than this reality of woman's tenderness.

And simultaneously with the return of force, you may wonder whether this sickness has not sharpened your senses in some extraordinary way — especially hearing, sight, and smell. Once well enough to be removed without danger, you will be taken up into the mountains somewhere—for change of air; and there it will seem to you, perhaps, that never before did you feel so acutely the pleasure of perfumes—of colour-tones—of the timbre of voices. You have simply been acclimated. . . . And suddenly the old fascination of tropic Nature seizes you again—more strongly than in the first days;—the frisson of delight returns; the joy of it thrills through all your blood—making a great fullness at your heart as of unutterable desire to give thanks. . . .

VII

. . . My friend Félicien had come to the colony fresh from the region of the Vosges, with the muscles and energies of a mountaineer, and cheeks pink as a French country-girl's;—he had never seemed to me physically adapted for acclimation; and I feared much for him on hearing of his first serious illness. Then the news of his convalescence came to me as a grateful surprize. But I did not feel reassured by his appearance the first evening I called at the little house to which he had been removed, on the brow of a green height overlooking the town. I found him seated in a berceuse on the veranda. How wan he was, and how spectral his smile of welcome—as he held out to me a hand that seemed all of bone!

. . . We chatted there awhile. It had been one of those tropic days whose charm interpenetrates and blends with all the subtler life of sensation, and becomes a luminous part of it forever—steeping all after-dreams of ideal peace in supernal glory of colour—transfiguring all fancies of the pure joy of being Azure to the sea-line the sky had remained since morning; and the trade-wind, warm as a caress, never brought even one gauzy cloud to veil the naked beauty of the peaks.

And the sun was yellowing—as only over the tropics he yellows to his death. Lilac tones slowly spread through sea and heaven from the west;—mornes facing the light began to take wondrous glowing colour—a tone of green so fiery that it looked as though all the rich sap of their woods were phosphorescing. Shadows blued;—far peaks took tinting that scarcely seemed of earth—iridescent violets and purples interchanging through vapor of gold. . . . Such the colours of the carangue, when the beautiful tropic fish is turned in the light, and its gem-greens shift to rich azure and prism-purple.

Reclining in our chairs, we watched the strange splendour from the veranda of the little cottage—saw the peaked land slowly steep itself in the aureate glow—the changing colour of the verdured mornes, and of the sweep of circling sea. Tiny birds, bosomed with fire, were shooting by in long curves, like embers flung by invisible hands. From far below, the murmur of the city rose to us—a stormy hum. So motionless we remained that the green and gray lizards were putting out their heads from behind the columns of the

veranda to stare at us—as if wondering whether we were really alive. I turned my head suddenly to look at two queer butterflies; and all the lizards hid themselves again. "Papillonlanmò" (Death's butterflies) these were called in the speech of the people: their broad wings were black like blackest velvet;—as they fluttered against the yellow light, they looked like silhouettes of butterflies. Always through my memory of that wondrous evening—when I little thought I was seeing my friend's face for the last time—there slowly passes the black palpitation of those wings. . . .

. . . I had been chatting with Félicien about various things which I thought might have a cheerful interest for him; and more than once I had been happy to see him smile. . . . But our converse waned. The ever-magnifying splendour before us had been mesmerizing our senses—slowly overpowering our wills with the amazement of its beauty. Then, as the sun's disk—enormous—blinding gold—touched the lilac flood, and the stupendous orange glow flamed up to the very zeniths we found ourselves awed at last into silence.

The orange in the west deepened into vermilion. Softly and very swiftly night rose like an indigo exhalation from the land—filling the valleys, flooding the gorges, blackening the woods, leaving only the points of the peaks a while to catch the crimson glow. Forests and fields began to utter a rushing sound as of torrents, always deepening—made up of the instrumentation and the voices of numberless little beings: clangings as of hammered iron, ringings as of dropping silver upon a stone, the dry bleatings of the cabritt-bois, and the chirruping of tree-frogs, and the *ki-i-i-i-i-i-i* of crickets. Immense trembling sparks began to rise and fall among the shadows— twinkling out and disappearing all mysteriously: these were the fireflies awakening. Then about the branches of the bois-canon black shapes began to hover, which were not birds—shapes flitting processionally without any noise; each one in turn resting a moment as to nibble something at the end of a bough;—then yielding place to another, and circling away, to return again from the other side . . . the guimbos, the great bats.

But we were silent, with the emotion of sunset still upon us: that ghostly emotion which is the transmitted experience of a race—the sum of ancestral experiences innumerable—the mingled joy and pain of a million years. . . . Suddenly a sweet voice pierced the stillness—pleading:

"Pa combiné, chè!—pa combiné conm ça!" (Do not think, dear!—do not think like that!)

. . . Only less beautiful than the sunset she seemed, this slender half-breed, who had come all unperceived behind us, treading soundlessly with her slim bare feet. . . . "And you, Missié," she said to me, in a tone of gentle reproach;—"you are his friend! why do you let him think? It is thinking that will prevent him getting well."

"Combiné" in Creole signifies to think intently, and therefore to be unhappy—because, with this artless race, as with children, to think intensely about anything is possible only under great stress of suffering.

"Pa combiné—non, chè," she repeated, plaintively, stroking Félicien's hair. "It is thinking that makes us old. . . . And it is time to bid your friend good-night." . . .

"She is so good," said Félicien, smiling to make her pleased; "I could never tell you how good. But she does not understand. She believes I suffer if I am silent. She is contented only when she sees me laugh; and so she will tell me Creole stories by the hour to keep me amused, as if I were a child." . . .

As he spoke she slipped an arm about his neck.

"Doudoux," she persisted;—and her voice was a dove's coo—"Si ou ainmein moin, pa combiné—non!"

And her strange exotic beauty, her savage grace, her supple caress, the velvet witchery of her eyes—it seemed to me that I beheld a something imaged, not of herself, nor of the moment only—a something weirdly sensuous: the Spirit of tropic Nature made golden flesh, and murmuring to each lured wanderer:

"*If thou wouldst love me, do not think!*" . . .

Here is something that surprises me: the value which we set upon the lives of those who are not of the slightest interest to us. We seem to believe that life in itself is something precious. Yet nature teaches us plainly enough that nothing is more worthless and contemptible. ANATOLE FRANCE.

Let Me Feel Your Pulse

By O. HENRY

O. Henry

SO I went to a doctor.

"How long has it been since you took any alcohol into your system?" he asked.

Turning my head sidewise, I answered, "Oh, quite awhile."

He was a young doctor, somewhere between twenty and forty. He wore heliotrope socks, but he looked like Napoleon. I liked him immensely.

"Now," said he, "I am going to show you the effect of alcohol upon your circulation." I think it was "circulation" he said; though it may have been "advertising."

He bared my left arm to the elbow, brought out a bottle of whiskey, and gave me a drink. He began to look more like Napoleon. I began to like him better.

Then he put a tight compress on my upper arm, stopped my pulse with his fingers, and squeezed a rubber bulb connected with an apparatus on a stand that looked like a thermometer. The mercury jumped up and down without seeming to stop anywhere; but the doctor said it registered two hundred and thirty-seven or one hundred and sixty-five or some such number.

"Now," said he, "you see what alcohol does to the blood-pressure."

"It's marvelous," said I, "but do you think it a sufficient test? Have one on me, and let's try the other arm." But, no!

Then he grasped my hand. I thought I was doomed and he was saying good-bye. But all he wanted to do was to jab a needle into the end of a finger and compare the red drop with a lot of fifty-cent poker chips that he had fastened to a card.

"It's the hæmoglobin test," he explained. "The colour of your blood is wrong."

"Well," said I, "I know it should be blue; but this is a country of mix-ups. Some of my ancestors were cavaliers; but they got thick with some people on Nantucket Island, so——"

"I mean," said the doctor, "that the shade of red is too light."

"Oh," said I, "it's a case of matching instead of matches."

The doctor then pounded me severely in the region of the chest. When he did that I don't know whether he reminded me most of Napoleon or Battling or Lord Nelson. Then he looked grave and mentioned a string of grievances that the flesh is heir to —mostly ending in "itis." I immediately paid him fifteen dollars on account.

"Is or are it or some or any of them necessarily fatal?" I asked. I thought my connection with the matter justified my manifesting a certain amount of interest.

"All of them," he answered cheerfully. "But their progress may be arrested. With care and proper continuous treatment you may live to be eighty-five or ninety."

I began to think of the doctor's bill. "Eighty-five would be sufficient, I am sure," was my comment. I paid him ten dollars more on account.

"The first thing to do," he said, with renewed animation, "is to find a sanitarium where you will get a complete rest for a while, and allow your nerves to get into a better condition. I myself will go with you and select a suitable one."

So he took me to a mad-house in the Catskills. It was on a bare mountain frequented only by infrequent frequenters. You could see nothing but stones and boulders, some patches of snow, and scattered pine-trees. The young physician in charge was most agreeable. He gave me a stimulant without applying a compress to the arm. It was luncheon time, and we were invited to partake. There were about twenty inmates at little tables in the dining-room. The young physician in charge came to our table and said: "It is a custom with our guests not to regard themselves as patients, but merely as tired ladies and gentlemen taking a rest. Whatever slight maladies they may have are never alluded to in conversation."

My doctor called loudly to a waitress to

bring some phosphoglycerate of lime hash, dog-bread, bromo-seltzer pancakes, and nux vomica tea for my repast. Then a sound arose like a sudden wind storm among pine-trees. It was produced by every guest in the room whispering loudly, "Neurasthenia!"—except one man with a nose, whom I distinctly heard say, "Chronic alcoholism." I hope to meet him again. The physician-in-charge turned and walked away.

An hour or so after luncheon he conducted us to the workshop—say fifty yards from the house. Thither the guests had been conducted by the physician-in-charge's understudy and sponge-holder—a man with feet and a blue sweater. He was so tall that I was not sure he had a face; but the Armour Packing Company would have been delighted with his hands.

"Here," said the physician in charge, "our guests find relaxation from past mental worries by devoting themselves to physical labour—recreation, in reality."

There were turning-lathes, carpenters' outfits, clay-modeling tools, spinning-wheels, weaving-frames, treadmills, bass drums, enlarged-crayon-portrait apparatuses, blacksmith forges, and everything, seemingly, that could interest the paying lunatic guests of a first-rate sanitarium.

"The lady making mud pies in the corner," whispered the physician in charge, "is no other than—Lula Lulington, the authoress of the novel entitled 'Why Love Loves.' What she is doing now is simply to rest her mind after performing that piece of work."

I had seen the book. "Why doesn't she do it by writing another one instead?" I asked.

As you see, I wasn't as far gone as they thought I was.

"The gentleman pouring water through the funnel," continued the physician in charge, "is a Wall Street broker broken down from overwork."

I buttoned my coat.

Others he pointed out were architects playing with Noah's arks, ministers reading Darwin's "Theory of Evolution," lawyers sawing wood, tired-out society ladies talking Ibsen to the blue-sweatered sponge-holder, a neurotic millionaire lying asleep on the floor, and a prominent artist drawing a little red wagon around the room.

"You look pretty strong," said the physician in charge to me. "I think the best mental relaxation for you would be throwing small boulders over the mountain-side and then bringing them up again."

I was a hundred yards away before my doctor overtook me.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The matter is," said I, "that there are no aeroplanes handy. So I am going to merrily and hastily jog the foot-pathway to yon station and catch the first unlimited-soft-coal express back to town."

"Well," said the doctor, "perhaps you are right. This seems hardly the suitable place for you. But what you need is rest—absolute rest and exercise."

That night I went to a hotel in the city, and said to the clerk: "What I need is absolute rest and exercise. Can you give me a room with one of those tall folding beds in it, and a relay of bellboys to work it up and down while I rest?"

The clerk rubbed a speck off one of his finger nails and glanced sidewise at a tall man in a white hat sitting in the lobby. That man came over and asked me politely if I had seen the shrubbery at the west entrance. I had not, so he showed it to me and then looked me over.

"I thought you had 'em," he said, not unkindly, "but I guess you're all right. You'd better go see a doctor, old man."

A week afterward my doctor tested my blood pressure again without the preliminary stimulant. He looked to me a little less like Napoleon. And his socks were of a shade of tan that did not appeal to me.

"What you need," he decided, "is sea air and companionship."

"Would a mermaid—" I began; but he slipped on his professional manner.

"I myself," he said, "will take you to the Hotel Bonair off the coast of Long Island and see that you get in good shape. It is a quiet, comfortable resort where you will soon recuperate."

The Hotel Bonair proved to be a nine-hundred-room fashionable hostelry on an island off the main shore. Everybody who did not dress for dinner was shoved into a side dining-room and given only a terrapin and champagne table d'hôte. The bay was a great stamping ground for wealthy yachtsmen. The *Corsair* anchored there the day we arrived. I saw Mr. Morgan standing on deck eating a cheese sandwich and gazing longingly at the hotel. Still, it was a very inexpensive place. Nobody could afford to pay their prices. When you went away you simply left your baggage, stole a skiff, and beat it for the mainland in the night.

When I had been there one day I got a pad of monogrammed telegraph blanks at

the clerk's desk and began to wire to all my friends for get-away money. My doctor and I played one game of croquet on the golf links and went to sleep on the lawn.

When we got back to town a thought seemed to occur to him suddenly. "By the way," he asked, "how do you feel?"

"Relieved of very much," I replied.

Now a consulting physician is different. He isn't exactly sure whether he is to be paid or not, and this uncertainty insures you either the most careful or the most careless attention. My doctor took me to see a consulting physician. He made a poor guess and gave me careful attention. I liked him immensely. He put me through some coördination exercises.

"Have you a pain in the back of your head?" he asked. I told him I had not.

"Shut your eyes," he ordered, "put your feet close together, and jump backward as far as you can."

I always was a good backward jumper with my eyes shut, so I obeyed. My head struck the edge of the bathroom door, which had been left open and was only three feet away. The doctor was very sorry. He had overlooked the fact that the door was open. He closed it.

"Now touch your nose with your right forefinger," he said.

"Where is it?" I asked.

"On your face," said he.

"I mean my right forefinger," I explained.

"Oh, excuse me," said he. He reopened the bathroom door, and I took my finger out of the crack of it. After I had performed the marvelous digito-nasal feat I said:

"I do not wish to deceive you as to symptoms, Doctor; I really have something like a pain in the back of my head." He ignored the symptom and examined my heart carefully with a latest-popular-air-penny-in-the-slot ear-trumpet. I felt like a ballad. "Now," he said, "gallop like a horse for about five minutes around the room."

I gave the best imitation I could of a disqualified Percheron being led out of Madison Square Garden. Then, without dropping in a penny, he listened to my chest again.

"No glanders in our family, Doc," I said.

The consulting physician held up his forefinger within three inches of my nose. "Look at my finger," he commanded.

"Did you ever try Pears'——" I began; but he went on with his test rapidly.

"Now look across the bay. At my finger. Across the bay. At my finger. At my finger. Across the bay. Across the bay. At my finger. Across the bay." This for about three minutes.

He explained that this was a test of the action of the brain. It seemed easy to me. I never once mistook his finger for the bay. I'll bet that if he had used the phrases: "Gaze, as it were, unpreoccupied, outward—or rather laterally—in the direction of the horizon, underlaid, so to speak, with the adjacent fluid inlet," and "Now, returning—or rather, in a manner, withdrawing your attention, bestow it upon my upraised digit"—I'll bet, I say, that Henry James himself could have passed the examination.

After asking me if I had ever had a grand uncle with curvature of the spine or a cousin with swelled ankles, the two doctors retired to the bathroom and sat on the edge of the bathtub for the consultation. I ate an apple, and gazed first at my finger and then across the bay.

The doctors came out looking grave. More: they looked tombstones and Tennessee-papers-please-copy. They wrote out a diet list to which I was to be restricted. It had everything that I had ever heard of to eat on it, except snails. And I never eat a snail unless it overtakes me and bites me first.

"You must follow this diet strictly," said the doctors.

"I'd follow it a mile if I could get one-tenth of what's on it," I answered.

"Of next importance," they went on, "is outdoor air and exercise. And here is a prescription that will be of great benefit to you."

Then all of us took something. They took their hats, and I took my departure.

I went to a druggist and showed him the prescription.

"It will be $2.87 for an ounce bottle," he said.

"Will you give me a piece of your wrapping cord?" said I.

I made a hole in the prescription, ran the cord through it, tied it around my neck, and tucked it inside. All of us have a little superstition, and mine runs to a confidence in amulets.

Of course there was nothing the matter with me, but I was very ill. I couldn't work, sleep, eat, or bowl. The only way I could get any sympathy was to go without

shaving for four days. Even then somebody would say: "Old man, you look as hardy as a pine knot. Been up for a jaunt in the Maine woods, eh?"

Then, suddenly, I remembered that I must have outdoor air and exercise. So I went down South to John's. John is an approximate relative by verdict of a preacher standing with a little book in his hands in a bower of chrysanthemums while a hundred thousand people looked on. John has a country house seven miles from Pineville. It is at an altitude and on the Blue Ridge Mountains in a state too dignified to be dragged into this controversy. John is mica, which is more valuable and clearer than gold.

He met me at Pineville, and we took the trolley car to his home. It is a big, neighbourless cottage on a hill surrounded by a hundred mountains. We got off at his little private station, where John's family and Amaryllis met and greeted us. Amaryllis looked at me a trifle anxiously.

A rabbit came bounding across the hill between us and the house. I threw down my suit-case and pursued it hotfoot. After I had run twenty yards and seen it disappear, I sat down on the grass and wept disconsolately.

"I can't catch a rabbit any more," I sobbed. "I'm of no further use in the world. I may as well be dead."

"Oh, what is it—what is it, Brother John?" I heard Amaryllis say.

"Nerves a little unstrung," said John, in his calm way. "Don't worry. Get up, you rabbit-chaser, and come on to the house before the biscuits get cold." It was about twilight, and the mountain came up nobly to Miss Murfree's descriptions of them.

Soon after dinner I announced that I believed I could sleep for a year or two, including legal holidays. So I was shown to a room as big and cool as a flower garden, where there was a bed as broad as a lawn. Soon afterward the remainder of the household retired, and then there fell upon the land a silence.

I had not heard a silence before in years. It was absolute. I raised myself on my elbow and listened to it. Sleep! I thought that if I only could hear a star twinkle or a blade of grass sharpen itself I could compose myself to rest. I thought once that I heard a sound like the sail of a catboat flapping as it veered about in a breeze, but I decided that it was probably only a tack in the carpet. Still I listened.

Suddenly some belated little bird alighted upon the window-sill, and, in what he no doubt considered sleepy tones, enunciated the noise generally translated as "cheep!"

I leaped into the air.

"Hey! what's the matter down there?" called John from his room above mine.

"Oh, nothing," I answered, "except that I accidentally bumped my head against the ceiling."

The next morning I went out on the porch and looked at the mountains. There were forty-seven of them in sight. I shuddered, went into the big hall sitting room of the house, selected "Pancoast's Family Practice of Medicine" from a bookcase, and began to read. John came in, took the book away from me, and led me outside. He has a farm of three hundred acres furnished with the usual complement of barns, mules, peasantry, and harrows with three front teeth broken off. I had seen such things in my childhood, and my heart began to sink.

Then John spoke of alfalfa, and I brightened at once. "Oh, yes," said I, "wasn't she in the chorus of—let's see——"

"Green, you know," said John, "and tender, and you plow it under after the first season."

"I know," said I, "and the grass grows over her."

"Right," said John. "You know something about farming, after all."

"I know something of some farmers," said I, "and a sure scythe will mow them down some day."

On the way back to the house a beautiful and inexplicable creature walked across our path. I stopped irresistibly fascinated, gazing at it. John waited patiently, smoking his cigarette. He is a modern farmer. After ten minutes he said: "Are you going to stand there looking at that chicken all day? Breakfast is nearly ready."

"A chicken?" said I.

"A White Orpington hen, if you want to particularize."

"A White Orpington hen?" I repeated, with intense interest. The fowl walked slowly away with graceful dignity, and I followed like a child after the Pied Piper. Five minutes more were allowed me by John, and then he took me by the sleeve and conducted me to breakfast.

After I had been there a week I began to grow alarmed. I was sleeping and eating well and actually beginning to enjoy life. For a man in my desperate condition that would never do. So I sneaked down to the trolley-car station, took the car for Pine-

ville, and went to see one of the best physicians in town. By this time I knew exactly what to do when I needed medical treatment. I hung my hat on the back of a chair, and said rapidly:

"Doctor, I have cirrhosis of the heart, indurated arteries, neurasthenia, neuritis, acute indigestion, and convalescence. I am going to live on a strict diet. I shall also take a tepid bath at night and a cold one in the morning. I shall endeavour to be cheerful, and fix my mind on pleasant subjects. In the way of drugs I intend to take a phosphorus pill three times a day, preferably after meals, and a tonic composed of the tinctures of gentian, cinchona, calisaya, and cardamom compound. Into each teaspoonful of this I shall mix tincture of nux vomica, beginning with one drop and increasing it a drop each day until the maximum dose is reached. I shall drop this with a medicine-dropper, which can be procured at a trifling cost at any pharmacy. Good morning."

I took my hat and walked out. After I had closed the door I remembered something that I had forgotten to say. I opened it again. The doctor had not moved from where he had been sitting, but he gave a slightly nervous start when he saw me again.

"I forgot to mention," said I, "that I shall also take absolute rest and exercise."

After this consultation I felt much better. The re-establishing in my mind of the fact that I was hopelessly ill gave me so much satisfaction that I almost became gloomy again. There is nothing more alarming to a neurasthenic than to feel himself growing well and cheerful.

John looked after me carefully. After I had evinced so much interest in his White Orpington chicken he tried his best to divert my mind, and was particular to lock his hen house of nights. Gradually the tonic mountain air, the wholesome food, and the daily walks among the hills so alleviated my malady that I became utterly wretched and despondent. I heard of a country doctor who lived in the mountains nearby. I went to see him and told him the whole story. He was a gray-bearded man with clear, blue, wrinkled eyes, in a home-made suit of gray jeans.

In order to save time I diagnosed my case, touched my nose with my right forefinger, struck myself below the knee to make my foot kick, sounded my chest, stuck out my tongue, and asked him the price of cemetery lots in Pineville.

He lit his pipe and looked at me for about three minutes. "Brother," he said, after a while, "you are in a mighty bad way. There's a chance for you to pull through, but it's a mighty slim one."

"What can it be?" I asked eagerly. "I have taken arsenic and gold, phosphorus, exercise, nux vomica, hydrotherapeutic baths, rest, excitement, codein, and aromatic spirits of ammonia. Is there anything left in the pharmacopœia?"

"Somewhere in these mountains," said the doctor, "there's a plant growing—a flowering plant that'll cure you, and it's about the only thing that will. It's of a kind that's as old as the world; but of late it's powerful scarce and hard to find. You and I will have to hunt it up. I'm not engaged in active practice now: I'm getting along in years; but I'll take your case. You'll have to come every day in the afternoon and help me hunt for this plant till we find it. The city doctors may know a lot about new scientific things, but they don't know much about the cures that nature carries around in her saddle bags."

So every day the old doctor and I hunted the cure-all plant among the mountains and valleys of the Blue Ridge. Together we toiled up steep heights so slippery with fallen autumn leaves that we had to catch every sapling and branch within our reach to save us from falling. We waded through gorges and chasms, breast-deep with laurel and ferns; we followed the banks of mountain streams for miles, we wound our way like Indians through brakes of pine—road side, hill side, river side, mountain side we explored in our search for the miraculous plant.

As the old doctor said, it must have grown scarce and hard to find. But we followed our quest. Day by day we plumbed the valleys, scaled the heights, and tramped the plateaus in search of the miraculous plant. Mountain-bred, he never seemed to tire. I often reached home too fatigued to do anything except fall into bed and sleep until morning. This we kept up for a month.

One evening after I had returned from a six-mile tramp with the old doctor, Amaryllis and I took a little walk under the trees near the road. We looked at the mountains drawing their royal-purple robes around them for their night's repose.

"I'm glad you're well again," she said. "When you first came you frightened me. I thought you were really ill."

"Well again!" I almost shrieked. "Do

you know that I have only one chance in a thousand to live?"

Amaryllis looked at me in surprise. "Why," said she, "you are as strong as one of the plough-mules, you sleep ten or twelve hours every night, and you are eating us out of house and home. What more do you want?"

"I tell you," said I, "that unless we find the magic—that is, the plant we are looking for—in time, nothing can save me. The doctor tells me so."

"What doctor?"

"Doctor Tatum—the old doctor who lives half-way up Black Oak Mountain. Do you know him?"

"I have known him since I was able to talk. And is that where you go every day—is it he who takes you on these long walks and climbs that have brought back your health and strength? God bless the old doctor."

Just then the old doctor himself drove slowly down the road in his rickety old buggy. I waved my hand at him and shouted that I would be on hand the next day at the usual time. He stopped his horse and called to Amaryllis to come out to him. They talked for five minutes while I waited. Then the old doctor drove on.

When we got to the house Amaryllis lugged out an encyclopædia and sought a word in it. "The doctor said," she told me, "that you needn't call any more as a patient, but he'd be glad to see you any time as a friend. And then he told me to look up my name in the encyclopædia and tell you what it means. It seems to be the name of a genus of flowering plants, and also the name of a country girl in Theocritus and Virgil. What do you suppose the doctor meant by that?"

"I know what he meant," said I. "I know now."

A word to a brother who may have come under the spell of the unquiet Lady Neurasthenia.

The formula was true. Even though gropingly at times, the physicians of the walled cities had put their fingers upon the specific medicament.

And so for the exercise one is referred to good Doctor Tatum on Black Oak Mountain—take the road to your right at the Methodist meeting house in the pine-grove.

Absolute rest and exercise!

What rest more remedial than to sit with Amaryllis in the shade, and, with a sixth sense, read the wordless Theocritan idyl of the gold-bannered blue mountains marching orderly into the dormitories of the night?

Levy Silver

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

WHY did I sell you plated silver,
Rhine stones and synthetic rubies?
Why did I sell you gold filled cases?
The question at stake is why did you buy?
I couldn't sell them as real and prosper.
But you could buy and pretend them real,
As part of your game of fooling each other
With fake morality, hollow customs,
And laws compounded of spurious stuff.
The goods I sold matched something in you:
For some of your souls were only plated;
And some of you put yourselves together
To imitate virtues clear and precious:
And some of you were mostly brass
Under a film of gold!

The Emperor Jones

By EUGENE O'NEILL

Eugene O'Neill.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AN OLD NATIVE WOMAN.
HARRY SMITHERS, *white trader.*
BRUTUS JONES, *Emperor.*
LEM, *a native chief.*
THE SOLDIERS.
THE LITTLE FORMLESS FEARS; JEFF; THE NEGRO CONVICTS; THE PRISON GUARD; THE PLANTERS; THE AUCTIONEER; THE SLAVES; THE CONGO WITCH-DOCTOR; THE CROCODILE GOD.

The action of the play takes place on a West Indian island not yet self-determined by white marines. The form of government is, for the moment, an empire.

SCENE I

SCENE: *The audience chamber in the palace of the Emperor—a spacious, high-ceilinged room with bare, white-washed walls. The floor is of white tiles. In the rear, to the left of center, a wide archway giving out on a portico with white pillars. The palace is evidently situated on high ground, for beyond the portico nothing can be seen but a vista of distant hills, their summits crowned with thick groves of palm-trees. In the right wall, center, a smaller arched doorway leading to the living-quarters of the palace. The room is bare of furniture with the exception of one huge chair made of uncut wood which stands at center, its back to rear. This is very apparently the Emperor's throne. It is painted a dazzling, eye-smiting scarlet. There is a brilliant orange cushion on the seat and another smaller one is placed on the floor to serve as a footstool. Strips of matting, dyed scarlet, lead from the foot of the throne to the two entrances.*

It is late afternoon, but the sunlight still blazes yellowly beyond the portico, and there is an oppressive burden of exhausting heat in the air.

As the curtain rises, a native negro woman sneaks in cautiously from the entrance on the right. She is very old, dressed in cheap calico, barefooted, a red bandanna handkerchief covering all but a few stray wisps of white hair. A bundle bound in coloured cloth is carried over her shoulder on the end of a stick. She hesitates beside the doorway, peering back as if in extreme dread of being discovered. Then she begins to glide noiselessly, a step at a time, toward the doorway in the rear. At this moment SMITHERS *appears beneath the portico.*

SMITHERS *is a tall, stoop-shouldered man about forty. His bald head, perched on a long neck with an enormous Adam's apple, looks like an egg. The tropics have tanned his naturally pasty face, with its small, sharp features, to a sickly yellow, and native rum has painted his pointed nose to a startling red. His little, washy-blue eyes are red-rimmed and dart about him like a ferret's. His expression is one of unscrupulous meanness, cowardly and dangerous. He is dressed in a worn riding-suit of dirty white drill, puttees, spurs, and wears a white cork helmet. A cartridge-belt with an automatic revolver is around his waist. He carries a riding-whip in his hand. He sees the* WOMAN *and stops to watch her suspiciously. Then, making up his mind, he steps quickly on tiptoe into the room. The* WOMAN, *looking back over her shoulder continually, does not see him until it is too late. When she does,* SMITHERS *springs forward and grabs her firmly by the shoulder. She struggles to get away, fiercely but silently.*

SMITHERS (*tightening his grasp—roughly*) —Easy! None o' that, me birdie. You can't wriggle out now. I got me 'ooks on yer.

WOMAN (*seeing the uselessness of struggling, gives way to frantic terror, and sinks to the*

ground, embracing his knees supplicatingly)—No tell him! No tell him, Mister!

SMITHERS (*with great curiosity*)—Tell 'im? (*Then scornfully.*) Oh, you mean 'is bloomin' Majesty. What's the gaime, any'ow? What are you sneakin' away for? Been stealin' a bit, I s'pose. [*He taps her bundle with his riding-whip significantly.*]

WOMAN (*shaking her head vehemently*)—No, me no steal.

SMITHERS—Bloody liar! But tell me what's up. There's somethin' funny goin' on. I smelled it in the air first thing I got up this mornin'. You blacks are up to some devilment. This palace of 'is is like a bleedin' tomb. Where's all the 'ands? (*The* WOMAN *keeps sullenly silent.* SMITHERS *raises his whip threateningly.*) Ow, yer won't, won't yer? I'll show yer what's what.

WOMAN (*coweringly*)—I tell, Mister. You no hit. They go—all go. [*She makes a sweeping gesture toward the hills in the distance.*]

SMITHERS—Run away—to the 'ills?

WOMAN—Yes, Mister. Him Emperor—Great Father. (*She touches her forehead to the floor with a quick mechanical jerk.*) Him sleep after eat. Then they go—all go. Me old woman. Me left only. Now me go too.

SMITHERS (*his astonishment giving way to an immense, mean satisfaction*)—Ow! So that's the ticket! Well, I know bloody well wot's in the air—when they runs orf to the 'ills. The tom-tom'll be thumpin' out there bloomin' soon. (*With extreme vindictiveness.*) And I'm bloody glad of it, for one! Serve 'im right! Puttin' on airs, the stinkin' nigger! 'Is Majesty! Gawd blimey! I only 'opes I'm there when they takes 'im out to shoot 'im. (*Suddenly.*) 'E's still 'ere all right, ain't 'e?

WOMAN—Yes. Him sleep.

SMITHERS—'E's bound to find out soon as 'e wakes up. 'E's cunnin' enough to know when 'is time's come. (*He goes to the doorway on right and whistles shrilly with his fingers in his mouth. The old* WOMAN *springs to her feet and runs out of the doorway, rear.* SMITHERS *goes after her, reaching for his revolver.*) Stop or I'll shoot! (*Then stopping—indifferently.*) Pop orf then, if yer like, yer black cow. [*He stands in the doorway, looking after her.* JONES *enters from the right. He is a tall, powerfully built, full-blooded negro of middle age. His features are typically negroid, yet there is something decidedly distinctive about his face—an underlying strength of will, a hardy, self-reliant, confidence in himself that inspires respect. His eyes are alive with a keen, cunning intelligence. In manner he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive. He wears a light-blue uniform coat, sprayed with brass buttons, heavy gold chevrons on his shoulders, gold braid on the collar, cuffs, etc. His pants are bright red with a light-blue stripe down the side. Patent-leather laced boots with brass spurs, and a belt with a long-barrelled, pearl-handled revolver in a holster complete his make-up. Yet there is something not altogether ridiculous about his grandeur. He has a way of carrying it off.*]

JONES (*not seeing any one—greatly irritated and blinking sleepily—shouts*)—Who dare whistle dat way in my palace? Who dare wake up de Emperor? I'll git de hide frayled off some o' you niggers sho'!

SMITHERS (*showing himself—in a manner half afraid and half defiant*)—It was me whistled to yer. (*As* JONES *frowns angrily.*) I got news for yer.

JONES (*putting on his suavest manner, which fails to cover up his contempt for the white man*)—Oh, it's you, Mister Smithers. (*He sits down on his throne with easy dignity.*) What news you got to tell me?

SMITHERS (*coming close to enjoy his discomfiture*)—Don't yer notice nothin' funny to-day?

JONES (*coldly*)—Funny? No, I ain't perceived nothin' of de kind!

SMITHERS—Then yer ain't so foxy as I thought yer was. Where's all your court? (*sarcastically*) the Generals and the Cabinet Ministers and all?

JONES (*imperturbably*)—Where dey mostly runs to, minute I closes my eyes—drinkin' rum and talkin' big down in de town. (*Sarcastically.*) How come you don't know dat? Ain't you sousin' with 'em most every day?

SMITHERS (*stung but pretending indifference—with a wink*)—That's part of the day's work. I got ter—ain't I—in my business?

JONES (*contemptuously*)—Yo' business!

SMITHERS (*imprudently enraged*)—Gawd blimey, you was glad enough for me ter take yer in on it when you landed here first. You didn't 'ave no 'igh and mighty airs in them days!

JONES (*his hand going to his revolver like a flash—menacingly*)—Talk polite, white man! Talk polite, you heah me! I'm boss heah now, is you fergettin'? [*The Cockney seems about to challenge this last statement with the facts, but something in the other's eyes holds and cows him.*]

SMITHERS (*in a cowardly whine*)—No 'arm meant, old top.

JONES (*condescendingly*)—I accepts yo' apology. (*Lets his hand fall from his revolver.*) No use'n you rakin' up ole times. What I was den is one thing. What I is now's another. You didn't let me in on yo' crooked work out o' no kind feelin's dat time. I done de dirty work fo' you—and most o' de brain-work, too, fo' dat matter—and I was wu'th money to you, dat's de reason.

SMITHERS—Well, blimey, I give yer a start, didn't I—when no one else would. I wasn't afraid to 'ire yer like the rest was—'count of the story about your breakin' jail back in the States.

JONES—No, you didn't have no s'cuse to look down on me fo' dat. You been in jail you'self more'n once.

SMITHERS (*furiously*)—It's a lie! (*Then trying to pass it off by an attempt at scorn.*) Garn! Who told yer that fairy-tale?

JONES—Dey's some tings I ain't got to be tole. I kin see 'em in folk's eyes. (*Then after a pause—meditatively.*) Yes, you sho' give me a start. And it didn't take long from dat time to git dese fool woods' niggers right where I wanted dem. (*With pride.*) From stowaway to Emperor in two years! Dat's goin' some!

SMITHERS (*with curiosity*)—And I bet you got yer pile o' money 'id safe some place.

JONES (*with satisfaction*)—I sho' has! And it's in a foreign bank where no pusson don't ever git it out but me, no matter what come. You didn't s'pose I was holdin' down dis Emperor job for de glory in it, did you? Sho'! De fuss and glory part of it, dat's only to turn de heads o' de low-flung bush niggers dat's here. Dey wants de big circus show for deir money. I gives it to 'em an' I gits de money. (*With a grin.*) De long green, dat's me every time! (*Then rebukingly.*) But you ain't got no kick agin me, Smithers. I'se paid you back all you done for me many times. Ain't I pertected you and winked at all de crooked tradin' you been doin' right out in de broad day? Sho' I has—and me makin' laws to stop it at de same time! [*He chuckles.*]

SMITHERS (*grinning*)—But, meanin' no 'arm, you been grabbin' right and left yourself, ain't yer? Look at the taxes you've put on 'em! Blimey. You've squeezed 'em dry!

JONES (*chuckling*)—No, dey ain't *all* dry yet. I'se still heah, ain't I?

SMITHERS (*smiling at his secret thought*)—They're dry right now, you'll find out. (*Changing the subject abruptly.*) And as for me breakin' laws, you've broke 'em all yerself just as fast as yer made 'em.

JONES—Ain't I de Emperor? De laws don't go for him. (*Judicially.*) You heah what I tells you, Smithers. Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you Emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks. (*Reminiscently.*) If dey's one thing I learns in ten years on de Pullman ca's listenin' to de white quality talk, it's dat same fact. And when I gits a chance to use it, I winds up Emperor in two years.

SMITHERS (*unable to repress the genuine admiration of the small fry for the large*)—Yes, yer turned the bleedin' trick, all right. Blimey, I never seen a bloke 'as 'ad the bloomin' luck you 'as.

JONES (*severely*)—Luck? What you mean—luck?

SMITHERS—I suppose you'll say as that swank about the silver bullet ain't luck—and that was what first got the fool blacks on yer side the time of the revolution, wasn't it?

JONES (*with a laugh*)—Oh, dat silver bullet! Sho' was luck! But I makes dat luck, you heah? I loads de dice! Yessuh! When dat murderin' nigger ole Lem hired to kill me takes aim ten feet away and his gun misses fire and I shoots him dead, what you heah me say?

SMITHERS—You said yer'd got a charm so's no lead bullet'd kill yer. You was so strong only a silver bullet could kill yer, you told 'em. Blimey, wasn't that swank for yer—and plain, fat-'eaded luck?

JONES (*proudly*)—I got brains and I uses 'em quick. Dat ain't luck.

SMITHERS—Yer know they wasn't 'ardly liable to get no silver bullets. And it was luck 'e didn't 'it you that time.

JONES (*laughing*)—And dere all dem fool bush niggers was kneelin' down and bumpin' deir heads on de ground like I was a miracle out o' de Bible. Oh, Lawd, from dat time on I has dem all eatin' out of my hand. I cracks de whip and dey jumps through.

SMITHERS (*with a sniff*)—Yankee bluff done it.

JONES—Ain't a man's talkin' big what makes him big—long as he makes folks believe it? Sho', I talks large when I ain't got nothin' to back it up, but I ain't talkin' wild just de same. I knows I kin fool 'em—

I *knows* it—and dat's backin' enough fo' my game. And ain't I got to learn deir lingo and teach some of dem English befo' I kin talk to 'em? Ain't dat wuk? You ain't never learned ary word er it, Smithers, in de ten years you been heah, dough you knows it's money in yo' pocket tradin' wid 'em if you does. But you'se too shiftless to take de trouble.

SMITHERS (*flushing*)—Never mind about me. What's this I've 'eard about yer really 'avin' a silver bullet moulded for yourself?

JONES—It's playin' out my bluff. I has de silver bullet moulded and I tells 'em when de time comes I kills myself wid it. I tells 'em dat's 'cause I'm de on'y man in de world big enuff to git me. No use'n deir tryin'. And dey falls down and bumps deir heads. (*He laughs.*) I does dat so's I kin take a walk in peace widout no jealous nigger gunnin' at me from behind de trees.

SMITHERS (*astonished*)—Then you 'ad it made—'onest?

JONES—Sho' did. Heah she be. (*He takes out his revolver, breaks it, and takes the silver bullet out of one chamber.*) Five lead an' dis silver baby at de last. Don't she shine pretty? [*He holds it in his hand, looking at it admiringly, as if strangely fascinated.*]

SMITHERS—Let me see. [*Reaches out his hand for it.*]

JONES (*harshly*)—Keep yo' hands what dey b'long, white man. [*He replaces it in the chamber and puts the revolver back on his hip.*]

SMITHERS (*snarling*)—Gawd blimey! Think I'm a bleedin' thief, you would.

JONES—No, 'tain't dat. I knows you'se scared to steal from me. On'y I ain't 'lowin nary body to touch dis baby. She's my rabbit's foot.

SMITHERS (*sneering*)—A bloomin' charm, wot? (*Venomously.*) Well, you'll need all the bloody charms you 'as before long, s' 'elp me!

JONES (*judicially*)—Oh, I'se good for six months yit 'fore dey gits sick o' my game. Den, when I sees trouble comin', I makes my getaway.

SMITHERS—Ho! You got it all planned, ain't yer?

JONES—I ain't no fool. I knows dis Emperor's time is sho't. Dat why I make hay when de sun shine. Was you thinkin' I'se aimin' to hold down dis job for life? No, suh! What good is gittin' money if you stays back in dis raggedy country? I wants action when I spends. And when I sees dese niggers gittin' up deir nerve to tu'n me out, and I'se got all de money in sight, I resigns on de spot and beats it quick.

SMITHERS—Where to?

JONES—None o' yo' business.

SMITHERS—Not back to the bloody States, I'll lay my oath.

JONES (*suspiciously*) — Why don't I? (*Then with an easy laugh.*) You mean 'count of dat story 'bout me breakin' from jail back dere? Dat's all talk.

SMITHERS (*skeptically*)—Ho, yes!

JONES (*sharply*)—You ain't 'sinuatin' I'se a liar, is you?

SMITHERS (*hastily*)—No. Gawd strike me! I was only thinkin' o' the bloody lies you told the blacks 'ere about killin' white men in the States.

JONES (*angered*)—How come dey're lies?

SMITHERS—You'd 'ave been in jail, if you 'ad, wouldn't yer then? (*With venom.*) And from what I've 'eard it ain't 'ealthy for a black to kill a white man in the States. They burns 'em in oil, don't they?

JONES (*with cool deadliness*)—You mean lynchin' 'd scare me? Well, I tells you, Smithers, maybe I does kill one white man back dere. Maybe I does. And maybe I kills another right heah 'fore long if he don't look out.

SMITHERS (*trying to force a laugh*)—I was only spoofin' yer. Can't yer take a joke? And you was just sayin' you'd never been in jail.

JONES (*in the same tone—slightly boastful*)—Maybe I goes to jail dere for gettin' in an argument wid razors ovah a crap game. Maybe I gits twenty years when dat coloured man die. Maybe I gits in 'nother argument wid de prison guard was overseer ovah us when we're wukin' de roads. Maybe he hits me wid a whip and I splits his head wid a shovel and runs away and files de chain off my leg and gits away safe. Maybe I does all dat an' maybe I don't. It's a story I tells you so's you knows I'se de kind of man dat if you evah repeats one word of it, I ends yo' stealin' on dis yearth mighty damn quick!

SMITHERS (*terrified*)—Think I'd peach on yer? Not me! Ain't I always been yer friend?

JONES (*suddenly relaxing*)—Sho' you has—and you'd better be.

SMITHERS (*recovering his composure—and with it his malice*)—And just to show yer I'm yer friend, I'll tell yer that bit o' news I was goin' to.

JONES—Go ahead! Shoot de piece. Must be bad news from de happy way you look.

SMITHERS (*warningly*)—Maybe it's gettin' time for you to resign—with that bloomin' silver bullet, wot? [*He finishes with a mocking grin.*]

JONES (*puzzled*)—What's dat you say? Talk plain.

SMITHERS—Ain't noticed any of the guards or servants about the place to-day, I'aven't.

JONES (*carelessly*)—Dey're all out in de garden sleepin' under de trees. When I sleeps, dey sneaks a sleep, too, and I pretends I never suspicions it. All I got to do is to ring de bell and dey come flyin', makin' a bluff dey was wukin' all de time.

SMITHERS (*in the same mocking tone*)—Ring the bell now an' you'll bloody well see what I means.

JONES (*startled to alertness, but preserving the same careless tone*)—Sho' I rings. [*He reaches below the throne and pulls out a big, common dinner-bell which is painted the same vivid scarlet as the throne. He rings this vigorously—then stops to listen. Then he goes to both doors, rings again, and looks out.*]

SMITHERS (*watching him with malicious satisfaction, after a pause—mockingly*)—The bloody ship is sinkin' an' the bleedin' rats 'as slung their 'ooks.

JONES (*in a sudden fit of anger flings the bell clattering into a corner*)—Low-flung, woods' niggers! (*Then catching* SMITHER'S *eye on him, he controls himself and suddenly bursts into a low, chuckling laugh.*) Reckon I overplays my hand dis once! A man can't take de pot on a bob-tailed flush all de time. Was I sayin' I'd sit in six months mo'? Well, I'se changed my mind den. I cashes in and resigns de job of Emperor right dis minute.

SMITHERS (*with real admiration*)—Blimey, but you're a cool bird, and no mistake.

JONES—No use'n fussin'. When I knows de game's up I kisses it good-by widout no long waits. Dey've all run off to de hills, ain't dey?

SMITHERS—Yes—every bleedin' man jack of 'em.

JONES—Den de revolution is at de post. And de Emperor better git his feet smokin' up de trail. [*He starts for the door in rear.*]

SMITHERS—Goin' out to look for your 'orse? Yer won't find any. They steals the 'orses first thing. Mine was gone when I went for 'im this mornin'. That's wot first give me a suspicion of wot was up.

JONES (*alarmed for a second, scratches his head, then philosophically*)—Well, den I hoofs it. Feet, do yo' duty! (*He pulls out a gold watch and looks at it.*) Three-thutty. Sundown's at six-thutty or dereabouts. (*Puts his watch back with cool confidence.*) I got plenty o' time to make it easy.

SMITHERS—Don't be so bloomin' sure of it. They'll be after you 'ot and 'eavy. Ole Lem is at the bottom o' this business an' 'e 'ates you like 'ell. 'E'd rather do for you than eat 'is dinner, 'e would!

JONES (*scornfully*)—Dat fool no-count nigger! Does you think I'se scared o' him? I stands him on his thick head more'n once befo' dis, and I does it again if he come in my way—(*Fiercely.*) And dis time I leave him a dead nigger fo' sho'!

SMITHERS—You'll 'ave to cut through the big forest—an' these blacks 'ere can sniff and follow a trail in the dark like 'ounds. You'd 'ave to 'ustle to get through that forest in twelve hours even if you knew all the bloomin' trails like a native.

JONES (*with indignant scorn*)—Look-a-heah, white man! Does you think I'se a natural-bo'n fool? Give me credit fo' havin' some sense, fo' Lawd's sake! Don't you s'pose I'se looked ahead and made sho' of all de chances? I'se gone out in dat big forest, pretendin' to hunt, so many times dat I knows it high an' low like a book. I could go through on dem trails wid my eyes shut. (*With great contempt.*) Think dese ignerent bush niggers dat ain't got brains enuff to know deir own names even can catch Brutus Jones? Huh, I s'pects not! Not on yo' life! Why, man, de white men went after me wid bloodhounds where I come from, an' I jes' laughs at 'em. It's a shame to fool dese black trash around heah, dey're so easy. You watch me, man! I'll make dem look sick, I will. I'll be 'cross de plain to de edge of de forest by time dark comes. Once in de woods in de night, dey got a swell chance o' findin' dis baby! Dawn tomorrow I'll be out at de oder side and on de coast whar dat French gunboat is stayin'. She picks me up, takes me to the Martinique when she go dar, and dere I is safe wid a mighty big bank-roll in my jeans. It's easy as rollin' off a log.

SMITHERS (*maliciously*)—But s'posin' somethin' 'appens wrong an' they do nab yer?

JONES (*decisively*)—Dey don't—dat's de answer.

SMITHERS—But, just for argyment's sake—what'd you do?

JONES (*frowning*)—I'se got five lead bullets in dis gun good enuff fo' common bush niggers—and after dat I got de silver bullet left to cheat 'em out o' gittin' me.

SMITHERS (*jeeringly*)—Ho, I was fergettin' that silver bullet. You'll bump yourself orf in style, won't yer? Blimey!

JONES (*gloomily*)—You kin bet yo' whole roll on one thing, white man. Dis baby plays out his string to de end, and when he quits, he quits wid a bang de way he ought. Silver bullet ain't none too good for him when he go, dat's a fac'! (*Then shaking off his nervousness—with a confident laugh.*) Sho'! What is I talkin' about? Ain't come to dat yit and I never will—not wid trash niggers like dese yere. (*Boastfully.*) Silver bullet bring me luck anyway. I kin outguess, outrun, outfight, an' outplay de whole lot o' dem all ovah de board any time o' de day er night! You watch me! (*From the distant hills comes the faint, steady thump of a tom-tom, low and vibrating. It starts at a rate exactly corresponding to normal pulse beat—72 to the minute—and continues at a gradually accelerating rate from this point uninterruptedly to the very end of the play.* JONES *starts at the sound. A strange look of apprehension creeps into his face for a moment as he listens. Then he asks, with an attempt to regain his most casual manner.*) What's dat drum beatin' fo'?

SMITHERS (*with a mean grin*)—For you. That means the bleedin' ceremony 'as started. I've 'eard it before and I knows.

JONES—Cer'mony? What cer'mony?

SMITHERS—The blacks is 'oldin' a bloody meetin', 'avin' a war-dance, getting' their courage worked up b'fore they starts after you.

JONES—Let dem! Dey'll sho' need it!

SMITHERS—And they're there 'oldin' their 'eathen religious service—makin' no end of devil spells and charms to 'elp 'em against your silver bullet. (*He guffaws loudly.*) Blimey, but they're balmy as 'ell!

JONES (*a tiny bit awed and shaken in spite of himself*)—Huh! Takes more'n dat to scare dis chicken!

SMITHERS (*scenting the other's feeling—maliciously*)—Ter-night when it's pitch black in the forest, they'll 'ave their pet devils and ghosts 'oundin' after you. You'll find yer bloody 'air'll be standin' on end before ter-morrow mornin'. (*Seriously.*) It's a bleedin' queer place, that stinkin' forest, even in daylight. Yer don't know what might 'appen in there, it's that rotten still. Always sending the cold shivers down my back minute I gets in it.

JONES (*with a contemptuous sniff*)—I ain't no chicken-liver like you is. Trees an' me, we'se friends, and dar's a full moon comin' bring me light. And let dem po' niggers make all de fool spells dey'se a min' to. Does yo' s'pect I'se silly enuff to b'lieve in ghosts an' ha'nts an' all dat ole woman's talk? G'long, white man! You ain't talkin' to me. (*With a chuckle.*) Doesn't you know dey's got to do wid a man was member in good standin' o' de Baptist Church? Sho' I was dat when I was porter on de Pullmans, befo' I gits into my little trouble. Let dem try deir heathen tricks. De Baptist Church done pertect me and land dem all in hell. (*Then with more confident satisfaction.*) And I'se got little silver bullet o' my own, don't forgit.

SMITHERS—Ho! You 'aven't give much 'eed to your Baptist Church since you been down 'ere. I've 'eard myself you 'ad turned yer coat an' was takin' up with their blarsted witch-doctors, or whatever the 'ell yer calls the swine.

JONES (*vehemently*)—I pretends to! Sho' I pretends! Dat's part o' my game from de fust. If I finds out dem niggers believes dat black is white, den I yells it out louder 'n deir loudest. It don't git me nothin' to do missionary work for de Baptist Church. I'se after de coin, an' I lays my Jesus on de shelf for de time bein'. (*Stops abruptly to look at his watch—alertly.*) But I ain't got de time to waste no more fool talk wid you. I'se gwine away from heah dis secon'. (*He reaches in under the throne and pulls out an expensive Panama hat with a bright multi-coloured band and sets it jauntily on his head.*) So long, white man! (*With a grin.*) See you in jail some time, maybe!

SMITHERS—Not me, you won't. Well, I wouldn't be in yer bloody boots for no bloomin' money, but 'ere's wishin' yer luck just the same.

JONES (*contemptuously*) — You're de frightenedest man evah I see! I tells you I'se safe's 'f I was in New York City. It takes dem niggers from now to dark to git up de nerve to start somethin'. By dat time, I'se got a head start dey never kotch up wid.

SMITHERS (*maliciously*)—Give my regards to any ghosts yer meets up with.

JONES (*grinning*)—If dat ghost got money, I'll tell him never ha'nt you less'n he wants to lose it.

SMITHERS (*flattered*)—Garn! (*Then curiously.*) Ain't yer takin' no luggage with yer?

JONES—I travels light when I wants to move fast. And I got tinned grub buried on de edge o' de forest. (*Boastfully.*) Now say dat I don't look ahead an' use my brains! (*With a wide, liberal gesture.*) I will all

dat's left in de palace to you—and you better grab all you kin sneak away wid befo' dey gits here.

SMITHERS (*gratefully*)—Righto—and thanks ter yer. (*As* JONES *walks toward the door in rear—cautioningly.*) Say! Look 'ere, you ain't goin' out that way, are yer?

JONES—Does you think I'd slink out de back door like a common nigger? I'se Emperor yit, ain't I? And de Emperor Jones leaves de way he comes, and dat black trash don't dare stop him—not yit, leastways. (*He stops for a moment in the doorway, listening to the far-off but insistent beat of the tom-tom.*) Listen to dat roll-call, will you? Must be mighty big drum carry dat far. (*Then with a laugh.*) Well, if dey ain't no whole brass band to see me off, I sho' got de drum part of it. So long, white man. [*He puts his hands in his pockets and with studied carelessness, whistling a tune, he saunters out of the doorway and off to the left.*]

SMITHERS (*looks after him with a puzzled admiration*)—'E's got 'is bloomin' nerve with 'im, s'elp me! (*Then angrily.*) Ho—the bleedin' nigger—puttin' on 'is bloody airs! I 'opes they nabs 'im an' gives 'im what's what! (*Then putting business before the pleasure of this thought, looking around him with cupidity.*) A bloke ought to find a 'ole lot in this palace that'd go for a bit of cash. Let's take a look, 'Arry, me lad. [*He starts for the doorway on the right as*

THE CURTAIN FALLS

SCENE II: NIGHTFALL

SCENE: *The end of the plain where the Great Forest begins. The foreground is sandy, level ground dotted by a few stones and clumps of stunted bushes cowering close against the earth to escape the buffeting of the trade-wind. In the rear the forest is a wall of darkness dividing the world. Only when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom can the outlines of separate trunks of the nearest trees be made out, enormous pillars of deeper blackness. A somber monotone of wind lost in the leaves moans in the air. Yet this sound serves but to intensify the impression of the forest's relentless immobility, to form a background throwing into relief its brooding, implacable silence.*

(JONES *enters from the left, walking rapidly. He stops as he nears the edge of the forest, looks around him quickly, peering into the dark as if searching for some familiar landmark. Then, apparently satisfied that he is where he ought to be, he throws himself on the ground, dog-tired.*) Well, heah I is. In de nick o' time, too! Little mo' an' it'd be blacker'n de ace of spades heahabouts. (*He pulls a bandanna handkerchief from his hip pocket and mops off his perspiring face.*) Sho'! Gimme air! I'se tuckered out sho' 'nuff. Dat soft Emperor job ain't no trainin' fo' a long hike ovah dat plain in de brilin' sun. (*Then with a chuckle.*) Cheah up, nigger, de worst is yet to come. (*He lifts his head and stares at the forest. His chuckle peters out abruptly. In a tone of awe.*) My goodness, look at dem woods, will you? Dat no-'count Smithers said dey'd be black, an' he sho' called de turn. (*Turning away from them quickly and looking down at his feet, he snatches at a chance to change the subject—solicitously.*) Feet, you is holdin' up yo' end fine, an' I suttinly hopes you ain't blisterin' none. It's time you git a rest. (*He takes off his shoes, his eyes studiously avoiding the forest. He feels of the soles of his feet gingerly.*) You is still in de pink—on'y a mite feverish. Cool yo'selfs. Remember you done got a long journey yit befo' you. (*He sits in a weary attitude, listening to the rhythmic beating of the tom-tom. He grumbles in a loud tone to cover up a growing uneasiness.*) Bush niggers! Wonder dey wouldn' git sick o' beatin' dat drum. Sound louder, seem like. I wonder if dey's startin' after me? (*He scrambles to his feet, looking back across the plain.*) Couldn't see dem now, nohow, if dey was hundred feet away. (*Then shaking himself like a wet dog to get rid of these depressing thoughts.*) Sho', dey's miles an' miles behind. What you gittin' fidgety about? (*But he sits down and begins to lace up his shoes in great haste, all the time muttering reassuringly.*) You know what? Yo' belly is empty, dat's what's de matter wid you. Come time to eat! Wid nothin' but wind on yo' stumach, o' course you feels jiggedy. Well, we eats right heah an' now soon's I gits dese pesky shoes laced up. (*He finishes lacing up his shoes.*) Dere! Now le's see! (*Gets on his hands and knees and searches the ground around him with his eyes.*) White stone, white stone, where is you? (*He sees the first white stone and crawls to it—with satisfaction.*) Heah you is! I knowed dis was de right place. Box of grub, come to me. (*He turns over the stone and feels in under it—in a tone of dismay.*) Ain't heah! Gorry, is I in de right place or isn't I? Dere's 'nother stone. Guess dat's it. (*He scrambles to the next stone and turns it over.*) Ain't heah, neither! Grub, whar is you?

Ain't heah. Gorry, has I got to go hungry into dem woods—all de night? (*While he is talking he scrambles from one stone to another, turning them over in frantic haste. Finally, he jumps to his feet excitedly.*) Is I lost de place? Must have! But how dat happen when I was followin' de trail across de plain in broad daylight? (*Almost plaintively.*) I'se hungry, I is! I gotta git my feed. Whar's my strength gonna come from if I doesn't? Gorry, I gotta find dat grub high an' low somehow! Why it come dark so quick like dat? Can't see nothin'. (*He scratches a match on his trousers and peers about him. The rate of the beat of the far-off tom-tom increases perceptibly as he does so. He mutters in a bewildered voice.*) How come all dese white stones come heah when I only remembers one? (*Suddenly, with a frightened gasp, he flings the match on the ground and stamps on it.*) Nigger, is you gone crazy mad? Is you lightin' matches to show dem whar you is? Fo' Law'd sake, use yo' haid. Gorry, I'se got to be careful! (*He stares at the plain behind him apprehensively, his hand on his revolver.*) But how come all dese white stones? And whar's dat tin box o' grub I hid all wrapped up in oilcloth? (*While his back is turned, the* LITTLE FORMLESS FEARS *creep out from the deeper blackness of the forest. They are black, shapeless, only their glittering little eyes can be seen. If they have any describable form at all it is that of a grubworm about the size of a creeping child. They move noiselessly, but with deliberate, painful effort, striving to raise themselves on end, failing and sinking prone again.* JONES *turns about to face the forest. He stares up at the tops of the trees, seeking vainly to discover his whereabouts by their conformation.*) Can't tell nothin' from dem trees! Gorry, nothin' 'round heah look like I evah seed it befo'. I'se done lost de place sho' 'nuff! (*With mournful foreboding.*) It's mighty queer! It's mighty queer! (*With sudden forced defiance—in an angry tone.*) Woods, is you tryin' to put somethin' ovah on me? (*From the formless creatures on the ground in front of him comes a tiny gale of low mocking laughter like a rustling of leaves. They squirm upward toward him in twisted attitudes.* JONES *looks down, leaps backward with a yell of terror, yanking out his revolver as he does so—in a quavering voice.*) What's dat? Who's dar? What is you? Git away from me befo' I shoots you up! You don't?— (*He fires. There is a flash, a loud report, then silence broken only by the far-off, quickened throb of the tom-tom. The formless creatures have scurried back into the forest.* JONES *remains fixed in his position, listening intently. The sound of the shot, the reassuring feel of the revolver in his hand, have somewhat restored his shaken nerve. He addresses himself with renewed confidence.*) Dey're gone. Dat shot fix 'em. Dey was only little animals—little wild pigs, I reckon. Dey've maybe rooted out yo' grub an' eat it. Sho', you fool nigger, what you think dey is—ha'nts? (*Excitedly.*) Gorry, you give de game away when you fire dat shot. Dem niggers heah dat fo' su'tin! Time you beat it in de woods widout no long waits. (*He starts for the forest—hesitates before the plunge—then urging himself in with manful resolution.*) Git in, nigger! What you skeered at! Ain't nothin' dere but de trees! Git in! [*He plunges boldly into the forest.*]

SCENE III

SCENE: *Nine o'clock. In the forest. The moon has just risen. Its beams, drifting through the canopy of leaves, make a barely perceptible, suffused, eerie glow. A dense low wall of underbrush and creepers is in the nearer foreground, fencing in a small triangular clearing. Beyond this is the massed blackness of the forest like an encompassing barrier. A path is dimly discerned leading down to the clearing from left, rear, and winding away from it again toward the right. As the scene opens nothing can be distinctly made out. Except for the beating of the tom-tom, which is a trifle louder and quicker than in the previous scene, there is silence, broken every few seconds by a queer, clicking sound. Then gradually the figure of the negro* JEFF *can be discerned crouching on his haunches at the rear of the triangle. He is middle-aged, thin, brown in color, is dressed in a Pullman porter's uniform, cap, etc. He is throwing a pair of dice on the ground before him, picking them up, shaking them, casting them out with the regular, rigid, mechanical movements of an automaton. The heavy, plodding footsteps of some one approaching along the trail from the left are heard and* JONES'S *voice, pitched in a slightly higher key and strained in a cheering effort to overcome its own tremors.*

De moon's rizen. Does you heah dat, nigger? You gits more light from dis out. No mo' buttin' yo' fool head agin' de trunks an' scratchin' de hide off yo' legs in de bushes. Now you sees whar yo'se gwine. So cheer up! From now on you has a snap. (*He steps just to the rear of the*

triangular clearing and mops off his face on his sleeve. He has lost his Panama hat. His face is scratched, his brilliant uniform shows several large rents.) What time's it gittin' to be, I wonder? I dassent light no match to find out. Phoo'. It's wa'm an' dat's a fac'! (*Wearily.*) How long I been makin' tracks in dese woods? Must be hours an' hours. Seems like fo'evah! Yit can't be, when de moon's jes' riz. Dis am a long night fo' yo', yo' Majesty! (*With a mournful chuckle.*) Majesty. Der ain't much majesty 'bout dis baby now. (*With attempted cheerfulness.*) Never min'. It's all part o' de game. Dis night come to an end like everything else. And when you gits dar safe and has dat bank-roll in yo' hands you laughs at all dis. (*He starts to whistle but checks himself abruptly.*) What yo' whistlin' for, you po' dope! Want all de worl' to heah you? (*He stops talking to listen.*) Heah dat ole drum! Sho' gits nearer from de sound. Dey're packin' it along wid 'em. Time fo' me to move. (*He takes a step forward, then stops—worriedly.*) What's dat odder queer clicketty sound I heah? Dere it is! Sound close! Sound like—sound like— Fo' God sake, sound like some nigger was shootin' crap! (*Frightenedly.*) I better beat it quick when I gits dem notions. (*He walks quickly into the clear space—then stands transfixed as he sees* JEFF*—in a terrified gasp.*) Who dar? Who dat? Is dat you, Jeff? (*Starting toward the other, forgetful for a moment of his surroundings and really believing it is a living man that he sees—in a tone of happy relief.*) Jeff! I'se sho' mighty glad to see you! Dey tol' me you done died from dat razor cut I gives you. (*Stopping suddenly, bewilderedly.*) But how you come to be heah, nigger? (*He stares fascinatedly at the other, who continues his mechanical play with the dice.* JONES'S *eyes begin to roll wildly. He stutters.*) Ain't you gwine—look up—can't you speak to me? Is you—is you—a ha'nt? (*He jerks out his revolver in a frenzy of terrified rage.*) Nigger, I kills you dead once. Has I got to kill you agin? You take it den. (*He fires. When the smoke clears away* JEFF *has disappeared.* JONES *stands trembling—then with a certain reassurance.*) He's gone, anyway. Ha'nt or no ha'nt, dat shot fix him. (*The beat of the far-off tom-tom is perceptibly louder and more rapid.* JONES *becomes conscious of it—with a start, looking back over his shoulder.*) Dey's gittin' near! Dey's comin' fast! And heah I is shootin' shots to let 'em know jes' whar I is. Oh, Gorry, I'se got to run. [*Forgetting the path, he plunges wildly into the underbrush in the rear and disappears in the shadow.*]

SCENE IV

SCENE: *Eleven o'clock. In the forest. A wide dirt road runs diagonally from right, front, to left, rear. Rising sheer on both sides the forest walls it in. The moon is now up. Under its light the road glimmers ghastly and unreal. It is as if the forest had stood aside momentarily to let the road pass through and accomplish its veiled purpose. This done, the forest will fold in upon itself again and the road will be no more.* JONES *stumbles in from the forest on the right. His uniform is ragged and torn. He looks about him with numbed surprise when he sees the road, his eyes blinking in the bright moonlight. He flops down exhaustedly and pants heavily for a while. Then with sudden anger.*

I'm meltin' wid heat! Runnin' an' runnin' an' runnin'! Damn dis heah coat! Like a strait-jacket! (*He tears off his coat and flings it away from him, revealing himself stripped to the waist.*) Dere! Dat's better! Now I kin breathe! (*Looking down at his feet, the spurs catch his eye.*) And to hell wid dese high-fangled spurs. Dey're what's been a-trippin' me up an' breakin' my neck. (*He unstraps them and flings them away disgustedly.*) Dere! I gits rid o' dem fripperty Emperor trappin's an' I travels lighter. Lawd! I'se tired! (*After a pause, listening to the insistent beat of the tom-tom in the distance.*) I must 'a' put some distance between myself an' dem—runnin' like dat—and yit—dat damn drum sound jes' de same—nearer, even. Well, I guess I a'most holds my lead anyhow. Dey won't never catch up. (*With a sigh.*) If on'y my fool legs stands up. Oh, I'se sorry I evah went in for dis. Dat Emperor job is sho' hard to shake. (*He looks around him suspiciously.*) How'd dis road evah git heah? Good level road, too. I never remembers seein' it befo'. (*Shaking his head apprehensively.*) Dese woods is sho' full o' de queerest things at night. (*With a sudden terror.*) Lawd God, don't let me see no more o' dem ha'nts! Dey gits my goat! (*Then trying to talk himself into confidence.*) Ha'nts! You fool nigger, dey ain't no such things! Don't de Baptist parson tell you dat many time? Is you civilized, or is you like dese ign'rent black niggers heah? Sho'! Dat was all in yo' own head. Wasn't nothin' dere. Wasn't no Jeff! Know what? You jus' get seein' dem things 'cause yo' belly's

empty and you's sick wid hunger inside. Hunger 'fects yo' head and yo' eyes. Any fool know dat. (*Then pleading fervently.*) But bless God, I don't come across no more o' dem, whatever dey is! (*Then cautiously.*) Rest! Don't talk! Rest! You needs it. Den you gits on yo' way again. (*Looking at the moon.*) Night's half gone a'most. You hits de coast in de mawning! Den you'se all safe. (*From the right forward a small gang of negroes enter. They are dressed in striped convict suits, their heads are shaven, one leg drags limpingly, shackled to a heavy ball and chain. Some carry picks, the others shovels. They are followed by a white man dressed in the uniform of a prison guard. A Winchester rifle is slung across his shoulders and he carries a heavy whip. At a signal from the* GUARD *they stop on the road opposite where* JONES *is sitting.* JONES, *who has been staring up at the sky, unmindful of their noiseless approach, suddenly looks down and sees them. His eyes pop out, he tries to get to his feet and fly, but sinks back, too numbed by fright to move. His voice catches in a choking prayer.*) Lawd Jesus! (*The* PRISON GUARD *cracks his whip—noiselessly—and at that signal all the convicts start to work on the road. They swing their picks, they shovel, but not a sound comes from their labor. Their movements, like those of* JEFF *in the preceding scene, are those of automatons—rigid, slow, and mechanical. The* PRISON GUARD *points sternly at* JONES *with his whip, motions him to take his place among the other shovellers.* JONES *gets to his feet in a hypnotized stupor. He mumbles subserviently.*) Yes, suh! Yes, suh! I'se comin'. (*As he shuffles, dragging one foot, over to his place, he curses under his breath with rage and hatred.*) God damn yo' soul, I gits even wid you yit, some time. (*As if there were a shovel in his hands he goes through weary, mechanical gestures of digging up dirt and throwing it to the roadside. Suddenly the* GUARD *approaches him angrily, threateningly. He raises his whip and lashes* JONES *viciously across the shoulders with it.* JONES *winces with pain and cowers abjectly. The* GUARD *turns his back on him and walks away contemptuously. Instantly* JONES *straightens up. With arms upraised as if his shovel were a club in his hands he springs murderously at the unsuspecting* GUARD. *In the act of crashing down his shovel on the white man's skull,* JONES *suddenly becomes aware that his hands are empty. He cries despairingly.*) What's my shovel? Gimme my shovel till I splits his damn head! (*Appealing to his fellow convicts.*) Gimme a shovel, one o' you, fo' God's sake! (*They stand fixed in motionless attitudes, their eyes on the ground. The* GUARD *seems to wait expectantly, his back turned to the attacker.* JONES *bellows with baffled, terrified rage, tugging frantically at his revolver.*) I kills you, you white debil, if it's de last thing I evah does! Ghost or debil, I kill you agin! [*He frees the revolver and fires pointblank at the* GUARD'S *back. Instantly the walls of the forest close in from both sides, the road and the figures of the convict gang are blotted out in an enshrouding darkness. The only sounds are a crashing in the underbrush as* JONES *leaps away in mad flight and the throbbing of the tom-tom, still far distant, but increased in volume of sound and rapidity of beat.*]

SCENE V

SCENE: *One o'clock. A large circular clearing, enclosed by the serried ranks of gigantic trunks of tall trees whose tops are lost to view. In the center is a big dead stump worn by time into a curious resemblance to an auction-block. The moon floods the clearing with a clear light.* JONES *forces his way in through the forest on the left. He looks wildly about the clearing with hunted, fearful glances. His pants are in tatters, his shoes cut and misshapen, flapping about his feet. He slinks cautiously to the stump in the center and sits down in a tense position, ready for instant flight. Then he holds his head in his hands and rocks back and forth, moaning to himself miserably.*

Oh, Lawd, Lawd! Oh, Lawd, Lawd! (*Suddenly he throws himself on his knees and raises his clasped hands to the sky—in a voice of agonized pleading.*) Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! I'se a po' sinner, a po' sinner! I knows I done wrong, I knows it! When I cotches Jeff cheatin' wid loaded dice my anger overcomes me and I kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong! When dat guard hits me wid de whip, my anger overcomes me, and I kills him dead. Lawd, I done wrong! And down heah whar dese fool bush niggers raises me up to the seat o' de mighty, I steals all I could grab. Lawd, I done wrong! I knows it! I'se sorry! Forgive me, Lawd! Forgive dis po' sinner! (*Then beseeching terrifiedly.*) And keep dem away, Lawd! Keep dem away from me! And stop dat drum soundin' in my ears! Dat begin to sound ha'nted, too. (*He gets to his feet, evidently slightly reassured by his prayer—with attempted confidence.*) De Lawd'll preserve me from dem

ha'nts after dis. (*Sits down on the stump again.*) I ain't skeered o' real men. Let dem come. But dem odders—(*He shudders—then looks down at his feet, working his toes inside the shoes—with a groan.*) Oh, my po' feet! Dem shoes ain't no use no more 'ceptin' to hurt. I'se better off widout dem. (*He unlaces them and pulls them off—holds the wrecks of the shoes in his hands and regards them mournfully.*) You was real, A-one patin' leather, too. Look at you now. Emperor, you'se gittin' mighty low! (*He sighs dejectedly and remains with bowed shoulders, staring down at the shoes in his hands as if reluctant to throw them away. While his attention is thus occupied, a crowd of figures silently enter the clearing from all sides. All are dressed in Southern costumes of the period of the fifties of the last century. There are middle-aged men who are evidently well-to-do planters. There is one spruce, authoritative individual—the* AUCTIONEER. *There are a crowd of curious spectators, chiefly young belles and dandies who have come to the slave-market for diversion. All exchange courtly greetings in dumb show and chat silently together. There is something stiff, rigid, unreal, marionettish about their movements. They group themselves about the stump. Finally a batch of slaves are led in from the left by an attendant—three men of different ages, two women, one with a baby in her arms, nursing. They are placed to the left of the stump, beside* JONES. *The white planters look them over appraisingly as if they were cattle, and exchange judgments on each. The dandies point with their fingers and make witty remarks. The belles titter bewitchingly. All this in silence save for the ominous throb of the tom-tom. The* AUCTIONEER *holds up his hand, taking his place at the stump. The groups strain forward attentively. He touches* JONES *on the shoulder peremptorily, motioning for him to stand on the stump—the auction-block.* JONES *looks up, sees the figures on all sides, looks wildly for some opening to escape, sees none, screams, and leaps madly to the top of the stump to get as far away from them as possible. He stands there, cowering, paralyzed with horror. The* AUCTIONEER *begins his silent spiel. He points to* JONES, *appeals to the* PLANTERS *to see for themselves. Here is a good field hand, sound in wind and limb as they can see. Very strong still in spite of his being middle-aged. Look at that back. Look at those shoulders. Look at the muscles in his arms and his sturdy legs. Capable of any amount of hard labour. Moreover, of a good disposition, intelligent, and tractable. Will any gentleman start the bidding? The* PLANTERS *raise their fingers, make their bids. They are apparently all eager to possess* JONES. *The bidding is lively, the crowd interested. While this has been going on,* JONES *has been seized by the courage of desperation. He dares to look down and around him. Over his face abject terror gives way to mystification, to gradual realization—stutteringly.*) What you all doin', white folks? What's all dis? What you all lookin' at me fo'? What you doin' wid me, anyhow? (*Suddenly convulsed with raging hatred and fear.*) Is dis a auction? Is you sellin' me like dey uster befo' de war? (*Jerking out his revolver just as the* AUCTIONEER *knocks him down to one of the* PLANTERS—*glaring from him to the purchaser.*) And *you* sells me? And *you* buys me? I shows you I'se a free nigger, damn yo' souls! [*He fires at the* AUCTIONEER *and at the* PLANTER *with such rapidity that the two shots are almost simultaneous. As if this were a signal the walls of the forest fold in. Only blackness remains and silence broken by* JONES *as he rushes off, crying with fear—and by the quickened, ever-louder beat of the tom-tom.*]

SCENE VI

SCENE: *Three o'clock. A cleared space in the forest. The limbs of the trees meet over it, forming a low ceiling about five feet from the ground. The interlocked ropes of creepers reaching upward to entwine the tree-trunks give an arched appearance to the sides. The space thus enclosed is like the dark, noisome hold of some ancient vessel. The moonlight is almost completely shut out and only a vague, wan light filters through. There is the noise of some one approaching from the left, stumbling and crawling through the undergrowth.* JONES'S *voice is heard between chattering moans.*

Oh, Lawd, what I gwine do now? Ain't got no bullet left on'y de silver one. If mo' o' dem ha'nts come after me, how I gwine skeer dem away? Oh, Lawd, on'y de silver one left—an' I gotta save dat fo' luck. If I shoots dat one I'm a goner sho'! Lawd, it's black heah! Whar's de moon? Oh, Lawd, don't dis night evah come to an end? (*By the sounds, he is feeling his way cautiously forward.*) Dere! Dis feels like a clear space. I gotta lie down an' rest. I don't care if dem niggers does cotch me. I gotta rest. [*He is well forward now where his figure can be dimly made out. His pants have been so torn away that what is left of them is no better than a breech-cloth. He*

flings himself full length, face downward, on the ground, panting with exhaustion. Gradually it seems to grow lighter in the enclosed space and two rows of seated figures can be seen behind JONES. *They are sitting in crumpled, despairing attitudes, hunched, facing one another with their backs touching the forest walls as if they were shackled to them. All are negroes, naked save for loin-cloths. At first they are silent and motionless. Then they begin to sway slowly forward toward each other and back again in unison, as if they were laxly letting themselves follow the long roll of a ship at sea. At the same time, a low, melancholy murmur rises among them, increasing gradually by rhythmic degrees which seem to be directed and controlled by the throb of the tom-tom in the distance, to a long, tremulous wail of despair that reaches a certain pitch, unbearably acute, then falls by slow gradations of tone into silence and is taken up again.* JONES *starts, looks up, sees the figures, and throws himself down again to shut out the sight. A shudder of terror shakes his whole body as the wail rises up about him again. But the next time, his voice, as if under some uncanny compulsion, starts with the others. As their chorus lifts he rises to a sitting posture similar to the others, swaying back and forth. His voice reaches the highest pitch of sorrow, of desolation. The light fades out, the other voices cease, and only darkness is left.* JONES *can be heard scrambling to his feet and running off, his voice sinking down the scale and receding as he moves farther and farther away in the forest. The tom-tom beats louder, quicker, with a more insistent, triumphant pulsation.*]

SCENE VII

SCENE: *Five o'clock. The foot of a gigantic tree by the edge of a great river. A rough structure of boulders, like an altar, is by the tree. The raised river-bank is in the nearer background. Beyond this the surface of the river spreads out, brilliant and unruffled in the moonlight, blotted out and merged into a veil of bluish mist in the distance.* JONES'S *voice is heard from the left rising and falling in the long, despairing wail of the chained slaves, to the rhythmic beat of the tom-tom. As his voice sinks into silence, he enters the open space. The expression of his face is fixed and stony, his eyes have an obsessed glare, he moves with a strange deliberation like a sleep-walker or one in a trance. He looks around at the tree, the rough stone altar, the moonlit surface of the river beyond, and passes his hand over his head with a vague gesture of puzzled bewilderment. Then, as if in obedience to some obscure impulse, he sinks into a kneeling, devotional posture before the altar. Then he seems to come to himself partly, to have an uncertain realization of what he is doing, for he straightens up and stares about him horrifiedly—in an incoherent mumble.*

What—what is I doin'? What is—dis place? Seems like—seems like I know dat tree—an' dem stones—an' de river. I remember—seems like I been heah befo'. (*Tremblingly.*) Oh, Gorry, I'se skeered in dis place! I'se skeered! Oh, Lawd, pertect dis sinner! (*Crawling away from the altar, he cowers close to the ground, his face hidden, his shoulders heaving with sobs of hysterical fright. From behind the trunk of the tree, as if he had sprung out of it, the figure of the* CONGO WITCH-DOCTOR *appears. He is wizened and old, naked except for the fur of some small animal tied about his waist, its bushy tail hanging down in front. His body is stained all over a bright red. Antelope horns are on each side of his head, branching upward. In one hand he carries a bone rattle, in the other a charm stick with a bunch of white cockatoo feathers tied to the end. A great number of glass beads and bone ornaments are about his neck, ears, wrists, and ankles. He struts noiselessly with a queer prancing step to a position in the clear ground between* JONES *and the altar. Then with a preliminary, summoning stamp of his foot on the earth, he begins to dance and to chant. As if in response to his summons the beating of the tom-tom grows to a fierce, exultant boom whose throbs seem to fill the air with vibrating rhythm.* JONES *looks up, starts to spring to his feet, reaches a half-kneeling, half-squatting position, and remains rigidly fixed there, paralyzed with awed fascination by this new apparition. The* WITCH-DOCTOR *sways, stamping with his foot, his bone rattle clicking the time. His voice rises and falls in a weird, monotonous croon, without articulate word divisions. Gradually his dance becomes clearly one of a narrative in pantomime, his croon is an incantation, a charm to allay the fierceness of some implacable deity demanding sacrifice. He flees, he is pursued by devils, he hides, he flees again. Ever wilder and wilder becomes his flight, nearer and nearer draws the pursuing evil, more and more the spirit of terror gains possession of him. His croon, rising to intensity, is punctuated by shrill cries.* JONES *has become completely hypnotized. His voice joins in the incantation, in the cries, he beats time with his hands and sways his body to and fro from the waist. The whole spirit and meaning of the dance ha*

entered into him, has become his spirit. Finally the theme of the pantomime halts on a howl of despair, and is taken up again in a note of savage hope. There is a salvation. The forces of evil demand sacrifice. They must be appeased. The WITCH-DOCTOR *points with his wand to the sacred tree, to the river beyond, to the altar, and finally to* JONES *with a ferocious command.* JONES *seems to sense the meaning of this. It is he who must offer himself for sacrifice. He beats his forehead abjectly to the ground, moaning hysterically.*) Mercy, oh, Lawd! Mercy! Mercy on dis po' sinner. (*The* WITCH-DOCTOR *springs to the river-bank. He stretches out his arms and calls to some God within its depths. Then he starts backward slowly, his arms remaining out. A huge head of a crocodile appears over the bank and its eyes, glittering greenly, fasten upon* JONES. *He stares into them fascinatedly. The* WITCH-DOCTOR *prances up to him, touches him with his wand, motions with hideous command toward the waiting monster.* JONES *squirms on his belly nearer and nearer, moaning continually.*) Mercy, Lawd! Mercy! (*The crocodile heaves more of his enormous hulk onto the land.* JONES *squirms toward him. The* WITCH-DOCTOR'S *voice shrills out in furious exultation, the tom-tom beats madly.* JONES *cries out in a fierce, exhausted spasm of anguished pleading.*) Lawd, save me! Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! (*Immediately, in answer to his prayer, comes the thought of the one bullet left him. He snatches at his hip, shouting defiantly.*) De silver bullet! You don't git me yit! [*He fires at the green eyes in front of him. The head of the crocodile sinks back behind the river-bank, the* WITCH-DOCTOR *springs behind the sacred tree and disappears.* JONES *lies with his face to the ground, his arms outstretched, whimpering with fear as the throb of the tom-tom fills the silence about him with a somber pulsation, a baffled but revengeful power.*]

SCENE VIII

SCENE: *Dawn. Same as Scene II, the dividing line of forest and plain. The nearest tree-trunks are dimly revealed, but the forest behind them is still a mass of glooming shadow. The tom-tom seems on the very spot, so loud and continuously vibrating are its beats.* LEM *enters from the left, followed by a small squad of his soldiers and by the Cockney trader,* SMITHERS. LEM *is a heavy-set, ape-faced old savage of the extreme African type, dressed only in a loin-cloth. A revolver and cartridge-belt are about his waist. His soldiers are in different degrees of rag-concealed nakedness. All wear broad palm-leaf hats. Each one carries a rifle.* SMITHERS *is the same as in Scene I. One of the soldiers, evidently a tracker, is peering about keenly on the ground. He grunts and points to the spot where* JONES *entered the forest.* LEM *and* SMITHERS *come to look.*

SMITHERS (*after a glance, turns away in disgust*)—That's where 'e went in right enough. Much good it'll do yer. 'E's miles orf by this an' safe to the coast, damn 's 'ide! I tole yer yer'd lose 'im, didn't I?—wastin' the 'ole bloomin' night beatin' yer bloody drum and castin' yer silly spells! Gawd blimey, wot a pack!

LEM (*gutturally*)—We cotch him. You see. [*He makes a motion to his soldiers, who squat down on their haunches in a semicircle.*]

SMITHERS (*exasperatedly*)—Well, ain't yer goin' in an' 'unt 'im in the woods? What the 'ell's the good of waitin'?

LEM (*imperturbably—squatting down himself*)—We cotch him.

SMITHERS (*turning away from him contemptuously*)—Aw! Garn! 'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together. I 'ates the sight o' 'im, but I'll say that for 'im. [*A sound of snapping twigs comes from the forest. The soldiers jump to their feet, cocking their rifles alertly.* LEM *remains sitting with an imperturbable expression, but listening intently. The sound from the woods is repeated.* LEM *makes a quick signal with his hand. His followers creep quickly but noiselessly into the forest, scattering so that each enters at a different spot.*]

SMITHERS (*in the silence that follows—in a contemptuous whisper*)—You ain't thinkin' that would be 'im, I 'ope?

LEM (*calmly*)—We cotch him.

SMITHERS—Blarsted fat 'eads! (*Then after a second's thought—wonderingly.*) Still an' all, it might 'appen. If 'e lost 'is bloody way in these stinkin' woods 'e'd likely turn in a circle without 'is knowin' it. They all does.

LEM (*peremptorily*)—Sssh! (*The reports of several rifles sound from the forest, followed a second later by savage, exultant yells. The beating of the tom-tom abruptly ceases.* LEM *looks up at the white man with a grin of satisfaction.*) We cotch him. Him dead.

SMITHERS (*with a snarl*)—'Ow d'yer know it's 'im an' 'ow d'yer know 'e's dead?

LEM—My mens dey got 'um silver bullets. Dey kill him shore.

SMITHERS (*astonished*)—They got silver bullets?

LEM—Lead bullet no kill him. He got um strong charm. I cook um money, make um silver bullet, make um strong charm, too.

SMITHERS (*light breaking upon him*)—So that's wot you was up to all night, wot? You was scared to put after 'im till you'd moulded silver bullets, eh?

LEM (*simply stating a fact*)—Yes. Him got strong charm. Lead no good.

SMITHERS (*slapping his thigh and guffawing*)—Haw-haw! If yer don't beat all 'ell! (*Then recovering himself—scornfully.*) I'll bet yer it ain't 'im they shot at all, yer bleedin' looney!

LEM (*calmly*)—Dey come bring him now. (*The soldiers come out of the forest, carrying* JONES'S *limp body. There is a little reddish-purple hole under his left breast. He is dead. They carry him to* LEM, *who examines his body with great satisfaction.* SMITHERS *leans over his shoulder—in a tone of frightened awe.*]

SMITHERS—Well, they did for yer right enough, Jonesey, me lad! Dead as a 'erring! (*Mockingly.*) Where's yer 'igh an' mighty airs now, yer bloomin' Majesty? (*Then with a grin.*) Silver bullets! Gawd blimey, but yer died in the 'eighth o' style, any'ow! (LEM *makes a motion to the soldiers to carry the body out left.* SMITHERS *speaks to him sneeringly.*) And I s'pose you think it's yer bleedin' charms and yer silly beatin' the drum that made 'im run in a circle when 'e'd lost 'imself, don't yer? (*But* LEM *makes no reply, does not seem to hear the question, walks out left after his men.* SMITHERS *looks after him with contemptuous scorn.*) Stupid as 'ogs, the lot of 'em! Blarsted niggers!

CURTAIN

A Roundelay to Sorrow

By JOHN KEATS

J. Keats.

O SORROW!
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—
To give maiden blushes
To the white rose bushes?
Or is't thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—
To give the glow-worm light?
Or, on a moonless night,
To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spray?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

O Sorrow!
Why dost borrow
Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?—
A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,
Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
Nor any drooping flower
Held sacred for thy bower,
Wherever he may sport himself and play.

To Sorrow
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind:
I would deceive her
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

(*Endymion*)

What Men Read 2500 Years Ago

A Literary Cross-Section of the World Library: 1000-750 B.C.

In this third group of man's expression in literature all over the world, we find Egypt losing its power and significance under the feeble rulers of the Libyan period; Assyria was becoming the dominant world-power, but, vigorous as are some of the inscriptions, its colossal force seems to have gone more into conquest, into building and unforgettable sculpture, than into letters; the Hebrew poets were singing of the Exodus, and of man's physical communion with God; Indian mystics were setting down the Upanishads; and Ancient Armenia was in its period of greatness.

But transcending anything that had been, and surely most of what was to come, the Greek mind burst into flower in those deathless epics of Homer, which preluded a literature vitally affecting the thought of all civilized men down to our own time.

What difference does it make whether a man named Homer ever lived, or ever wrote the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"?

Some huge personality was stirred to song by those old tales of Hellas; and now, to-day, amid our movies and tabloids and radio impertinences, there are millions of men and women who have felt their imaginations quicken, their spirit soar into the upper levels from which one sees contemporary life in true perspective,—as they caught, even in translation, the cosmic sweep of those ocean-surges of song:

"So, gladly from the songs of modern speech,
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on a western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey." (LANG.)

ANY'S ADVICE TO HIS SON ON DRINKING

Drink not beer to excess! That which cometh forth from thy mouth thou canst no longer speak. Thou fallest down, thou breakest thy limbs, and none stretcheth out a hand to thee. Thy companions drink on; they arise and say, "Away with this one who hath drunken." When one cometh to seek thee, to seek counsel of thee, he findeth thee lying in the dust like a little child. *Maxims of Any.* (ERWAN).

WHEN ISHTAR PASSED THROUGH THE SEVEN GATES

To the land of Hades, the region of her desire,
Ishtar, daughter of the Moon-god San, turned her mind,
And the daughter of San fixed her mind to go there:
To the house where all meet: the dwelling of the god Irkalla:
To the house men enter, but cannot depart from:
To the road men go, but cannot return,
The abode of darkness and famine,
Where earth is their food: their nourishment clay:
Light is not seen: in darkness they dwell;
Ghosts like birds, flutter their wings there
On the door and gate posts the dust lies undisturbed.

When Isthar arrived at the gate of Hades,
To the keeper of the door she spoke a word:
"O keeper of the entrance! Open thy gate!

"Open they gate! I say again, that I may enter!
"If thou openest not thy gate, and I enter not . . .
"I will attack the entrance: I will split open the portals:
"I will raise the dead to be the devourers of the living.
"Upon the living the dead shall prey."

The Porter entered and said to Nin-ki-gal (Proserpine):
"These curses thy sister Ishtar utters,
"Blaspheming thee with great curses."
When Nin-ki-gal heard this . . .
She grew pale, like a flower that is cut off,
She trembled like the stem of a reed:
"I will cure her rage," she said, "I will cure her fury:
"These curses I will repay to her!
"Light up consuming flames! Light up blazing straw!"
"Let her groan with the husbands who deserted their wives!
"Let her groan with the wives who departed from their husbands' side!"

After that Mother Ishtar had descended into Hades (*and suffered the indignity of having all her ornaments and clothing removed as the price of entrance*).

Nin-ki-gal saw her and derided her to her face.
Ishtar lost her reason; and heaped curses upon her.

From a Babylonian Tablet of about 900 B. C. (TALBOT).

RETURN OF THE GODDESS OF LOVE

Nin-ki-gal opened her mouth and spoke. . .
"Pour out for Ishtar the waters of life, and let her depart from my dominions!"
Then the first gate let her forth, and restored to her the first garment of her body.
The second gate let her forth and restored to her the diamonds of her hands and feet.
The third gate let her forth and restored to her the emerald girdle of her waist.
The fourth gate let her forth and restored to her the lovely gems of her forehead.
The fifth gate let her forth and restored to her the precious stones of her head.
The sixth gate let her forth and restored to her the earrings of her ears.
The seventh gate let her forth and restored to her the great crown on her head.

(TALBOT).

THE CONQUEROR BEFORE THE GODDESS

I am Assur-nasir-pal the distressed, who fears thee,
Who seizes the shawl of thy divinity, praying unto thy royal person.
Look upon me, for I would implore thy divinity.
Since thou art enraged, have mercy upon me, may thy soul be appeased.
May grace strengthen thy heart towards me.
Cause my sickness to depart and remove my sin.
By thy command, O queen, may repose fall upon me.
Cause my sickness to depart and remove my sin,
By thy command, O queen, may repose fall upon me.
The priest-king, thy favourite, who is changeless ever.
Have mercy toward him and cut off his misery. . . . (LANGDON).

THE WHIRLWIND'S SON

I am Shalmaneser, King of multitudes of men, prince and hero of Assur, the strong King, King of all the four zones of the Sun, and of multitudes of men, the marcher over the whole world; son of Assur-nasir-pal, the supreme hero, who made good his heroism over the gods and caused all the world to kiss his feet; the noble offspring of Tiglath-Adar who laid his yoke upon all lands hostile to him, and swept them like a whirlwind.

Black Obelisk of Shalmaneser II, 823 B. C. (SAYCE).

A Hindu Version of the Deluge

One morning water was brought to Manu to wash with; and when he had washed, a fish remained in his hands; and it addressed these words to him: "Protect me and I will save thee." "From what wilt thou save me?" "A deluge will carry off all creatures; it is that from which I will save thee." "How shall I protect thee?" The fish answered: "So long as we are small, we live in great danger; for fish swallows fish; keep me at first in a vessel. When I am too large for that, hollow out a basin to put me in. When I have become still larger, carry me to the Ocean. Thus I shall be preserved from destruction." Very soon it grew to be a large fish. It said to Manu: "In the very year when I shall have attained my full growth the deluge will overtake us. Build then a vessel and worship me. When the waters rise, enter into this vessel and I will save thee."

After having thus kept him, Manu carried the fish to the Ocean, in the year which it had indicated, and built a vessel, and worshipped the fish; and when the deluge came he entered into the vessel. Then the fish came swimming toward him, and Manu fastened the cable of the vessel to the fish's horn, and by this means the fish caused him to pass over the Mountain of the North. The fish said: "I have saved thee; fasten the vessel to a tree, that the water may not carry it away while thou art upon the mountain; as the waters fall, thou shalt descend."

Manu descended with the water, and that is called the Descent of Manu on the Mountain of the North. The deluge had carried away every creature, and only Manu remained.

The Catapatha Brahmana of the White Yajur Veda, about 1000 B. C. (Müller).

The Elusive Self

Fetch me from thence a fruit of the Nyagrodha (fig) tree.
Here is one, Sir.
Break it.
It is broken, Sir.
What do you see there?
These seeds, almost infinitesimal.
Break one of them.
It is broken, Sir.
What do you see there?
Not anything, Sir.

The father said: "My son, that subtile essence which you do not perceive there, of that very essence this great Nyagrodha tree exists . . . It is the True. It is the self, and thou, O Svetaketu, art it." *From the Upanishads (Confidential Sessions), about 1000 B. C.* (Müller).

The Curse of the Vannic King

Argistis
the son of Menuas
says: Whoever
carries away this tablet,
whoever removes my name.
whoever brings this to the earth,
or pretends it is the work of another person,
whoever else
pretends: "I have made it,"
. . . . . .
as for that person may Khaldis,
Teisbas and Ardinis, the gods,
him with curses
four times four, publicly the name
of him, the family
of him, and the city
of him, to fire
and water consign. *A Tablet in Vannic (Ancient Armenian) of early 8th Century B. C.* (Sayce).

Prohibition in Ancient China

(*This is a compilation of sentences from the proclamation issued by King Ch'êng, second emperor of China under the feudal system, perhaps 1000-1100 B. C.*).

Thus saith the King:—"Make known these important commands in the State of Mei.

"When our great and good father, King Wên, laid the foundations of our empire in the west, daily and nightly he warned his officials, saying, 'For sacrifice you may use wine.' And whenever God has favoured the people, it has been because wine was in use only at the great sacrifices. But whenever God has sent down His terrors, and the people have become disorganized and lost their moral balance, this has always been due to indulgence in wine. So, too, when States, small and great alike, have similarly suffered, misuse of wine has always been the cause of their downfall.

"Hearken then, to these instructions, all you high officers and others! When you have done your duty in ministering to your parents and serving your sovereign, then you may drink and eat till you are tipsy and replete. Again, when after constant examination and a course of virtuous conduct you have ministered with sacrifices to the spirits, then you may proceed to indulge yourselves with festivity. Thus you will be serving your sovereign, God will approve of your great virtue, and you will never be forgotten by the royal House.

"The drunkenness of the last ruler of the House of Yin, and of his creatures, caused the resentment of the people to be heard on high; and God sent down calamity on Yin because of these excesses. God is not cruel; people bring punishment on themselves.

"It is not a pleasure to me to issue these numerous commands. The ancients had a saying, 'A man should not seek to see himself in water, but as reflected in other people.' Ought we not then to look back to the House of Yin, which has now perished, in order to secure repose for our own times?

"If persons congregate together to drink, let them all be seized and sent to me at the capital; I will put them to death. Those officers of the House of Yin who have always been accustomed to drink may be exempted from this penalty. Let them be taught; and then, if they obey, they may be allowed to enjoy distinction. Otherwise, I will show no pity."

(Herbert A. Giles).

Anxiety of a Young Lady to Get Married

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough:
Only seven-tenths left there now!
Ye whose hearts on me are set,
Now the time is fortunate!

Ripe, the plums fall from the bough;
Only three-tenths left there now!
Ye who wish my love to gain,
Will not now apply in vain!

No more plums upon the bough!
All are in my basket now!
Ye who me with ardor seek,
Need the word but freely speak!

The Shi-King, or Book of Odes. (Legge).

The Red Sea Triumph Song

I will sing unto Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously:
The horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.

. . . . . .

Jehovah is a man of war: Jehovah is his name.
Pharaoh's chariots and his host hath he cast into the sea.

. . . . . .

The deeps cover them:
They went down into the depths like a stone.
Thy right hand, O Lord, is glorious in power.

Thy right hand, O Jehovah, dasheth in pieces the enemy.
And in the greatness of thine excellency thou overthrowest them
that rise up against thee:
Thou sendest forth thy wrath, it consumeth them as stubble.
And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were piled up,
The floods stood upright as a heap:
The deeps were congealed in the heart of the sea.
The enemy said,
I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil:
. . . . . .
Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them:
They sank as lead in the mighty waters.
Who is like unto thee, O Jehovah, among the gods?
Who is like thee, glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises, doing wonders? (EXODUS).

THE MOST DRAMATIC STORY IN LITERATURE

And when he (Elijah) saw that he arose and went for his life, and came to Beersheba, which belongeth to Judah, and left his servant there. But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a juniper tree. .

And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, "Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee." And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that food forty days and forty nights unto Horeb, the mount of God.

And he came thither unto a cave, and lodged there; and, behold, the word of the Lord came to him, and he said unto him, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

And he said, "I have been very jealous for the Lord, the God of hosts; for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword. And I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

And he said, "Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord."

And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. (I KINGS).

THE SWALLOW SONG

(*Sung by the boys of Rhodes, going from house to house, celebrating the return of Spring. Before Homer*).

She is here, she is here, the swallow!
Fair seasons bringing, fair years to follow!
Her belly is white,
Her back black as night!
From your rich house
Roll forth to us
Tarts, wine, and cheese:
Or if not these,
Oatmeal and barley-cake
The swallow deigns to take.
What shall we have? or must we hence away?
Thanks if you give; if not, we'll make you pay!
The house-door hence we'll carry;
Nor shall the lintel tarry;
From hearth and home your wife we'll rob,
She is so small
To take her off will be an easy job!
Whate'er you give, give largess free!
Up! open, open to the swallow's call!
No grave old men, but merry children we! (SYMONDS).

Hymn to Aphrodite

I sing of the revered Aphrodite, the golden crowned, the beautiful, who hath for her portion the mountain crests of sea-girt Cypres. Thither the strength of the west wind moistly blowing carried her amid soft foam over the waves of the resounding sea. Her did the golden-snooded Hours gladly welcome, and clad her about in immortal raiment, and on her deathless head set a well-wrought crown, fair and golden. . . . Anon when they had thus adorned her in all goodliness they led her to the Immortals, who gave her greeting when they beheld her, and welcomed her with their hands, and each god prayed that he might lead her home to be his wedded wife, so much they marvelled at the beauty of the fair-garlanded Cytherean. *Homeric Hymns.* (Lang).

Hesiod's Opinion of His Native Town

Ascra, in winter vile; most villainous
In summer, and at no time glorious. Hesiod, *about 800 B. C.*

Out of the Maw of Charybdis

"But when I had come down to the ship and to the sea, I went up to my companions and rebuked them one by one; but we could find no remedy, the cattle were dead and gone. And soon thereafter the gods showed forth signs and wonders to my company. The skins were creeping, and the flesh bellowing upon the spits, both the roasts and raw, and there was a sound as the voice of kine.

"Then for six days my dear company feasted on the best of the kine of Helios which they had driven off. But when Zeus, son of Cronos, had added the seventh day thereto, thereafter the wind ceased to blow with a rushing storm, and at once we climbed the ship and launched into the broad deep, when we had set up the mast and hoisted the white sails.

"But now when we left that isle nor any other land appeared, but sky and sea only, even then the son of Cronos stayed a dark cloud above the hollow ship, and beneath it the deep darkened. And the ship ran on her way for no long while, for of a sudden came the shrilling West, with the rushing of a great tempest, and the blast of wind snapped the two forestays of the mast, and the mast fell backward and all the gear dropped into the bilge. And behold, on the hind part of the ship the mast struck the head of the pilot and brake all the bones of his skull together, and like a diver he dropt down from the deck, and his brave spirit left his bones. In that same hour Zeus thundered and cast his bolt upon the ship, and she reeled all over, being stricken by the bolt of Zeus, and was filled with sulphur, and lo, my company fell from out the vessel. Like sea-gulls they were borne round the black ship upon the billows, and the god reft them of returning.

"But I kept pacing through my ship, till the surge loosened the sides from the keel, and the wave swept her along stript of her tackling, and brake her mast clean off at the keel. Now the backstay fashioned of an oxhide had been flung thereon; therewith I lashed together both keel and mast, and sitting thereon I was borne by the ruinous winds.

"Then verily the West Wind ceased to blow with a rushing storm, and swiftly withal the South Wind came, bringing sorrow to my soul, that so I might again measure back that space of sea, the way to deadly Charybdis. All the night was I borne, but with the rising of the sun I came to the rock of Scylla, and to dread Charybdis. Now she had sucked down her salt sea water, when I was swung up on high to the tall fig-tree whereto I clung like a bat, and could find no sure rest for my feet nor place to stand, for the roots spread far below and the branches hung aloft out of reach, long and large, and overshadowed Charybdis. Steadfast I clung till she should spew forth mast and keel again; and late they came to my desire. At the hour when a man rises up from the assembly and goes to supper, one who judges the many quarrels of the young men that seek to him for law, at that same hour those timbers came forth to view from out Charybdis. And I let myself drop down hands and feet, and plunged heavily in the midst of the waters beyond the long timbers, and sitting on these I rowed hard with my hands. But the father of gods and of men suffered me no more to behold Scylla, else I should never have escaped from utter doom.

"Thence for nine days was I borne, and on the tenth night the gods brought me nigh to the isle of Ogygia, where dwells Calypso of the braided tresses, an awful goddess of mortal speech, who took me in and entreated me kindly." Homer's "Odyssey." (Lang).

The Consul

By W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

MR. PETE was in a state of the liveliest exasperation. He had been in the consular service for more than twenty years and he had had to deal with all manner of vexatious people, officials who would not listen to reason, merchants who took the British Government for a debt-collecting agency, missionaries who resented as gross injustice any attempt at fair play; but he never recollected a case which had left him more completely at a loss. He was a mild-mannered man, but for no reason he flew into a passion with his writer, and he very nearly sacked the Eurasian clerk because he had wrongly spelt two words in a letter placed before him for his official signature. He was a conscientious man and he could not persuade himself to leave his office before the clock struck four, but the moment it did he jumped up and called for his hat and stick. Because his boy did not bring them at once he abused him roundly. They say that the consuls all grow a little odd; and the merchants who can live for thirty-five years in China without learning enough of the language to ask their way in the street, say that it is because they have to study Chinese; and there was no doubt that Mr. Pete was decidedly odd. He was a bachelor and on that account had been sent to a series of posts which by reason of their isolation were thought unsuited to married men. He had lived so much alone that his natural tendency to eccentricity had developed to an extravagant degree, and he had habits which surprised the stranger. He was very absent-minded. He paid no attention to his house, which was always in great disorder, nor to his food; his boys gave him to eat what they liked, and for everything he had made him pay through the nose. He was untiring in his efforts to suppress the opium traffic, but he was the only person in the city who did not know that his servants kept opium in the consulate itself, and a busy traffic in the drug was openly conducted at the back door of the compound. He was an ardent collector, and the house provided for him by the government was filled with the various things which he had collected one after the other—pewter, brass, carved wood; these were his more legitimate enterprises; but he also collected stamps, birds' eggs, hotel labels, and postmarks: he boasted that he had a collection of postmarks which was unequalled in the Empire. During his long sojourning in lonely places he had read a great deal, and though he was no sinologue he had a greater knowledge of China, its history, literature, and people, than most of his colleagues; but from his wide reading he had acquired not toleration but vanity. He was a man of a singular appearance. His body was small and frail, and when he walked he gave you the idea of a dead leaf dancing before the wind; and then there was something extraordinarily odd in the small Tyrolese hat, with a cock's feather in it, very old and shabby, which he wore perched rakishly on the side of his large head. He was exceedingly bald. You saw that his eyes, blue and pale, were weak behind the spectacles, and a drooping, ragged, dingy mustache did not hide the peevishness of his mouth. And now, turning out of the street in which was the consulate, he made his way on to the city wall, for there only in the multitudinous city was it possible to walk with comfort.

He was a man who took his work hardly, worrying himself to death over every trifle, but as a rule a walk on the wall soothed and rested him. The city stood in the midst of a great plain and often at sundown from the wall you could see in the distance the snow-capped mountains, the

mountains of Tibet; but now he walked quickly, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and his fat spaniel frisked about him unobserved. He talked to himself rapidly in a low monotone. The cause of his irritation was a visit that he had that day received from a lady who called herself Mrs. Yü, and whom he with a consular passion for precision insisted on calling Miss Lambert. This in itself sufficed to deprive their intercourse of amenity. She was an Englishwoman married to a Chinese. She had arrived two years before with her husband from England where he had been studying at the University of London; he had made her believe that he was a great personage in his own country, and she had imagined herself to be coming to a gorgeous palace and a position of consequence. It was a bitter surprize when she found herself brought to a shabby Chinese house crowded with people: there was not even a foreign bed in it, nor a knife and fork: everything seemed to her very dirty and smelly. It was a shock to find that she had to live with her husband's father and mother, and he told her that she must do exactly what his mother bade her; but in her complete ignorance of Chinese it was not till she had been two or three days in the house that she realized that she was not her husband's only wife. He had been married as a boy before he left his native city to acquire the knowledge of the barbarians. When she bitterly upbraided him for deceiving her, he shrugged his shoulders. There was nothing to prevent a Chinese from having two wives if he wanted them and, he added with some disregard to truth, no Chinese woman looked upon it as a hardship. It was upon making this discovery that she paid her first visit to the consul. He had already heard of her arrival—in China every one knows everything about every one—and he received her without surprize. Nor had he much sympathy to show her. That a foreign woman should marry a Chinese at all filled him with indignation, but that she should do so without making proper inquiries vexed him like a personal affront. She was not at all the sort of woman whose appearance led you to imagine that she would be guilty of such a folly. She was a solid, thick-set, young person, short, plain, and matter-of-fact. She was cheaply dressed in a tailor-made suit, and she wore a Tam-o'-shanter. She had bad teeth and a muddy skin. Her hands were large and red and ill-cared for. You could tell that she was not unused to hard work. She spoke English with a Cockney whine.

"How did you meet Mr. Yü?" asked the consul frigidly.

"Well, you see, it's like this," she answered. "Dad was in a very good position, and when he died mother said: 'Well, it seems a sinful waste to keep all these rooms empty, I'll put a card in the window.'"

The consul interrupted her.

"He had lodgings with you?"

"Well, they weren't exactly lodgings," she said.

"Shall we say apartments then?" replied the consul, with his thin, slightly vain smile.

That was generally the explanation of these marriages. Then because he thought her a very foolish, vulgar woman, he explained bluntly that according to English law she was not married to Yü, and that the best thing she could do was to go back to England at once. She began to cry and his heart softened a little to her. He promised to put her in charge of some missionary ladies who would look after her on the long journey, and indeed, if she liked, he would see if meanwhile she could not live in one of the missions. But while he talked Miss Lambert dried her tears.

"What's the good of going back to England?" she said at last. "I 'aven't got nowhere to go to."

"You can go to your mother."

"She was all against my marrying Mr. Yü. I should never hear the last of it if I was to go back now."

The consul began to argue with her, but the more he argued the more determined she became, and at last he lost his temper.

"If you like to stay here with a man who isn't your husband, it's your own lookout, but I wash my hands of all responsibility."

Her retort had often rankled.

"Then you've got no cause to worry," she said, and the look on her face returned to him whenever he thought of her.

That was two years ago and he had seen her once or twice since then. It appeared that she got on very badly both with her mother-in-law and with her husband's other wife, and she had come to the consul with preposterous questions about her rights according to Chinese law. He repeated his offer to get her away, but she remained steadfast in her refusal to go, and their interview always ended in the consul's flying into a passion. He was almost inclined to pity the rascally Yü who had to keep the peace between three warring women. According to his English wife's account he was not

unkind to her. He tried to act fairly by both his wives. Miss Lambert did not improve. The consul knew that ordinarily she wore Chinese clothes, but when she came to see him she put on European dress. She was become extremely blowsy. Her health suffered from the Chinese food she ate and she was beginning to look wretchedly ill. But really he was shocked when she had been shown into his office that day. She wore no hat and her hair was dishevelled. She was in a highly hysterical state.

"They're trying to poison me," she screamed, and she put before him a bowl of some foul-smelling food. "It's poisoned," she said. "I've been ill for the last ten days, it's only by a miracle I've escaped."

She gave him a long story, circumstantial and probable enough to convince him: after all nothing was more likely than that the Chinese women should use familiar methods to get rid of an intruder who was hateful to them.

"Do they know you've come here?"

"Of course they do; I told them I was going to show them up."

Now at last was the moment for decisive action. The consul looked at her in his most official manner.

"Well, you must never go back there. I refuse to put up with your nonsense any longer. I insist on your leaving this man who isn't your husband."

But he found himself helpless against the woman's insane obstinacy. He repeated all the arguments he had used so often, but she would not listen, and as usual he lost his temper. It was then, in answer to his final, desperate question, that she had made the remark which had entirely robbed him of his calm.

"But what on earth makes you stay with the man?" he cried.

She hesitated for a moment and a curious look came into her eyes.

"There's something in the way his hair grows on his forehead that I can't help liking," she answered.

The consul had never heard anything so outrageous. It really was the last straw. And now while he strode along, trying to walk off his anger, though he was not a man who often used bad language, he really could not restrain himself, and he said fiercely:

"Women are simply bloody."

The Secret Land

By YUAN MEI

Translated by L. Cranmer-Byng

THE flower fairies bring
Their playmate Spring,
But the Spring goes
And takes no rose.
She breaks all hearts
To incense and departs.

The river fain would keep
One cloud upon its breast
Of the twilight flocks that sweep
Like red flamingoes fading west,
Away, away,
To build beyond the day.

Give me the green gloom of a lofty tree,
Leaf and bough to shutter and bar
My dream of the world that ought to be
From the drifting ghosts of the things that are.

Mine is a secret land where Spring
And sunset clouds cease wandering.

What *Was* She to Think?

By STACY AUMONIER

MURIEL UPWEY was surely as perfect a wife as man could desire. She was young, pretty and docile. She had about her that air of helpless dependence which all men sneakingly value above all womanly virtues. Her husband, Sam, owned a timber works just outside Tibbelsford. He was a bearded man, considerably her senior, and of a stern and upright character. He left home at nine o'clock every morning and returned at six in the evening. His slippers and his pipe, and his supper were always ready for him, and during the evening Muriel would sit in rapt adoration whilst he talked about timber and religion. For he was a very religious man. They went to church twice every Sunday, and every evening he read out aloud a chapter of the Bible before going to bed. He did not read very well, having some defect in the cavity of his mouth, which caused him to whistle some words and mumble others, but Muriel sat enchanted. The next day she would call on some friend and talk about timber, and lay great stress on how the world needed religion, and what a noble and fine character was her husband. The themes might possibly have bored the neighbours except that Tibbelsford is rather a dull town, and a chat with any one is always welcome. Besides, one is not bound to pay too much attention. One can lie in wait, and at the first opportunity pounce upon the situation and tell about what an exciting affair it was at the Poulteney Jones' lantern lecture on Belgian churches, or dilate upon that new face cream that Laura was recommended by the wife of a man who came to make an estimate for repapering the drawing-room. Fair's fair. Even timber has its limitations of interest. Even the Bible you can have too much of. There *are* other men in the world besides Sam Upwey. Nevertheless, Muriel was very much liked, as the helpless and yielding always are. Does it not say somewhere, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth?"

Sometimes she would visit the timber works and stare reverently at the great piles of timber, and listen to the saw mills at work. They make a lovely screaming whirr with a jolly plonk at the end which meant that more wood was sawn up. It was a grateful and satisfying sound—things being done, needs being supplied, Sam being enriched. And at night she would dream of timber and of great forests with wolves darting about amongst the trees. And she would be frightened, and then Sam would appear, and would look so strong and his beard look so fierce that all the wolves would run away, and she would feel frightened no longer. Indeed, so impressive would he be that she would not like even to mention the wolves. He would roll up his sleeves and say: "Watch me. I am going to chop down all these trees, all the trees in the world. You must understand, my dear, that throughout all time wood has always been the greatest friend to man. It has protected him, warmed him, and adorned his habitations."

And lo! the forest would suddenly turn into vast stacks of timber and saw mills, and she would wake up. Sam would sometimes search the Scriptures with a rather resentful expression on his face because he could find no reference to the fact of the Lord having made wood. He made light, and fire, and water, and all these other things, then why not wood, which was a much kindlier element?

He was also something of a politician, and strangely enough for one so orthodox he was inclined to express extremely liberal views. He was indeed almost a Socialist. It was only when it came to the paying of his own work-people that he hedged a little in principle. The consequence was that Muriel read the leading articles in the liberal newspapers, and at Mrs. Wainwright's she would talk quite passionately about the iniquities of the unequal distribution of wealth, and the virtues of Trades-unionism, and the blessings of Free Trade.

When they had been married three years Muriel presented her husband with a son. Needless to say the delight of both parents was unbounded. They would sit and talk by the hour about the small person's future. They discussed his food and training and education, and decided that he should be called Hector Samuel, and that he should go into the timber trade, and become a good churchman and a liberal. Alas! for some of these best laid plans. When the child was only six years old Samuel Upwey died. He died quite nicely, from heart failure during an attack of pneumonia. Muriel was terribly upset. It was said at all the tea-tables in Tibbelsford that had it not been for the child she would have died from grief. She wore the deepest mourning just like women do on the Continent. She shut herself up, and read the Bible. She went nowhere except to church. She wrapped her life round Master Hector Samuel. The timber works were sold to a company, and out of the proceeds she derived a small but sufficient income to live in comfort. Friends called on her and offered what consolation they could, but she was inconsolable. She had several enlargements made of her late husband's photograph, and also of the timber yard. These she framed, and they were hung in conspicuous places all over the house. She would sit and gaze at them, and she would tell Hector Samuel what a great and good man his father had been, and how it must be the ambition of his life to live up to that noble example. And as he grew older she told him all about wood, what a great friend wood had always been to man, and what an important part timber had played in all our lives. And she instilled into him the value of religion, and explained about the unfair distribution of wealth, and what splendid institutions were Free Trade and Trades-unionism. And Hector Samuel said: "Yes, mamma."

He was just a healthy, rather ordinary little boy, but in the eyes of Muriel he was the most wonderful thing that ever lived, and we have no right to laugh at her for thinking so.

It is as it should be.

When he was twelve years old, she sent him to a public school. The parting with him was a perfect nightmare. She could see no virtue in sending a boy to a public school, but she remembered that Samuel had expressed the opinion that it was good for a boy, and he had intended sending Hector. He was four years at Beestoke College, and Muriel simply lived for the holidays. She kept a calendar and ticked off the days. She wrote to him every other day, and always sent him little presents and sums of money. For the rest she lived the life almost of a recluse. Occasionally she would visit Mrs. Wainwright or some other lady friend, but when she did so she appeared preoccupied and uninterested. She held the same opinions that she had held when Sam was alive, but they were lacking in force or enthusiasm. She could think and talk of nothing but Hector Samuel. She was getting thin, and her friends predicted that she would go into a decline. So ill did she appear one summer that Mrs. Wainwright persuaded her to consult a doctor. As she said: "Remember, my dear, you haven't only yourself to consider. What would happen to Hector if you—er—you understand my meaning—?"

And Muriel understood. She called in Doctor Anscombe, a genial, middle-aged man, who wore an imperial and a Harris tweed suit, and drove about the country in a dog-cart, played golf, and belonged to the Tibbelsford Constitutional Club. After examining her he said:

"There's nothing much the matter with you. You want feeding up, and you ought to play golf."

And a tear came into Muriel's eye. Golf! There was something a little shocking about the suggestion. Golf and Samuel! Oh, dear no, this man didn't understand her. She said:

"I don't think I'd like to do that."

He laughed and said: "Well, that's my prescription. But if you like, I'll give you a tonic as well. But, my dear lady, do get out in the air as much as possible."

She thanked him and took the tonic. When he called a few days later, she was certainly looking a little better. She had been out for one or two walks. In a curious way the doctor himself seemed to be a tonic. She liked his breezy manner of speech, the smell of Harris tweed, the something vital and hopeful about him.

As the summer wore on, and she got stronger, she looked forward to his visits. He did her good. And he always said something that was amusing and entertaining. She showed him the photographs of Samuel and of Hector and he seemed interested. By the end of July she was quite well again, and she would probably have lost touch with the doctor altogether, had it not been for the fact that two days after Hector came home for the holidays he

developed German measles, and Doctor Anscombe attended him. He came every day for a week, and was very attentive and sympathetic.

And one day Muriel found him looking at her. Now there are all kinds of ways of one person looking at another. But there is one kind of way that means only one thing. And Muriel understood. When he had gone she looked at herself in the mirror with an expression, half troubled, half elated. She was now thirty-four, and her large wondering eyes beheld a face by no means unbeautiful. She turned away and as though appealing for succour she gazed at the enlargement of Sam's photograph. Poor Sam! how good he was! how noble and helpful, just like the noble and helpful wood that he devoted his life to.

She visited Hector, who was getting better and sufficiently amenable to concede the fact that the doctor was "a decent sort." Hector got quite well, but the doctor still continued to come. And one day he insisted on taking her out for a drive in his dog-cart. He drove well, and he looked quite handsome, sitting bolt upright, and making funny little clicking noises at the mare. He told her a lot of interesting things about trees, and birds, and plants, and people. Muriel was very impressed. On only one point did she feel perturbed. She happened to ask him what church he attended, and he laughed and said:

"The last time I went to church was when I got christened. I propose to go twice more."

Muriel, puzzled, said: "When?"

"When I get married, and when I get buried."

What an odd man! It is difficult to discuss religion in a dog-cart, but she did ask him his views, and in his rich burr of a voice, he shouted into the wind surprizing and shocking theories. He always got back to trees, and birds, and plants, and people. And Muriel found herself only partially listening to him. She was fascinated by his voice, and by the firm lines of his nose and chin, and the brown eyes which seemed to register the movements of the mare, and yet to be absorbing all the living phenomena of the countryside. There was danger here. It seemed dangerous sitting up in the high dog-cart, alongside this dangerous man with his dangerous theories. So dangerous that she invited him home to tea, an invitation which he readily accepted.

When Hector Samuel went back to school she did a surprizing thing. She failed to appear at church the following Sunday at either morning or evening service.

This defection so alarmed little Miss Wainwright that she called on her the next afternoon. Muriel appeared curiously evasive about it. No, she had not been ill. She just thought she wouldn't go. She quickly changed the subject. She talked about trees and birds and about the genius of Hector Samuel.

And as the weeks and months passed, Miss Wainwright detected more and more surprizes in her friend. One afternoon she called and began to talk about what iniquitous institutions Trades-unions were. Miss Wainwright said:

"But, my dear, you've always been a keen believer in Trades-unions."

Muriel stared at her, open-eyed and wonderful. She didn't seem to remember, or if she did—well, it was as clear as daylight now that Trades-unions were an evil. What the country needed was a strong Conservative Government, with benevolent ideals.

A few days later, Miss Wainwright found her taking down several of the enlargements of Sam's photograph. Then she began to get suspicious. The suspicions reached their climax when she heard from a reliable source that Mrs. Upwey had been seen on the golf-links having lessons from Dr. Anscombe! Golf! It was the beginning of the end.

Actually it was another six months before she married the doctor. They chose the beginning of the summer term when Hector Samuel had just gone back to school. After the first shock the boy had taken it very well, and he and the doctor got on splendidly. She gave up her house, and the enlargements of Samuel and the timber yard were buried in a lumber-room at the doctor's. She was a loving and devoted wife. She looked after his house, saw to it that his consulting-room was always warm and tidy. When he was called up in the night, she would have hot tea ready for him on his return. She learnt to play golf, and she even read *The Lancet*. She took an absorbing interest in his work. At Miss Wainwright's she would hold forth on the wonders and miracles of medical science, and explain how her dear John was probably the cleverest doctor in the world, and one of the noblest men who ever lived. Once her friend said to her:

"When *are* you coming to church again, Muriel?"

"I shall only go once more," she said.

"When do you mean?"

"When I am buried."

This heathen confession nearly lost her a friendship. She hastened to add that she had nothing against the church, but that she believed one could be just as good and religious without going. And she talked about trees and birds and plants and people till she was well out of her depth.

Her devotion to her husband was only equalled by her adoration of her son. She still ticked off the days from the calendar against his return. Her only dread in life was that her two beloved idols might not get on with each other. But the first holidays reassured her. Hector Samuel was developing into a healthy, sensible boy. He accepted the intrusion of a step-father gracefully. They did not see a great deal of each other, as the doctor was very busy at that time and frequently did not get back from his rounds till late. But when he had time to spare for the boy they talked animatedly about cricket and school life. And Muriel listened absorbedly, her eyes glowing with pride and satisfaction. The darlings! They would grow fond of each other. She was surrounded by love; love, and cleverness, and beauty. Oh, how clever John was, and how clever Hector was becoming! He could even talk about chemistry and motor cars. He knew all about the best makes, and she was able to say one day at a tea-party at Mrs. Altringham's:

"Oh, but you know, my dear, the Rolio is easily the best motor bicycle on the market."

And Mrs. Altringham was duly impressed.

It was at about this time that Dr. Anscombe became an ardent tariff reformer. He joined the local tariff reform league, and Muriel went to lectures and studied all the papers in favour of this measure. And she went about telling everyone that "we shall never have prosperity in this country with this wretched Free-trade Government. What we have got to do is to make the foreigner pay."

Apart from his extensive practice, Dr. Anscombe had a small private income. And so they were comparatively well off. It was decided that when he had finished school Hector should be sent up to Cambridge. Muriel sighed when this decision was arrived at. She had been looking forward to Hector leaving school. John was out so much. She had visualized the day when she had both her men to herself. Then Hector would always be about the house, and she could administer to him. And they would go for walks together, and she would be able to say: "This is my son."

It was Hector himself who threw out hints about Cambridge. Some of his colleagues were going up. And it was John who championed the idea. He had been at Cambridge himself, and he would like the boy to have every opportunity. It was unlikely that they would ever have children of their own. What could she do against this united wish? What could she say when both her men joined forces? She meekly accepted the situation. It meant another three years partial separation, and what then?

Hector was only two years at Cambridge, however. He developed an extraordinary craze for drawing and painting. He wanted to go in for art. Now people go to Cambridge for all kinds of things, but they don't go there to study art. The boy was clamouring for Paris, whither a friend of his had gone. Paris! but what an alarming and dangerous suggestion! She fluttered around Tibbelsford trying to discover if there weren't some fount of artistic training to be had there. The search was not very satisfactory. There certainly was a middle-aged lady who taught flower-painting to a class of little girls, but even she had not the audacity to suggest this would be good enough for Hector. John considered the matter carefully over many pipes, and in the end he enunciated:

"Well, I don't know much about art. I shouldn't think it means an easy career. But everyone has to follow their own bent. If the boy wants to become an artist, and Paris is the only place he can learn in, he had better go there. I shan't stand in his way."

And next day, with tears in her voice, Muriel explained to Mrs. Wainwright:

"You see, dear, everyone has to follow their own bent. Hector is crazy to become an artist, and Paris is the only place he can learn it in. Oh, dear! how long do you think it takes to learn?"

Mrs. Wainwright was of opinion that it would take at least two years to learn, and then she added brightly:

"Oh, but perhaps your Hector, being so quick and clever, won't take so long."

And so at the end of the term Hector left Cambridge and went over to Mont Parnasse. He joined an art school, grew the inevitable beard, and led the conventional life of the Quarter. Every three months he came home for a short holiday,

and those were golden but anxious days for Muriel. Had he changed? What kind of life was he leading? Were his friends *nice* people? Would he be quickly through his career and be made a Royal Academician, and have a large studio in Tibbelsford, and just go up to town for varnishing days?

Hector Samuel was, if anything, a little more manly in his appearance on his first return; a little more independent, and restless, and anxious to show his knowledge of the world. After he had returned Muriel was able to say to some ladies at a flower show:

"Isn't it strange that there have been no great English painters since Sir Joshua Reynolds, or was it Gainsborough?—you know, the man who painted those lovely hats? They say that there are even now a lot of great French painters, only they do it in a different way. Wouldn't it be wonderful if Hector became the one great English painter! That is why he is living in Paris, you know."

And she bought books on art, and read the lives of the painters. She found it all very difficult to understand, and between the pages would constantly occur the vision of Hector, in a velvet suit, with a wreath of laurels round his head, receiving the aristocracy at the top of the staircase at the Royal Academy. When next in town she went to the National Gallery. She gazed awestruck at the numerous masterpieces, but when she left she could not remember Murillo as distinct from Rembrandt.

Whether Hector Samuel was quicker and cleverer than other boys was a point we need not discuss. He spent three years in Paris and at the end of that time he was by no means an artist—except in the eyes of Muriel. But perhaps it takes a little longer? On the other hand he certainly had made considerable progress. He gave the promise of being a fair average portrait painter. It was quite possible that he would end by not being a painter at all. He had various interests and points of view, some of which were a little alarming. Oh, why did everything and everybody alter and change! Muriel wanted to hold everything dear to her tight. She wanted to make it static, but she found it flowing past her. When he returned from Paris nothing would do but that he must take a studio in London—in Chelsea.

"You see, mother," he explained, waving aside her protests, "nobody could possibly paint in Tibbelsford. It would be like trying to paint in a coffin. Besides, I'll always be popping down for the week-end."

On one of these occasions Hector brought down a friend with him, a fellow student. And it was during this visit that Muriel received a mental shock from which she was destined never entirely to recover. It was Saturday night, and directly after dinner the doctor had had to go out. She left the two young men sitting over their claret, talking and smoking. Hector was very fond of talking.

She wanted him to herself, and as they seemed a long time, she tiptoed back to the dining-room. The door was slightly ajar. She heard a voice talking excitedly. It was Hector's. And this is what she overheard:

"Not at all, not at all! What I say is it's largely a question of environment. Now you take the case of my step-father. He's quite a decent old chap. I'm fond of him, but he's a cabbage. He knows nothing. He doesn't even bother to keep up to date with his job. He doesn't believe in the Bible, but he believes what the syndicated press tells him. He even believes in tariff reform. Tariff reform, I ask you. He's got the makings of an intelligent man, but he's a kind of Do do——"

Oh, Hector! Muriel hurried away. She went back quietly into the drawing-room and shut the door. She walked across to the window in the recess and opened it wider. It was a warm spring night. The air was charged with the odour of spring flowers. There was no moon, but the sky was light with the magic of clustering stars. Her breath came in little stabs. Everything was moving and changing and she wanted to keep it still. Oh, why had Hector said that? And yet he had not spoken unkindly. "Quite a decent chap. I'm fond of him." Thank you for that, Hector. He loved her, and John loved her. All round was love; love, and beauty, and truth. Truth? . . . . What were the stars signalling to each other? Were they laughing at her? Ah, no, they couldn't do that, because her heart was simple, and she only wanted love and beauty, and truth. Such little things, such big things, everything and nothing. A tear came into her eye, and comforted her. It was not that. Love she had, love all around her. Was that not the greatest thing of all? It was only that . . . Oh, dear! Oh, dear! In the days to come what *was* she to *think*

David Swan

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

WE CAN be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events—if such they may be called—which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say, that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot, from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But, censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place. A linchpin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up, all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps!" whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health, and an untroubled mind."

"And youth, besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the unknown youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," whispered she to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep!"

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendour, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady, persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it were—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing, as red as any rose, that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free-hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

"He is handsome!" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain, by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighbourhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near, that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight, when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth

caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals, who got their living by whatever the Devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy," said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons-pocket."

"But how if he wakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves, as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs, I'll strike," muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villain. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours, they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life, when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched, from his elastic frame, the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred—now moved his lips, without a sound—now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber—and there was the stage-coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Halloo, driver!—Take a passenger?" shouted he.

"Room on top!" answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dream-like vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters—nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence, that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

THE FIRST BOOK ADVERTISEMENT—BY THE AUTHOR

The whole collection of Mottoes in this slender little volume will cost you to buy four sesterces. Is four too much? it can cost you two, and bookseller Tryphon would make his profit. These distichs you can send to your guests instead of a gift, if a coin shall be as rare with you as with me. In addition you will get the names of the things on the headings: pass it by if anything is not to your stomach. MARTIAL.

Remembered from the Play

The Spanish Gipsy à la Russe

Play with your life's blood as the stake.
No one knows what the morrow brings:
A dagger, a rose; a wine-glass, a skull.
Life itself is a game of chance,
And death's a game of chance as well.
End one game and start another,
A game with fate is the greatest joy.

Carmencita and the Soldier. By Constantine Lipskeroff (1925). Translated by George S. and Gilbert Seldes.

The title of John V. A. Weaver's 1926 production:
Love 'Em and Leave 'Em

In "Juarez and Maximilian," by the Author of "The Goat Song"

Not because of monarchs but because of monarchists must monarchies be abolished.
By Franz Werfel. Awarded Grillparzer Prize for 1925.

"Easy Virtue"

Being modern only means twisting things into different shapes.
When you live emotionally you must expect the pendulum to swing both ways.
By Noel Coward, New York, 1925.

French "Embers" by Augustus E. Thomas

Love is not a flower. It can not be revived by putting into a vase. It's a flame, and when it's out it's out. *By Pierre Wolf and Henri Duvernois, New York, 1926.*

"Elzevir"

I am only an old maid, but believe me: love is felt by those who are in love, and it is understood by those who are not, nor ever were, in love. *By Alexander Hevesi, Budapest.*

"THE GREAT GOD BROWN"

If only I were strong enough to perish, or blind enough to be content!
By Eugene O'Neill, New York, 1925.

"BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK"

GUIDE—And here, gentlemen, is Mr. Neil McRae, America's foremost composer.
FIRST VISITOR—Who's that in back?
GUIDE—That's his lyric writer. You will now see how they work. What kind of song will it be, McRae?
NEIL—A pathetic. [*He sits at piano.*]
GUIDE—A pathetic. Go! [NEIL *plays.*]
SINGER—(*in a horrible voice*)—
"You've broken my heart like you broke my heart,
So why should you break it again?" [NEIL *comes to the bars again.*]
GUIDE—That will sell one and one-half millions.
SECOND VISITOR—I suppose you write other kinds of songs, too?
NEIL—Oh, yes—Mammies, sweeties and fruit songs. The ideas are brought from the inspiration department every hour on the hour. After I turn them into music they are taken to the purifying department, and then to the testing and finishing rooms. They are then packed for shipment. *By George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly (upon the theme of "Hans Sonnenstoesser's Hohlenfahrt") New York, 1924.*

Feeding the Mind

By LEWIS CARROLL

Lewis Carroll.

BREAKFAST, dinner, tea; in extreme cases, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea, supper, and a glass of something hot at bedtime. What care we take about feeding the lucky body! Which of us does as much for his mind? And what causes the difference? Is the body so much the more important of the two?

By no means: but life depends on the body being fed, whereas we can continue to exist as animals (scarcely as men) though the mind be utterly starved and neglected. Therefore Nature provides that, in case of serious neglect of the body, such terrible consequences of discomfort and pain shall ensue, as will soon bring us back to a sense of our duty: and some of the functions necessary to life she does for us altogether, leaving us no choice in the matter. It would fare but ill with many of us if we were left to superintend our own digestion and circulation. "Bless me!" one would cry, "I forgot to wind up my heart this morning! To think that it has been standing still for the last three hours!" "I can't walk with you this afternoon," a friend would say, "as I have no less than eleven dinners to digest. I had to let them stand over from last week, being so busy, and my doctor says he will not answer for the consequences if I wait any longer!"

Well it is, I say, for us that the consequences of neglecting the body can be

clearly seen and felt; and it might be well for some if the mind were equally visible and tangible—if we could take it, say, to the doctor, and have its pulse felt.

"Why, what have you been doing with this mind lately? How have you fed it? It looks pale, and the pulse is very slow."

"Well, doctor, it has not had much regular food lately. I gave it a lot of sugar-plums yesterday."

"Sugar-plums! What kind?"

"Well, they were a parcel of conundrums, sir."

"Ah, I thought so. Now just mind this: if you go on playing tricks like that, you'll spoil all its teeth, and get laid up with mental indigestion. You must have nothing but the plainest reading for the next few days. Take care now! No novels, on any account!"

Considering the amount of painful experience many of us have had in feeding and dosing the body, it would, I think, be quite worth our while to try and translate some of the rules into corresponding ones for the mind.

First, then, we should set ourselves to provide for our mind its *proper kind* of food. We very soon learn what will, and what will not, agree with the body, and find little difficulty in refusing a piece of tempting pudding or pie which is associated in our memory with that terrible attack of indigestion, and whose very name irresistibly recalls rhubard and magnesia; but it takes a great many lessons to convince us how indigestible some of our favourite lines of reading are, and again and again we make a meal of the unwholesome novel, sure to be followed by its usual train of low spirits, unwillingness to work, weariness of existence—in fact, by mental nightmare.

Then we should be careful to provide this wholesome food in *proper amount*. Mental gluttony, or over-reading, is a dangerous propensity, tending to weakness of digestive power, and in some cases to loss of appetite: we know that bread is a good and wholesome food, but who would like to try the experiment of eating two or three loaves at a sitting?

I have heard a physician telling his patient—whose complaint was mere gluttony and want of exercise—that "the earliest symptom of hyper-nutrition is a deposition of adipose tissue," and no doubt the fine long words greatly consoled the poor man under his increasing load of fat.

I wonder if there is such a thing in nature as a FAT MIND? I really think I have met with one or two: minds which could not keep up with the slowest trot in conversation; could not jump over a logical fence, to save their lives; always got stuck fast in a narrow argument; and, in short, were fit for nothing but to waddle helplessly through the world.

Then, again, though the food be wholesome and in proper amount, we know that we must not consume *too many kinds at once*. Take the thirsty a quart of beer, or a quart of cider, or even a quart of cold tea, and he will probably thank you (though not so heartily in the last case!) But what think you his feelings would be if you offered him a tray containing a little mug of beer, a little mug of cider, another of cold tea, one of hot tea, one of coffee, one of cocoa, and corresponding vessels of milk, water, brandy-and-water, and butter-milk? The sum total might be a quart, but would it be the same thing to the haymaker?

Having settled the proper kind, amount, and variety of our mental food, it remains that we should be careful to allow *proper* intervals between meal and meal, and not swallow the food hastily without mastication, so that it may be thoroughly digested; both which rules, for the body, are also applicable at once to the mind.

First, as to the intervals: these are as really necessary as they are for the body, with this difference only, that while the body requires three or four hours' rest before it is ready for another meal, the mind will in many cases do with three or four minutes. I believe that the interval required is much shorter than is generally supposed, and from personal experience, I would recommend anyone, who has to devote several hours together to one subject of thought, to try the effect of such a break, say once an hour, leaving off for five minutes only each time, but taking care to throw the mind absolutely "out of gear" for those five minutes, and to turn it entirely to other subjects. It is astonishing what an amount of impetus and elasticity the mind recovers during those short periods of rest.

And then, as to the mastication of the food, the mental process answering to this is simply *thinking over* what we read. This is a very much greater exertion of mind than the mere passive taking in the contents of our Author. So much greater an exertion is it, that, as Coleridge says, the mind often "angrily refuses" to put itself to such trouble—so much greater, that we are far too apt to neglect it altogether, and go on pouring in fresh food on the top of the un-

digested masses already lying there, till the unfortunate mind is fairly swamped under the flood. But the greater the exertion the more valuable, we may be sure, is the effect. One hour of steady thinking over a subject (a solitary walk is as good an opportunity for the process as any other) is worth two or three of reading only. And just consider another effect of this thorough digestion of the books we read; I mean the arranging and "ticketing," so to speak, of the subjects in our minds, so that we can readily refer to them when we want them. Sam Slick tells us that he has learnt several languages in his life, but somehow "couldn't keep the parcels sorted" in his mind. And many a mind that hurries through book after book, without waiting to digest or arrange anything, gets into that sort of condition, and the unfortunate owner finds himself far from fit really to support the character all his friends give him.

"A thoroughly well-read man. Just you try him in any subject, now. You can't puzzle him."

You turn to the thoroughly well-read man. You ask him a question, say, in English history (he is understood to have just finished reading Macaulay). He smiles good-naturedly, tries to look as if he knew all about it, and proceeds to dive into his mind for the answer. Up comes a handful of very promising facts, but on examination they turn out to belong to the wrong century, and are pitched in again. A second haul brings up a fact much more like the real thing, but, unfortunately, along with it comes a tangle of other things—a fact in political economy, a rule in arithmetic, the ages of his brother's children, and a stanza of Gray's "Elegy," and among all these, the fact he wants has got hopelessly twisted up and entangled. Meanwhile, everyone is waiting for his reply, and, as the silence is getting more and more awkward, our well-read friend has to stammer out some half-answer at last, not nearly so clear or so satisfactory as an ordinary schoolboy would have given. And all this for want of making up his knowledge into proper bundles and ticketing them.

Do you know the unfortunate victim of ill-judged mental feeding when you see him? Can you doubt him? Look at him drearily wandering round a reading-room, tasting dish after dish—we beg his pardon, book after book—keeping to none. First a mouthful of novel; but no, faugh! he has had nothing but that to eat for the last week, and is quite tired of the taste. Then a slice of science; but you know at once what the result of that will be—ah, of course, much too tough for *his* teeth. And so on through the whole weary round, which he tried (and failed in) yesterday, and will probably try and fail in to-morrow.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his very amusing book, "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," gives the following rule for knowing whether a human being is young or old: "The crucial experiment is this—offer a bulky bun to the suspected individual just ten minutes before dinner. If this is easily accepted and devoured, the fact of youth is established." He tells us that a human being, "if young, will eat anything at any hour of the day or night."

To ascertain the healthiness of the *mental* appetite of a human animal, place in its hands a short, well-written, but not exciting treatise on some popular subject—a mental *bun*, in fact. If it is read with eager interest and perfect attention, *and if the reader can answer questions on the subject afterwards*, the mind is in first-rate working order. If it be politely laid down again, or perhaps lounged over for a few minutes, and then, "I can't read this stupid book! Would you hand me the second volume of 'The Mysterious Murder'?" you may be equally sure that there is something wrong in the mental digestion.

There exist but three respectable beings: the priest, the warrior, the poet. To know, to kill, and to create.

Other men are serfs or slaves, created for the stable, that is, to work at what are called professions. BAUDELAIRE.

Royal Authors

Kings can have
No secret vices, for the light that shines
On those who've climbed to Fortune's highest peaks
Leaves naught in darkness; every lurking place
Fame enters, and its hidden nooks explores. CLAUDIANUS.

"Like a Wolf on the Fold"

Their great throng took the road to Akkad and came to Babylon. Together with Suzub the Chaldean, King of Babylon, they made an alliance and united their forces, like a great swarm of locusts, on the surface of the earth; together, they came to do battle against me. The dust of their feet was like a storm by which the wide heavens are covered with thick clouds. Before me, in the city of Khaduli, on the banks of the Tigris, the line of battle was drawn up. Before me they stationed themselves, they brandished their arms. . . .

Like a lion I raged and put on my cuirass, and with my helmet, sign of war, I covered my head. Into my high chariot which wipes out the refractory, with the fury of my heart I climbed quickly. The powerful bow, which Assur had entrusted to me, I seized, the javelin which destroys life I seized with my hand. Against all the troops, evil enemies, oppressed I roared like a lion, like Ramman I raged. At the command of Assur, the great lord, my lord, on flank and front like the advance of a wild flood, upon the enemy, I fell.

With the confidence of Assur, and the advance of my powerful line of battle I struck their front and brought about their retreat. The hostile forces with arrow and lance I destroyed, through the mass of their corpses I cleared my way. . . . Their necks I cut off like lambs, their precious lives I cut through like a knot, like a heavy rain. Their trophies and arms I scattered over the wide field. The chargers of my chariot swam in the masses of blood as in a river crushing evil and bad, blood and filth ran down its wheels. With the corpses of their warriors, as with herbs I filled the field. . . . I cut off their hands. The bracelets of gold and silver, which were on their arms, I took off. With sharp swords I cut off their noses. . . . Until the fourth hour of the night it went on. Then I stopped the slaughter. KING SENNACHERIB OF ASSYRIA 705 B. C. (ROGERS).

David's Lament for Jonathan and Saul

Thy glory, O Israel, is slain upon thy high places!
How are the mighty fallen!
Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Ashkelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.
Ye mountains of Gilboa,
Let there be no dew nor rain upon you, neither fields of offerings:
For there the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away,
The shield of Saul, not anointed with oil.
From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty,
The bow of Jonathan turned not back,
And the sword of Saul returned not empty.
Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
And in their death they were not divided:
They were swifter than eagles.
They were stronger than lions.
Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul,
Who clothed you in scarlet delicately,

Who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel.
How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!
Jonathan is slain upon thy high places.
I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan:
Very pleasant hast thou been unto me:
Thy love to me was wonderful,
Passing the love of women.
How are the mighty fallen,
And the weapons of war perished! (II Samuel).

Autumn Wind

Autumn wind rises: white clouds fly:
Grass and trees wither: geese go South:
Orchids all in bloom: chrysanthemums smell sweet.
I think of my lovely lady: I can never forget.

Emperor Wu-ti of China, 157-87 B. C. (Waley).

Vanitas Vanitatum

Many are the doctors who have knit their brows over their patients and now are dead themselves; many are the astrologers who in their day esteemed themselves renowned in foretelling the death of others, yet now they too are dead. Many are the philosophers who have held countless discussions upon death and immortality, and yet themselves have shared the common lot; many the valiant warriors who have slain their thousands and yet have themselves been slain by Death; many are the rulers and kings of the earth, who, in their ignorance, have exercised over others the power of life and death as though they were themselves beyond the hazard of Fate, and yet themselves have, in their turn, felt Death's remorseless power. Nay, even the great cities—Helice, Pompeii, Herculaneum—have, so to speak, died utterly. Recall, one by one, the names of thy friends who have died; how many of these, having closed the eyes of their kinsmen, have in a brief time been buried also. To conclude: keep ever before thee the brevity and vanity of human life and all that is therein; for man is conceived to-day, and to-morrow will be a mummy or ashes. Pass, therefore, this moment of life in accord with the will of Nature, and depart in peace: even as does the olive, which in its season, fully ripe, drops to the ground, blessing its mother, the earth, which bore it, and giving thanks to the tree which put it forth.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, 121-180 A. D. (Dimsdale).

Highwater Mark in Royal Poetry

(More than a hundred translators, including Byron, Pope and Prior, have tried their hands at renderings of this impressive verse, attributed to the dying Roman Emperor, Hadrian:

Animula vagula, blandula
Hospes comesque corporis
Quæ nunc abibis in loca
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec ut soles dabio jocos?

The admirable version below is by M. S. Dimsdale in his "History of Latin Literature":

Soul of me, vague, debonair
Guest of this body, and friend,
Say whither now thou wilt fare
Pallid and rigid, and bare,
Little soul,
All thy jests at an end? [138 A. D.]

Pope Leo the Great to the Bishop of Narbo

We must uphold justice with constancy, and show clemency with loving-kindness. What we have to hate is not men, but sins. While we rebuke the proud we must bear with the weak; and when necessity arises for severer castigation, let it be administered, not in the spirit of wrath, but of healing. *Letter of* Pope Leo I, *about 450 A. D.*

Imperial Versions of "Little Drops of Water"

Behold how at your door the very stone
  Is hollowed out by countless drops of rain.
However hard the task and slowly done,
  To it again!

Soft-yielding water shapes itself to fill
  Whatever vase you will.
    And yet returning waves
    Sculpture the ocean caves;
  A trickling rill
Wears through the granite hill. Emperor Maiji Tenno of Japan.

Spring Comes to Empresses, Too

The spring has gone, the summer's come,
  And I can just descry
The peak of Ama-no-kagu
  Where angels of the sky
  Spread their white robes to dry.

Empress Jito of Japan (690-696).

King Alfred Could Translate This with Understanding

Lo! I sing cheerily
  In my bright days,
But now all wearily
  Chaunt I my lays;
Sorrowing tearfully,
  Saddest of men,
Can I sing cheerfully,
  As I could then?

Many a verity
  In those glad times
Of my prosperity
  Taught I in rhymes;
Now from forgetfulness
  Wanders my tongue,
Wasting in fretfulness,
  Metres unsung.

Worldliness brought me here
  Foolishly blind,
Riches have wrought me here
  Sadness of mind;
When I rely on them,
  Lo! they depart,—
Bitterly, fie on them!
  Rend they my heart.

Why did your songs to me,
World-loving men,
Say joy belongs to me
Ever as then?
Why did ye lyingly
Think such a thing,
Seeing how flyingly
Wealth may take wing?

A translation from BOETHIUS' *"Consolation of Philosophy," by* ALFRED THE GREAT, *about 897.*

THE MOGUL EMPEROR, TIMUR THE LAME

If the canopy of heaven were a bow, and if earth were the cord thereof, and if calamities were the arrows, if mankind were the mark for those arrows, and if Almighty GOD (the tremendous and glorious) were the unerring archer—to whom could the sons of Adam flee for protection? The sons of Adam must flee unto the Lord.

Institutes of Tamerlane, about 1400.

A PERUVIAN INCA'S THOUGHTS ON POPULAR EDUCATION

Science was not intended for the people; but for those of generous blood. Persons of low degree are only puffed up by it, and rendered vain and arrogant, Neither should such meddle with the affairs of government; for this would bring high offices into disrepute, and cause detriment to the State.

TUPAC YUPANQUI (*recorded by his great-grandson, Garcilaso de la Vega*).

THE QUALITY OF PERUVIAN MERCY

We must spare our enemies, or it will be our loss, since they and all that belongs to them must soon be ours. A PERUVIAN PRINCE (SARMIENTO)

A KING OF MEXICO BEFORE THE AZTECS

Banish care: if there are bounds to pleasure, the saddest life must also have an end. Then weave the chaplet of flowers, and sing thy songs in praise of the all-powerful God; for the glory of this world soon fadeth away. Rejoice in the green freshness of thy spring; for the day will come when thou shalt sigh for these joys in vain; when the scepter shall pass from thy hands, thy servants shall wander desolate in thy courts, thy sons and the sons of thy nobles shall drink the dregs of distress, and all the pomp of thy victories and triumphs shall live only in their recollection Yet the remembrance of the just shall not pass away from the nations, and the good thou hast done shall ever be held in honour. The goods of this life, its glories and its riches, are but lent to us, its substance is but an illusory shadow, and the things of to-day shall change on the coming of the morrow. Then gather the fairest flowers from thy gardens, to bind round thy brow, and seize the joys of the present ere they perish.

NEZAHUALCOYOTL, KING OF TEXCUCO, *about 1450.* [*Historia Chichimeca, by Fernando de Alva Ixtlilxochitl.*]

POETRY AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR STRONG DRINK

In a letter which I wrote to Abdallah, I mentioned that I had much difficulty in reconciling myself to the desert of penitence; but that I had resolution enough to persevere,

I am distressed since I renounced wine;
I am confounded and unfit for business,—
Regret leads me to penitence,
Penitence leads me to regret.

. . . I wrote last year the tetrastich which I have quoted; and, indeed, last year, my desire and longing for wine and social parties were beyond measure excessive; it came even to such a length, that I have found myself shedding tears from vexation and disappointment. In the present year, praise be to God, these troubles are over, and I ascribe them chiefly to the occupation I have afforded to my mind by a poetical translation, on which I have employed myself. Let me advise you, too, to adopt a life of abstinence.

EMPEROR BIBUR OF INDIA, 1529.

THE VIRGIN QUEEN CONFIDES TO THE MUSE

(Poem written by Queen Elizabeth upon the departure of Alencon after her final refusal to wed him. At the time she was forty-eight and he twenty-six. He promised to return, but she never saw him again, and he died two years later—Chamberlin.)

I

I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I never meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;
I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn;
Since from myself my other self I turn.

II

My care is like my shadow in the sun—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it;
Stands and lives by me—does what I have done;
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.

III

Some gentler passion steal into my mind,
(For I am soft, and made of melting snow);
Or be more cruel, love, or be more kind;
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content;
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND.

TOGETHER WE KNOW HAPPINESS

By a Tenth Century Chinese Emperor of the Southern T'ang Dynasty

Silent and alone, I ascended the West Cupola.
The moon was like a golden hook.
In the quiet empty inner courtyard, the coolness of early autumn
enveloped the wu-t'ang tree.

Scissors cannot touch this thing;
Unravelled, it joins again and clings.
It is the sorrow of separation,
And none other tastes to the heart like this.

(To be continued)

The Honour of the Name

By ÉMILE GABORIAU

Being a Sequel to "Monsieur Lecoq"

CHAPTER XXIX

THE prospect of capturing Lacheneur, the chief conspirator, excited the Marquis de Courtornieu so much that he had not been able to tear himself away from the citadel to return home to his dinner.

Remaining near the entrance of the dark corridor leading to Chanlouineau's cell, he watched Marie-Anne depart; but as he saw her go out into the twilight with a quick, alert step, he felt a sudden doubt of Chanlouineau's sincerity.

"Can it be that this miserable peasant has deceived me?" he thought.

So strong was this suspicion that he hastened after her, determined to question her—to ascertain the truth—to arrest her, if necessary.

But he no longer possessed the agility of youth, and when he reached the gateway the guard told him that Mlle. Lacheneur had already passed out. He rushed out after her, looked about on every side, but could see no trace of her. He reëntered the citadel, furious with himself for his own credulity.

"Still, I can visit Chanlouineau," thought he, "and to-morrow will be time enough to summon this creature and question her."

"This creature" was even then hastening up the long, ill-paved street that led to the Hotel de France. Regardless of self, and of the curious gaze of a few passers-by, she ran on, thinking only of shortening the terrible anxiety which her friends at the hotel must be enduring.

"All is not lost!" she exclaimed, on reentering the room.

"My God, Thou hast heard my prayers!" murmured the baroness.

Then, suddenly seized by a horrible dread, she added:

"Do not attempt to deceive me. Are you not trying to delude me with false hopes? That would be cruel!"

"I am not deceiving you, Madame. Chanlouineau has given me a weapon which, I hope and believe, places the Duc de Sairmeuse in our power. He is omnipotent in Montaignac; the only man who could oppose him, Monsieur de Courtornieu, is his friend. I believe that Monsieur d'Escorval can be saved."

"Speak!" cried Maurice; "what must we do?"

"Pray and wait, Maurice. I must act alone in this matter, but be assured that I—the cause of all your misfortune—will leave nothing undone which is possible for mortal to do."

Absorbed in the task which she had imposed upon herself, Marie-Anne had failed to remark a stranger who had arrived during her absence—an old white-haired peasant.

The *abbé* called her attention to him.

"Here is a courageous friend," said he, "who since morning has been searching for you everywhere, in order to give you news of your father."

Marie-Anne was so overcome that she could scarcely falter her gratitude.

"Oh, you need not thank me," answered the brave peasant. "I said to myself: 'The poor girl must be terribly anxious. I ought to relieve her of her misery.' So I came to tell you that Monsieur Lacheneur is safe and well, except for a wound in the leg, which causes him considerable suffering, but which will be healed in two or three weeks. My son-in-law, who was hunting yesterday in the mountains, met him near the frontier in company with two of his friends. By this time he must be in Piedmont, beyond the reach of the *gendarmes*."

"Let us hope now," said the *abbé*, "that we shall soon hear what has become of Jean."

"I know already, Monsieur," responded

Marie-Anne; "my brother has been badly wounded, and he is now under the protection of kind friends."

She bowed her head, almost crushed beneath her burden of sorrow, but soon rallying, she exclaimed:

"What am I doing! What right have I to think of my friends, when upon my promptness and upon my courage depends the life of an innocent man compromised by them?"

Maurice, the *abbé*, and the officers surrounded the brave young girl. They wished to know what she was about to attempt, and to dissuade her from incurring useless danger.

She refused to reply to their pressing questions. They wished to accompany her, or, at least, to follow her at a distance, but she declared that she must go alone.

"I will return in less than two hours, and then we can decide what must be done," said she, as she hastened away.

To obtain an audience with the Duc de Sairmeuse was certainly a difficult matter; Maurice and the *abbé* had proved that only too well the previous day. Besieged by weeping and heart-broken families, he shut himself up securely, fearing, perhaps, that he might be moved by their entreaties.

Marie-Anne knew this, but it did not alarm her. Chanlouineau had given her a word, the same which he had used; and this word was a key which would unlock the most firmly and obstinately locked doors.

In the vestibule of the house occupied by the Duc de Sairmeuse, three or four valets stood talking.

"I am the daughter of Monsieur Lacheneur," said Marie-Anne, addressing one of them. "I must speak to the duke at once, on matters connected with the revolt."

"The duke is absent."

"I came to make a revelation."

The servant's manner suddenly changed.

"In that case follow me, Mademoiselle."

She followed him up the stairs and through two or three rooms. At last he opened a door, saying, "Enter." She went in.

It was not the Duc de Sairmeuse who was in the room, but his son, Martial.

Stretched upon a sofa, he was reading a paper by the light of a large candelabra.

On seeing Marie-Anne he sprang up, as pale and agitated as if the door had given passage to a spectre.

"You!" he stammered.

But he quickly mastered his emotion, and in a second his quick mind revolved all the possibilities that might have produced this visit.

"Lacheneur has been arrested!" he exclaimed, "and you, wishing to save him from the fate which the military commission will pronounce upon him, have thought of me. Thank you, dearest Marie-Anne, thank you for your confidence. I will not abuse it. Let your heart be reassured. We will save your father, I promise you—I swear it. How, I do not yet know. But what does that matter? It is enough that he shall be saved. I will have it so!"

His voice betrayed the intense passion and joy that was surging in his heart.

"My father has not been arrested," said Marie-Anne, coldly.

"Then," said Martial, with some hesitation, "then it is Jean who is a prisoner."

"My brother is in safety. If he survives his wounds he will escape all attempts at capture."

From white, the Marquis de Sairmeuse had turned as red as fire. By Marie-Anne's manner he saw that she knew of the duel. He made no attempt to deny it; but he tried to excuse himself.

"It was Jean who challenged me," said he; "I tried to avoid it. I only defended my own life in fair combat, and with equal weapons——"

Marie-Anne interrupted him.

"I reproach you for nothing, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, quietly.

"Ah! Marie-Anne, I am more severe than you. Jean was right to challenge me. I deserved his anger. He knew the baseness of which I had been guilty; but you—you were ignorant of it. Oh! Marie-Anne, if I wronged you in thought it was because I did not know you. Now I know that you, above all others, are pure and chaste."

He tried to take her hands; she repulsed him with horror, and broke into a fit of passionate sobbing.

Of all the blows she had received this last was most terrible and overwhelming.

What humiliation and shame! Now, indeed, was her cup of sorrow filled to overflowing. "Chaste and pure!" he had said. Oh, bitter mockery!

But Martial misunderstood the meaning of the poor girl's gesture.

"Oh! I comprehend your indignation," he resumed, with growing eagerness. "But if I have injured you even in thought, I now offer you reparation. I have been a fool—a miserable fool—for I love you;

I love, and can love you only. I am the Marquis de Sairmeuse. I am the possessor of millions. I entreat you, I implore you to be my wife."

Marie-Anne listened in utter bewilderment. Vertigo seized her; even reason seemed to totter upon its throne.

But an hour ago now, it had been Chanlouineau who, in his prison-cell, cried that he died for love of her. Now, it was Martial who vowed his willingness to sacrifice his ambition and his future for her sake.

And the poor peasant condemned to death, and the son of the all-powerful Duc de Sairmeuse, had avowed their passion in almost the very same words.

Martial paused, awaiting some response —a word, a gesture. But Marie-Anne remained mute, motionless, frozen.

"You are silent," he cried, with increased vehemence. "Do you question my sincerity? No, it is impossible! Then why this silence? Do you fear my father's opposition? You need not. I know how to gain his consent. Besides, what does his approbation matter to us? Have we any need of him? Am I not my own master? Am I not rich—immensely rich? I should be a miserable fool, a coward, if I hesitated between his stupid prejudices and the happiness of my life."

He was evidently obliging himself to weigh all the possible objections, in order to answer them and overrule them.

"Is it on account of your family that you hesitate?" he continued. "Your father and brother are pursued, and France is closed against them. Very well, we will leave France, and they shall come and live near you. Jean will no longer dislike me when you are my wife. We will all live in England or in Italy. Now I am grateful for the fortune that will enable me to make life a continual enchantment for you. I love you—and in the happiness and tender love which shall be yours in the future, I will compel you to forget all the bitterness of the past!"

Marie-Anne knew the Marquis de Sairmeuse well enough to understand the intensity of the love revealed by these astounding propositions.

And for that very reason she hesitated to tell him that he had won this triumph over his pride in vain.

She was anxiously wondering to what extremity his wounded vanity would carry him, and if a refusal would not transform him into a bitter enemy.

"Why do you not answer?" asked Martial, with evident anxiety.

She felt that she must reply, that she must speak, say something; but she could not unclose her lips.

"I am only a poor girl, Monsieur le Marquis," she murmured, at last. "If I accepted your offer, you would regret it continually."

"Never!"

"But you are no longer free. You have already plighted your troth. Mademoiselle Blanche de Courtornieu is your promised wife."

"Ah! say one word—only one—and this engagement, which I detest, is broken!"

She was silent. It was evident that her mind was fully made up, and that she refused his offer.

"Do you hate me, then?" asked Martial, sadly.

If she had allowed herself to tell the whole truth Marie-Anne would have answered "Yes." The Marquis de Sairmeuse did inspire her with an almost insurmountable aversion.

"I no more belong to myself than you belong to yourself, Monsieur," she faltered.

A gleam of hatred, quickly extinguished, shone in Martial's eye.

"Always Maurice!" said he.

"Always."

She expected an angry outburst, but he remained perfectly calm.

"Then," said he, with a forced smile, "I must believe this and other evidence. I must believe that you have forced me to play a most ridiculous part. Until now I doubted it."

The poor girl bowed her head, crimsoning with shame to the roots of her hair; but she made no attempt at denial.

"*I* was not my own mistress," she stammered; "my father commanded and threatened, and I—I obeyed him."

"That matters little," he interrupted; "your *rôle* has not been that which a pure young girl should play."

It was the only reproach he had uttered, and still he regretted it, perhaps because he did not wish her to know how deeply he was wounded, perhaps because—as he afterward declared—he could not overcome his love for Marie-Anne.

"Now," he resumed, "I understand your presence here. You come to ask mercy for Monsieur d'Escorval."

"Not mercy, but justice. The baron is innocent."

Martial approached Marie-Anne, and lowering his voice:

"If the father is innocent," he whispered, "then it is the son who is guilty."

She recoiled in terror. He knew the secret which the judges could not, or would not penetrate.

But seeing her anguish, he had pity.

"Another reason," said he, "for attempting to save the baron! His blood shed upon the guillotine would form an impassable gulf between Maurice and you. I will join my efforts to yours."

Blushing and embarrassed, Marie-Anne dared not thank him. How was she about to reward his generosity? By vilely traducing him. Ah! she would infinitely have preferred to see him angry and revengeful.

Just then a valet opened the door, and the Duc de Sairmeuse, still in full uniform, entered.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed, as he crossed the threshold, "I must confess that Chupin is an admirable hunter. Thanks to him——"

He paused abruptly; he had not perceived Marie-Anne until now.

"The daughter of that scoundrel Lacheneur!" said he, with an air of the utmost surprise. "What does she desire here?"

The decisive moment had come—the life of the baron hung upon Marie-Anne's courage and address. The consciousness of the terrible responsibility devolving upon her restored her self-control and calmness as if by magic.

"I have a revelation to sell to you, Monsieur," she said, resolutely.

The duke regarded her with mingled wonder and curiosity; then, laughing heartily, he threw himself upon a sofa, exclaiming:

"Sell it, my pretty one—sell it!"

"I cannot speak until I am alone with you."

At a sign from his father, Martial left the room.

"You can speak now," said the duke.

She did not lose a second.

"You must have read, Monsieur," she began, "the circular convening the conspirators."

"Certainly; I have a dozen copies in my pocket."

"By whom do you suppose it was written?"

"By the elder d'Escorval, or by your father."

"You are mistaken, Monsieur; that letter was the work of the Marquis de Sairmeuse, your son."

The duke sprang up, fire flashing from his eyes, his face purple with anger.

"Zounds! girl! I advise you to bridle your tongue!"

"The proof of what I have asserted exists."

"Silence, you hussy, or——"

"The lady who sends me here, Monsieur, possesses the original of this circular written by the hand of Monsieur Martial, and I am obliged to tell you——"

She did not have an opportunity to complete the sentence. The duke sprang to the door, and, in a voice of thunder, called his son.

As soon as Martial entered the room:

"Repeat," said the duke—"repeat before my son what you have just said to me."

Boldly, with head erect, and clear, firm voice, Marie-Anne repeated her accusation.

She expected, on the part of the marquis, an indignant denial, cruel reproaches, or an angry explanation. Not a word. He listened with a nonchalant air, and she almost believed she could read in his eyes an encouragement to proceed, and a promise of protection.

When she had concluded:

"Well!" demanded the duke, imperiously.

"First," replied Martial, lightly, "I would like to see this famous circular."

The duke handed him a copy.

"Here—read it."

Martial glanced over it, laughed heartily, and exclaimed:

"A clever trick."

"What do you say?"

"I say that this Chanlouineau is a sly rascal. Who the devil would have thought the fellow so cunning, to see his honest face? Another lesson to teach one not to trust to appearances."

In all his life the Duc de Sairmeuse had never received so severe a shock.

"Chanlouineau was not lying, then," he said to his son, in a choked, unnatural voice; "you *were* one of the instigators of this rebellion, then?"

Martial's face grew dark, and in a tone of disdainful hauteur, he replied:

"This is the fourth time, sir, that you have addressed that question to me, and for the fourth time I answer: 'No.' That should suffice. If the fancy had seized me for taking part in this movement, I should frankly confess it. What possible reason could I have for concealing anything from you?"

"The facts!" interrupted the duke, in a frenzy of passion; "the facts!"

"Very well," rejoined Martial, in his usual indifferent tone; "the fact is that the model of this circular does exist, that it was written in my best hand on a very large sheet of very poor paper. I recollect that in trying to find appropriate expressions I erased and rewrote several words. Did I date this writing? I think I did, but I could not swear to it."

"How do you reconcile this with your denials?" exclaimed M. de Sairmeuse.

"I can do this easily. Did I not tell you just now that Chanlouineau had made a tool of me?"

The duke no longer knew what to believe; but what exasperated him more than all else was his son's imperturbable tranquility.

"Confess, rather, that you have been led into this filth by your mistress," he retorted, pointing to Marie-Anne.

But this insult Martial would not tolerate.

"Mademoiselle Lacheneur is not my mistress," he replied, in a tone so imperious that it was a menace. "It is true, however, that it rests only with her to decide whether she will be the Marquise de Sairmeuse to-morrow. Let us abandon these recriminations; they do not further the progress of our business."

The faint glimmer of reason which still lighted M. de Sairmeuse's mind, checked the still more insulting reply that rose to his lips. Trembling with suppressed rage, he made the circuit of the room several times, and finally paused before Marie-Anne, who remained in the same place, as motionless as a statue.

"Come, my good girl," said he, "give me the writing."

"It is not in my possession, sir."

"Where is it?"

"In the hands of a person who will give it to you only under certain conditions."

"Who is this person?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you."

There was both admiration and jealousy in the look that Martial fixed upon Marie-Anne.

He was amazed by her coolness and presence of mind. Ah! how powerful must be the passion that imparted such a ringing clearness to her voice, such brilliancy to her eyes, such precision to her responses.

"And if I should not accept the—the conditions which are imposed, what then?" asked M. de Sairmeuse.

"In that case the writing will be utilized."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean, sir, that early to-morrow morning a trusty messenger will start for Paris, charged with the task of submitting this document to the eyes of certain persons who are not exactly friends of yours. He will show it to Monsieur Laine, for example —or to the Duc de Richelieu; and he will, of course, explain to them its significance and its value. Will this writing prove the complicity of the Marquis de Sairmeuse? Yes, or no? Have you, or have you not, dared to try and to condemn to death the unfortunate men who were only the tools of your son?"

"Ah, wretch! hussy! viper!" interrupted the duke. He was beside himself. A foam gathered upon his lips, his eyes seemed starting from their sockets; he was no longer conscious of what he was saying.

"This," he exclaimed, with wild gestures, "is enough to appall me! Yes, I have bitter enemies, envious rivals who would give their right hand for his execrable letter. Ah! if they obtain it they will demand an investigation, and then farewell to the rewards due to my services.

"It will be shouted from the house-tops that Chanlouineau, in the presence of the tribunal, declared you, Marquis, his leader and his accomplice. You will be obliged to submit to the scrutiny of physicians, who, seeing a freshly healed wound, will require you to tell where you received it, and why you concealed it.

"Of what shall I *not* be accused? They will say that I expedited matters in order to silence the voice that had been raised against my son. Perhaps they will even say that I secretly favoured the insurrection; I shall be vilified in the journals.

"And who has thus ruined the fortunes of our house, that promised so brilliantly? You, you alone, Marquis.

"You believe in nothing, you doubt everything—you are cold, sceptical, disdainful, *blasé*. But a pretty woman makes her appearance on the scene. You go wild like a school-boy and are ready to commit any act of folly. It is you who I am addressing, Marquis. Do you hear me? Speak! what have you to say?"

Martial had listened to this tirade with unconcealed scorn, and without even attempting to interrupt it.

Now he responded, slowly:

"I think, sir, if Mademoiselle Lacheneur *had* any doubts of the value of the document she possesses, she has them no longer."

This response fell upon the duke's wrath like a bucket of ice-water. He instantly

comprehended his folly; and frightened by his own words, he stood stupefied with astonishment.

Without deigning to add another word, the marquis turned to Marie-Anne.

"Will you be so kind as to explain what is required of my father in exchange for this letter?"

"The life and liberty of Monsieur d'Escorval."

The duke started as if he had received an electric shock.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "I knew they would ask something that was impossible!"

He sank back in his arm-chair. A profound despair succeeded his frenzy. He buried his face in his hands, evidently seeking some expedient.

"Why did you not come to me before judgment was pronounced?" he murmured. "Then I could have done anything—now, my hands are bound. The commission has spoken; the judgment must be executed——"

He rose, and in the tone of a man who is resigned to anything, he said:

"Decidedly. I should risk more in attempting to save the baron"—in his anxiety he gave M. d'Escorval his title—"a thousand times more than I have to fear from my enemies. So, Mademoiselle"—he no longer said, "my good girl"—"you can utilize your document."

The duke was about leaving the room, but Martial detained him by a gesture.

"Think again before you decide. Our situation is not without a precedent. A few months ago the Count de Lavalette was condemned to death. The King wished to pardon him, but his ministers and friends opposed it. Though the King was master, what did he do? He seemed to be deaf to all the supplications made in the prisoner's behalf. The scaffold was erected, and yet Lavalette was saved! And no one was compromised—yes, a jailer lost his position; he is living on his income now."

Marie-Anne caught eagerly at the idea so cleverly presented by Martial.

"Yes," she exclaimed, "the Count de Lavalette, protected by royal connivance, succeeded in making his escape."

The simplicity of the expedient—the authority of the example—seemed to make a vivid impression upon the duke. He was silent for a moment, and Marie-Anne fancied she saw an expression of relief steal over his face.

"Such an attempt would be very hazardous," he murmured; "yet, with care, and if one were sure that the secret would be kept——"

"Oh! the secret will be religiously preserved, Monsieur," interrupted Marie-Anne.

With a glance Martial recommended silence; then turning to his father, he said:

"One can always consider an expedient, and calculate the consequences—that does not bind one. When is this sentence to be carried into execution?"

"To-morrow," responded the duke.

But even this terrible response did not cause Marie-Anne any alarm. The duke's anxiety and terror had taught her how much reason she had to hope; and she saw that Martial had openly espoused her cause.

"We have, then, only the night before us," resumed the marquis. "Fortunately, it is only half-past seven, and until ten o'clock my father can visit the citadel without exciting the slightest suspicion."

He paused suddenly. His eyes, in which had shone almost absolute confidence, became gloomy. He had just discovered an unexpected and, as it seemed to him, almost insurmountable difficulty.

"Have we any intelligent men in the citadel?" he murmured. "The assistance of a jailer or of a soldier is indispensable."

He turned to his father, and brusquely asked:

"Have you any man in whom you can confide?"

"I have three or four spies—they can be bought——"

"No! the wretch who betrays his comrade for a few sous, will betray you for a few louis. We must have an honest man who sympathizes with the opinions of Baron d'Escorval—an old soldier who fought under Napoleon, if possible."

A sudden inspiration visited Marie-Anne's mind.

"I know the man that you require!" she cried.

"You?"

"Yes, I. At the citadel."

"Take care! Remember that he must risk much. If this should be discovered, those who take part in it will be sacrificed."

"He of whom I speak is the man you need. I will be responsible for him."

"And he is a soldier?"

"He is only an humble corporal; but the nobility of his nature entitled him to the highest rank. Believe me, we can safely confide in him."

If she spoke thus, she who would willingly have given her life for the baron's salvation, she must be absolutely certain.

So thought Martial.

"I will confer with this man," said he. "What is his name?"

"He is called Bavois, and he is a corporal in the first company of grenadiers."

"Bavois," repeated Martial, as if to fix the name in his memory; "Bavois. My father will find some pretext for desiring him summoned."

"It is easy to find a pretext. He was the brave soldier left on guard at Escorval after the troops left the house."

"This promises well," said Martial. He had risen and gone to the fireplace in order to be nearer his father.

"I suppose," he continued, "the baron has been separated from the other prisoners?"

"Yes, he is alone, in a large and very comfortable room."

"Where is it?"

"On the second story of the corner tower."

But Martial, who was not so well acquainted with the citadel as his father, was obliged to reflect a moment.

"The corner tower!" said he; "is not that the tall tower which one sees from a distance, and which is built on a spot where the rock is almost perpendicular?"

"Precisely."

By the promptness M. de Sairmeuse displayed in replying, it was easy to see that he was ready to risk a good deal to effect the prisoner's deliverance.

"What kind of a window is that in the baron's room?" inquired Martial.

"It is quite large and furnished with a double row of iron bars, securely fastened into the stone walls."

"It is easy enough to cut these bars. On which side does this window look?"

"On the country."

"That is to say, it overlooks the precipice. The devil! That is a serious difficulty, and yet, in one respect, it is an advantage, for they station no sentinels there, do they?"

"Never. Between the citadel wall and the edge of the precipice there is barely standing-room. The soldiers do not venture there even in the daytime."

"There is one more important question. What is the distance from Monsieur d'Escorval's window to the ground?"

"It is about forty feet from the base of the tower."

"Good! And from the base of the tower to the foot of the precipice—how far is that?"

"Really, I scarcely know. Sixty feet, at least, I should think."

"Ah, that is high, terribly high. The baron fortunately is still agile and vigorous."

The duke began to be impatient.

"Now," said he to his son, "will you be so kind as to explain your plan?"

Martial had gradually resumed the careless tone which always exasperated his father.

"He is sure of success," thought Marie-Anne.

"My plan is simplicity itself," replied Martial. "Sixty and forty are one hundred. It is necessary to procure one hundred feet of strong rope. It will make a very large bundle; but no matter. I will twist it around me, envelop myself in a large cloak, and accompany you to the citadel. You will send for Corporal Bavois; you will leave me alone with him in a quiet place; I will explain our wishes."

M. de Sairmeuse shrugged his shoulders.

"And how will you procure a hundred feet of rope at this hour in Montaignac? Will you go about from shop to shop? You might as well trumpet your project at once."

"I shall attempt nothing of the kind. What I cannot do, the friends of the Escorval family will do."

The duke was about to offer some new objection when his son interrupted him.

"Pray do not forget the danger that threatens us," he said, earnestly, "nor the little time that is left us. I have committed a fault, leave me to repair it."

And turning to Marie-Anne:

"You may consider the baron saved," he pursued; "but it is necessary for me to confer with one of his friends. Return at once to the Hotel de France and tell the *curé* to meet me on the Place d'Armes, where I go to await him."

CHAPTER XXX

Though among the first to be arrested at the time of the panic before Montaignac, the Baron d'Escorval had not for an instant deluded himself with false hopes.

"I am a lost man," he thought. And confronting death calmly, he now thought only of the danger that threatened his son.

His mistake before the judges was the result of his preoccupation.

He did not breathe freely until he saw Maurice led from the hall by Abbé Midon and the friendly officers, for he knew that

his son would try to confess connection with the affair.

Then, calm and composed, with head erect, and steadfast eye, he listened to the death-sentence.

In the confusion that ensued in removing the prisoners from the hall, the baron found himself beside Chanleouineau, who had begun his noisy lamentations.

"Courage, my boy," he said, indignant at such apparent cowardice.

"Ah! it is easy to talk," whined the young farmer.

Then seeing that no one was observing them, he leaned toward the baron, and whispered:

"It is for you I am working. Save all your strength for to-night."

Chanlouineau's words and burning glance surprised M. d'Escorval, but he attributed both to fear. When the guards took him back to his cell, he threw himself upon his pallet, and before him rose that vision of the last hour, which is at once the hope and despair of those who are about to die.

He knew the terrible laws that govern a court martial. The next day—in a few hours—at dawn, perhaps, they would take him from his cell, place him in front of a squad of soldiers, an officer would lift his sword, and all would be over.

Then what was to become of his wife and his son?

His agony on thinking of these dear ones was terrible. He was alone; he wept.

But suddenly he started up, ashamed of his weakness. He must not allow these thoughts to unnerve him. He was determined to meet death unflinchingly. Resolved to shake off the profound melancholy that was creeping over him, he walked about his cell, forcing his mind to occupy itself with material objects.

The room which had been allotted to him was very large. It had once communicated with the apartment adjoining; but the door had been walled up for a long time. The cement which held the large blocks of stone together had crumbled away, leaving crevices through which one might look from one room into the other.

M. d'Escorval mechanically applied his eye to one of these interstices. Perhaps he had a friend for a neighbor, some wretched man who was to share his fate. He saw no one. He called, first in a whisper, then louder. No voice responded to his.

"If I could only tear down this thin partition," he thought.

He trembled, then shrugged his shoulders. And if he did, what then? He would only find himself in another apartment similar to his own, and opening like his upon a corridor full of guards, whose monotonous tramp he could plainly hear as they passed to and fro.

What folly to think of escape! He knew that every possible precaution must have been taken to guard against it.

Yes, he knew this, and yet he could not refrain from examining his window. Two rows of iron bars protected it. These were placed in such a way that it was impossible for him to put out his head and see how far he was above the ground. The height, however, must be considerable, judging from the extent of the view.

The sun was setting; and through the violet haze the baron could discern an undulating line of hills, whose culminating point must be the land of the Reche.

The dark masses of foliage that he saw on the right were probably the forests of Sairmeuse. On the left, he divined rather than saw, nestling between the hills, the valley of the Oiselle and Escorval.

Escorval, that lovely retreat where he had known such happiness, where he had hoped to die the calm and serene death of the just.

And remembering his past felicity, and thinking of his vanished dreams, his eyes once more filled with tears. But he quickly dried them on hearing the door of his cell open.

Two soldiers appeared.

One of the men bore a torch, the other, one of those long baskets divided into compartments which are used in carrying meals to the officers on guard.

These men were evidently deeply moved, and yet, obeying a sentiment of instinctive delicacy, they affected a sort of gayety.

"Here is your dinner, Monsieur," said one soldier; "it ought to be very good, for it comes from the cuisine of the commander of the citadel."

M. d'Escorval smiled sadly. Some attentions on the part of one's jailer have a sinister significance. Still, when he seated himself before the little table which they prepared for him, he found that he was really hungry.

He ate with a relish, and chatted quite cheerfully with the soldiers.

"Always hope for the best, sir," said one of these worthy fellows. "Who knows? Stranger things have happened!"

When the baron finished his repast, he asked for pen, ink, and paper. They brought what he desired.

He found himself again alone; but his conversation with the soldiers had been of service to him. His weakness had passed; his *sang-froid* had returned; he would now reflect.

He was surprised that he had heard nothing from Mme. d'Escorval and from Maurice.

Could it be that they had been refused access to the prison? No, that could not be; he could not imagine that there existed men sufficiently cruel to prevent a doomed man from pressing to his heart, in a last embrace, his wife and his son.

Yet, how was it that neither the baroness nor Maurice had made an attempt to see him! Something must have prevented them from doing so. What could it be?

He imagined the worst misfortunes. He saw his wife writhing in agony, perhaps dead. He pictured Maurice, wild with grief, upon his knees at the bedside of his mother.

But they might come yet. He consulted his watch. It marked the hour of seven.

But he waited in vain. No one came.

He took up his pen, and was about to write, when he heard a bustle in the corridor outside. The clink of spurs resounded on the flags; he heard the sharp clink of the rifle as the guard presented arms.

Trembling, the baron sprang up, saying:

"They have come at last!"

He was mistaken; the footsteps died away in the distance.

"A round of inspection!" he murmured.

But at the same moment, two objects thrown through the tiny opening in the door of his cell fell on the floor in the middle of the room.

M. d'Escorval caught them up. Some one had thrown him two files.

His first feeling was one of distrust. He knew that there were jailers who left no means untried to dishonour their prisoners before delivering them to the executioner.

Was it a friend, or an enemy, that had given him these instruments of deliverance and of liberty.

Chanlouineau's words and the look that accompanied them recurred to his mind, perplexing him still more.

He was standing with knitted brows, turning and returning the fine and well-tempered files in his hands, when he suddenly perceived upon the floor a tiny scrap of paper which had, at first, escaped his notice.

He snatched it up, unfolded it, and read:

"Your friends are at work. Everything is prepared for your escape. Make haste and saw the bars of your window. Maurice and his mother embrace you. Hope, courage!"

Beneath these few lines was the letter M.

But the baron did not need this initial to be reassured. He had recognized Abbé Midon's handwriting.

"Ah! he is a true friend," he murmured.

Then the recollection of his doubts and despair arose in his mind.

"This explains why neither my wife nor son came to visit me," he thought. "And I doubted their energy—and I was complaining of their neglect!"

Intense joy filled his breast; he raised the letter that promised him life and liberty to his lips, and enthusiastically exclaimed:

"To work! to work!"

He had chosen the finest of the two files, and was about to attack the ponderous bars, when he fancied he heard some one open the door of the next room.

Some one had opened it, certainly. The person closed it again, but did not lock it.

Then the baron heard some one moving cautiously about. What did all this mean? Were they incarcerating some new prisoner, or were they stationing a spy there?

Listening breathlessly, the baron heard a singular sound, whose cause it was absolutely impossible to explain.

Noiselessly he advanced to the former communicating door, knelt, and peered through one of the interstices.

The sight that met his eyes amazed him.

A man was standing in a corner of the room. The baron could see the lower part of the man's body by the light of a large lantern which he had deposited on the floor at his feet. He was turning around and around very quickly, by this movement unwinding a long rope which had be n twined around his body as thread is wound about a bobbin.

M. d'Escorval rubbed his eyes as if to assure himself that he was not dreaming. Evidently this rope was intended for him. It was to be attached to the broken bars.

But how had this man succeeded in gaining admission to this room? Who could it be that enjoyed such liberty in the prison? He was not a soldier—or, at least, he did not wear a uniform.

Unfortunately, the highest crevice was in such a place that the visual ray did not strike the upper part of the man's body; and, despite the baron's efforts, he was unable to see the face of this friend—he

judged him to be such—whose boldness verged on folly.

Unable to resist his intense curiosity, M. d'Escorval was on the point of rapping on the wall to question him, when the door of the room occupied by this man, whom the baron already called his saviour, was impetuously thrown open.

Another man entered, whose face was also outside the baron's range of vision; and the new-comer, in a tone of astonishment, exclaimed:

"Good heavens! what are you doing?"

The baron drew back in despair.

"All is discovered!" he thought.

The man whom M. d'Escorval believed to be his friend did not pause in his labour of unwinding the rope, and it was in the most tranquil voice that he responded:

"As you see, I am freeing myself from this burden of rope, which I find extremely uncomfortable. There are at least sixty yards of it, I should think—and what a bundle it makes! I feared they would discover it under my cloak."

"And what are you going to do with all this rope?" inquired the new-comer.

"I am going to hand it to Baron d'Escorval, to whom I have already given a file. He must make his escape to-night."

So improbable was this scene that the baron could not believe his own ears.

"I cannot be awake; I must be dreaming," he thought.

The new-comer uttered a terrible oath, and, in an almost threatening tone, he said:

"We will see about that! If you have gone mad, I, thank God! still possess my reason! I will not permit——"

"Pardon!" interrupted the other, coldly, "you will permit it. This is merely the result of your own—credulity. When Chanlouineau asked you to allow him to receive a visit from Mademoiselle Lacheneur, that was the time you should have said: 'I will not permit it.' Do you know what the fellow desired? Simply to give Mademoiselle Lacheneur a letter of mine, so compromising in its nature, that if it ever reaches the hands of a certain person of my acquaintance, my father and I will be obliged to reside in London in future. Then farewell to the projects for an alliance between our two families!"

The new-comer heaved a mighty sigh, accompanied by a half-angry, half-sorrowful exclamation; but the other, without giving him any opportunity to reply resumed:

"You, yourself, Marquis, would doubtless be compromised. Were you not a chamberlain during the reign of Bonaparte? Ah, Marquis! how could a man of your experience, a man so subtle, and penetrating, and acute, allow himself to be duped by a low, ignorant peasant?"

Now M. d'Escorval understood. He was not dreaming; it was the Marquis de Courtornieu and Martial de Sairmeuse who were talking on the other side of the wall.

This poor M. de Courtornieu had been so entirely crushed by Martial's revelation that he no longer made any effort to oppose him.

"And this terrible letter?" he groaned.

"Marie-Anne Lacheneur gave it to Abbé Midon, who came to me and said: 'Either the baron will escape, or this letter will be taken to the Duc de Richelieu.' I voted for the baron's escape, I assure you. The *Abbé* procured all that was necessary; he met me at a rendezvous which I appointed in a quiet spot; he coiled al his rope about my body, and here I am."

"Then you think if the baron escapes they will give you back your letter?"

"Most assuredly."

"Deluded man! As soon as the baron is safe, they will demand the life of another prisoner, with the same menaces."

"By no means."

"You will see."

"I shall see nothing of the kind, for a very simple reason. I have the letter now in my pocket. The *abbé* gave it to me in exchange for my word of honour."

M. de Courtornieu's exclamation proved that he considered the *abbé* an egregious fool.

"What!" he exclaimed. "You hold the proof, and— But this is madness! Burn this accursed letter by the flames of this lantern, and let the baron go where his slumbers will be undisturbed."

Martial's silence betrayed something like stupor.

"What! you would do this—you?" he demanded, at last.

"Certainly—and without the slightest hesitation."

"Ah, well! I cannot say that I congratulate you."

The sneer was so apparent that M. de Courtornieu was sorely tempted to make an angry response. But he was not a man to yield to his first impulse—this former chamberlain under the Emperor, now become a *grand prévôt* under the Restoration.

He reflected. Should he, on account of a sharp word, quarrel with Martial—with the only suitor who had pleased his daughter?

A rupture—then he would be left without any prospect of a son-in-law! When would Heaven send him such another? And how furious Mlle. Blanche would be!

He concluded to swallow the bitter pill; and it was with a paternal indulgence of manner that he said:

"You are young, my dear Martial."

The baron was still kneeling by the partition, his ear glued to the crevices, holding his breath in an agony of suspense.

"You are only twenty, my dear Martial," pursued the Marquis de Courtornieu; "you possess the ardent enthusiasm and generosity of youth. Complete your undertaking; I shall interpose no obstacle; but remember that all may be discovered—and then——"

"Have no fears, sir," interrupted the young marquis; "I have taken every precaution. Did you see a single soldier in the corridor, just now? No. That is because my father has, at my solicitation, assembled all the officers and guards under pretext of ordering exceptional precautions. He is talking to them now. This gave me an opportunity to come here unobserved. No one will see me when I go out. Who, then, will dare suspect me of having any hand in the baron's escape?"

"If the baron escapes, justice will demand to know who aided him."

Martial laughed.

"If justice seeks to know, she will find a culprit of my providing. Go now; I have told you all. I had but one person to fear: that was yourself. A trusty messenger requested you to join me here. You came; you know all, you have agreed to remain neutral. I am tranquil. The baron will be safe in Piedmont when the sun rises."

He picked up his lantern, and added, gayly:

"But let us go—my father cannot harangue those soldiers forever."

"But," insisted M. de Courtornieu, "you have not told me——"

"I will tell you all, but not here. Come, come!"

They went out, locking the door behind them; and then the baron rose from his knees.

All sorts of contradictory ideas, doubts, and conjectures filled his mind.

What could this letter have contained? Why had not Chanlouineau used it to procure his own salvation? Who would have believed that Martial would be so faithful to a promise wrested from him by threats?

But this was a time for action, not for reflection. The bars were heavy and there were two rows of them.

M. d'Escorval set to work.

He had supposed that the task would be difficult. It was a thousand times more so than he had expected; he discovered this almost immediately.

It was the first time that he had ever worked with a file, and he did not know how to use it. His progress was despairingly slow.

Nor was that all. Though he worked as cautiously as possible, each movement of the instrument across the iron produced a harsh, grating sound that froze his blood with terror. What if someone should overhear this noise? And it seemed to him impossible for it to escape notice, since he could plainly distinguish the measured tread of the guards, who had resumed their watch in the corridor.

So slight was the result of his labours, that at the end of twenty minutes he experienced a feeling of profound discouragement.

At this rate, it would be impossible for him to sever the first bar before daybreak. What, then, was the use of spending his time in fruitless labor? Why mar the dignity of death by the disgrace of an unsuccessful effort to escape.

He was hesitating when footsteps approached his cell. He hastened to seat himself at the table.

The door opened and a soldier entered, to whom an officer who did not cross the threshold remarked:

"You have your instructions, Corporal, keep a close watch. If the prisoner needs anything call."

M. d'Escorval's heart throbbed almost to bursting. What was coming now?

Had M. de Courtornieu's counsel carried the day, or had Martial sent someone to aid him?

"We must not be dawdling here," said the corporal, as soon as the door was closed.

M. d'Escorval bounded from his chair. This man was a friend. Here was aid and life.

"I am Bavois," continued the corporal. "Someone said to me just now: 'A friend of the Emperor is in danger; are you willing to lend him a helping hand!' I replied: 'Present,' and here I am!"

This certainly was a brave soul. The baron extended his hand, and in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Thanks," said he; "thanks to you who, without knowing me, expose yourself to the greatest danger for my sake."

Bavois shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"Positively, my old hide is no more precious than yours. If we do not succeed, they will chop off our heads with the same axe. But we shall succeed. Now, let us cease talking and proceed to business."

As he spoke he drew from beneath his long overcoat a strong iron crowbar and a small vial of brandy, and deposited them upon the bed.

He then took the candle and passed it back and forth before the window five or six times.

"What are you doing?" inquired the baron, in suspense.

"I am signalling to 'your friends that everything is progressing favourably. They are down there waiting for us; and see, now they are answering."

The baron looked, and three times they saw a little flash of flame like that produced by the burning of a pinch of gunpowder.

"Now," said the corporal, "we are all right. Let us see what progress you have made with the bars."

"I have scarcely begun," murmured M. d'Escorval. The corporal inspected the work.

"You may indeed say that you have made no progress," said he; "but, never mind, I have been a locksmith, and I know how to handle a file."

Having drawn the cork from the vial of brandy which he had brought, he fastened the stopper to the end of one of the files, and swathed the handle of the instrument with a piece of damp linen.

"That is what they call putting a *stop* on the instrument," he remarked, by way of explanation.

Then he made an energetic attack on the bars. It at once became evident that he had not exaggerated his knowledge of the subject, nor the efficacy of his precautions for deadening the sound. The harsh grating that had so alarmed the baron was no longer heard, and Bavois, finding he had nothing more to dread from the keenest ears, now made preparations to shelter himself from observation.

To cover the opening in the door would arouse suspicion at once—so the corporal adopted another expedient.

Moving the little table to another part of the room, he placed the light upon it, in such a position that the window remained entirely in shadow.

Then he ordered the baron to sit down, and handing him a paper, said:

"Now read aloud, without stopping for an instant, until you see me cease work."

By this method they might reasonably hope to deceive the guards outside in the corridor. Some of them, indeed, did come to the door and look in, then went away to say to their companions:

"We have just taken a look at the prisoner. He is very pale, and his eyes are glittering feverishly. He is reading aloud to divert his mind. Corporal Bavois is looking out of the window. It must be dull music for him."

The baron's voice would also be of advantage in overpowering any suspicious sound, should there be one.

And while Bavois worked, M. d'Escorval read, read, read.

He had completed the perusal of the entire paper, and was about to begin it again, when the old soldier, leaving the window, motioned him to stop.

"Half the task is completed," he said, in a whisper. "The lower bars are cut."

"Ah! how can I ever repay you for your devotion!" murmured the baron.

"Hush! not a word!" interrupted Bavois. "If I escape with you, I can never return here; and I shall not know where to go, for the regiment, you see, is my only family. Ah, well! if you will give me a home with you, I shall be content."

Whereupon he swallowed a big draught of brandy, and set to work with renewed ardour.

The corporal had cut one of the second rows of bars, when he was interrupted by M. d'Escorval, who, without discontinuing his reading, had approached and pulled Bavois's long coat to attract his attention.

He turned quickly.

"What is it?"

"I heard a singular noise."

"Where?"

"In the adjoining room where the ropes are."

Honest Bavois muttered a terrible oath.

"Do they intend to betray us? I risked my life, and they promised me fair play."

He placed his ear against an opening in the partition, and listened for a long time. Nothing, not the slighest sound.

"It must have been some rat that you heard," he said, at last. "Resume your reading."

And he began his work again. This was the only interruption, and a little before four o'clock everything was ready. The bars were cut, and the ropes, which had been drawn through an opening in the wall, were coiled under the window.

The decisive moment had come. Bavois took the counterpane from the bed, fastened it over the opening in the door, and filled up the key-hole.

"Now," said he, in the same measured tone which he would have used in instructing his recruits, "attention, sir, and obey the word of command."

Then he calmly explained that the escape would consist of two distinct operations; the first in gaining the narrow platform at the base of the tower; the second, in descending to the foot of the precipitous rock.

The *abbé*, who understood this, had brought Martial two ropes; the one to be used in the descent of the precipice being considerably longer than the other.

"I will fasten the shortest rope under your arms, Monsieur, and I will let you down to the base of the tower. When you have reached it, I will pass you the longer rope and the crowbar. Do not miss them. If we find ourselves without them, on that narrow edge of rock, we shall either be compelled to deliver ourselves up, or throw ourselves down the precipice. I shall not be long in joining you. Are you ready?"

M. d'Escorval lifted his arms, the rope was fastened securely about him, and he crawled through the window.

From there the height seemed immense. Below, in the barren fields that surrounded the citadel, eight persons were waiting, silent, anxious, breathless.

They were Mme. d'Escorval and Maurice, Marie-Anne, Abbé Midon, and the four retired army officers.

There was no moon; but the night was very clear, and they could see the tower quite plainly.

Soon after four o'clock sounded they saw a dark object glide slowly down the side of the tower—it was the baron. After a little, another form followed very rapidly—it was Bavois.

Half of the perilous journey was accomplished.

From below, they could see the two figures moving about on the narrow platform. The corporal and the baron were exerting all their strength to fix the crowbar securely in a crevice of the rock.

In a moment or two one of the figures stepped from the projecting rock and glided gently down the side of the precipice.

It could be none other than M. d'Escorval. Transported with happiness, his wife sprang forward with open arms to receive him.

Wretched woman! A terrific cry rent the still night air.

M. d'Escorval was falling from a height of fifty feet; he was hurled down to the foot of the rocky precipice. The rope had parted.

Had it broken naturally?

Maurice, who examined the end of it, exclaimed with horrible imprecations of hatred and vengeance that they had been betrayed—that their enemy had arranged to deliver only a dead body into their hands—that the rope, in short, had been foully tampered with—cut!

CHAPTER XXXI

Chupin had not taken time to sleep, nor scarcely time to drink, since that unfortunate morning when the Duc de Sairmeuse ordered affixed to the walls of Montaignac, that decree in which he promised twenty thousand francs to the person who should deliver up Lacheneur, dead or alive.

"Twenty thousand francs," Chupin muttered gloomily; "twenty sacks with a hundred pistoles in each! Ah! if I could discover Lacheneur; even if he were dead and buried a hundred feet under ground, I should gain the reward."

The appellation of traitor, which he would receive; the shame and condemnation that would fall upon him and his, did not make him hesitate for a moment.

He saw but one thing—the reward—the blood-money.

Unfortunately, he had nothing whatever to guide him in his researches; no clew, however vague.

All that was known in Montaignac was that M. Lacheneur's horse was killed at the Croix d'Arcy.

But no one knew whether Lacheneur himself had been wounded, or whether he had escaped from the fray uninjured. Had he reached the frontier? or had he found an asylum in the house of one of his friends?

Chupin was thus hungering for the price of blood, when, on the day of the trial, as he was returning from the citadel, after making his deposition, he entered a drinking saloon. While there he heard the name of Lacheneur uttered in low tones near him.

Two peasants were emptying a bottle of wine, and one of them, an old man, was telling the other that he had come to Montaignac to give Mlle. Lacheneur news of her father.

He said that his son-in-law had met the chief conspirator in the mountains which separate the *arrondissement* of Montaignac

from Savoy. He even mentioned the exact place of meeting, which was near Saint Pavin-des-Gottes, a tiny village of only a few houses.

Certainly the worthy man did not think he was committing a dangerous indiscretion. In his opinion, Lacheneur had, ere this, crossed the frontier, and was out of danger.

In this he was mistaken.

The frontier bordering on Savoy was guarded by soldiers, who had received orders to allow none of the conspirators to pass.

The passage of the frontier, then, presented many great difficulties, and even if a man succeeded in effecting it, he might be arrested and imprisoned on the other side, until the formalities of extradition had been complied with.

Chupin saw his advantage, and instantly decided on his course.

He knew that he had not a moment to lose. He threw a coin down upon the counter, and without waiting for his change, rushed back to the citadel, and asked the sergeant at the gate for pen and paper.

The old rascal generally wrote slowly and painfully; to-day it took him but a moment to trace these lines:

"I know Lacheneur's retreat, and beg monseigneur to order some mounted soldiers to accompany me, in order to capture him. CHUPIN."

This note was given to one of the guards, with a request to take it to the Duc de Sairmeuse, who was presiding over the military commission.

Five minutes later, the soldier reappeared with the same note.

Upon the margin the duke had written an order, placing at Chupin's disposal a lieutenant and eight men chosen from the Montaignac chasseurs, who could be relied upon, and who were not suspected (as were the other troops) of sympathizing with the rebels.

Chupin also requested a horse for his own use, and this was accorded him. The duke had just received this note when, with a triumphant air, he abruptly entered the room where Marie-Anne and his son were negotiating for the release of Baron d'Escorval.

It was because he believed in the truth of the rather hazardous assertion made by his spy that he exclaimed, upon the threshold:

"Upon my word! it must be confessed that this Chupin is an incomparable huntsman! Thanks to him——"

Then he saw Mlle. Lacheneur, and suddenly checked himself.

Unfortunately, neither Martial nor Marie-Anne was in a state of mind to notice this remark and its interruption.

Had he been questioned, the duke would probably have allowed the truth to escape him, and M. Lacheneur might have been saved.

But Lacheneur was one of those unfortunate beings who seem to be pursued by an evil destiny which they can never escape.

Buried beneath his horse, M. Lacheneur had lost consciousness.

When he regained his senses, restored by the fresh morning air, the place was silent and deserted. Not far from him, he saw two dead bodies which had not yet been removed.

It was a terrible moment, and in the depth of his soul he cursed death, which had refused to heed his entreaties. Had he been armed, doubtless, he would have ended by suicide the most cruel mental torture which man was ever forced to endure—but he had no weapon.

He was obliged to accept the chastisement of life.

Perhaps, too, the voice of honour whispered that it was cowardice to strive to escape the responsibility of one's acts by death.

At last, he endeavoured to draw himself out from beneath the body of his horse.

This proved to be no easy matter, as his foot was still in the stirrup, and his limbs were so badly cramped that he could scarcely move them. He finally succeeded in freeing himself, however, and, on examination, discovered that he, who it would seem ought to have been killed ten times over, had only one hurt—a bayonet-wound in the leg, extending from the ankle almost to the knee.

Such a wound, of course, caused him not a little suffering, and he was trying to bandage it with his handkerchief, when he heard the sound of approaching footsteps.

He had no time for reflection; he sprang into the forest that lies to the left of the Croix d'Arcy.

The troops were returning to Montaignac after pursuing the rebels for more than three miles. There were about two hundred soldiers, and they were bringing back, as prisoners, about twenty peasants.

Hidden by a great oak scarcely fifteen paces from the road, Lacheneur recognized several of the prisoners in the gray light of dawn. It was only by the merest chance that he escaped discovery; and he fully realized how difficult it would be for him to

gain the frontier without falling into the hands of the detachment of soldiery, who were doubtless scouring the country in every direction.

Still he did not despair.

The mountains lay only two leagues away; and he firmly believed that he could successfully elude his pursuers as soon as he gained the shelter of the hills.

He began his journey courageously.

Alas! he had not realized how exhausted he had become from the excessive labour and excitement of the past few days, and by the loss of blood from his wound, which he could not staunch.

He tore up a pole in one of the vineyards to serve as a staff, and dragged himself along, keeping in the shelter of the woods as much as possible, and creeping along beside the hedges and in the ditches when he was obliged to traverse an open space.

To the great physical suffering, and the most cruel mental anguish, was now added an agony that momentarily increased—hunger.

He had eaten nothing for thirty hours, and he felt terribly weak from lack of nourishment. This torture soon became so intolerable that he was willing to brave anything to appease it.

At last he perceived the roofs of a tiny hamlet. He decided to enter it and ask for food. He was on the outskirts of the village, when he heard the rolling of a drum. Instinctively he hid behind a wall. But it was only a town-crier beating his drum to call the people together.

And soon a voice rose so clear and penetrating that each word it uttered fell distinctly on Lacheneur's ears.

It said:

"This is to inform you that the authorities of Montaignac promise to give a reward of twenty thousand francs—two thousand pistoles, you understand—to him who will deliver up the man known as Lacheneur, dead or alive. Dead or alive, you understand. If he is dead, the compensation will be the same; twenty thousand francs! It will be paid in gold."

With a bound, Lacheneur had risen, wild with despair and horror. Though he had believed himself utterly exhausted, he found superhuman strength to flee.

A price had been set upon his head. This frightful thought awakened in his breast the frenzy that renders a hunted wild beast so dangerous.

In all the villages around him he fancied he could hear the rolling of drums, and the voice of the crier proclaiming this infamous edict.

Go where he would now, he was a tempting bait offered to treason and cupidity. In what human creature could he confide? Under what roof could he ask shelter?

And even if he were dead, he would still be worth a fortune.

Though he died from lack of nourishment and exhaustion under a bush by the wayside, his emaciated body would still be worth twenty thousand francs.

And the man who found his corpse would not give it burial. He would place it on his cart and bear it to Montaignac. He would go to the authorities and say:

"Here is Lacheneur's body—give me the reward!"

How long and by what paths he pursued his flight, he could not tell.

But several hours after, as he traversed the wooded hills of Charves, he saw two men, who sprang up and fled at his approach. In a terrible voice, he called after them:

"Eh! you men! do each of you desire a thousand pistoles? I am Lacheneur."

They paused when they recognized him, and Lacheneur saw that they were two of his followers. They were well-to-do farmers, and it had been very difficult to induce them to take part in the revolt.

These men had part of a loaf of bread and a little brandy. They gave both to the famished man.

They sat down beside him on the grass, and while he was eating they related their misfortunes. Their connection with the conspiracy had been discovered; their houses were full of soldiers, who were hunting for them, but they hoped to reach Italy by the aid of a guide who was waiting for them at an appointed place.

Lacheneur extended his hand to them.

"Then I am saved," said he. "Weak and wounded as I am, I should perish if I were left alone."

But the two farmers did not accept the hand he offered.

"We should leave you," said the younger man, gloomily, "for you are the cause of our misfortunes. You deceived us, Monsieur Lacheneur."

He dared not protest, so just was the reproach.

"Nonsense! let him come all the same," said the other, with a peculiar glance at his companion.

So they walked on, and that same evening, after nine hours of traveling on the mountains, they crossed the frontier.

But this long journey was not made without bitter reproaches, and even more bitter recriminations.

Closely questioned by his companions, Lacheneur, exhausted both in mind and body, finally admitted the insincerity of the promises with which he had inflamed the zeal of his followers. He acknowledged that he had spread the report that Marie-Louise and the young King of Rome were concealed in Montaignac, and that this report was a gross falsehood. He confessed that he had given the signal for the revolt without any chance of success, and without means of action, leaving everything to chance. In short, he confessed that nothing was real save his hatred, his implacable hatred of the Sairmeuse family.

A dozen times, at least, during this terrible avowal, the peasants who accompanied him were on the point of hurling him down the precipices upon whose verge they were walking.

"So it was to gratify his own spite," they thought, quivering with rage, "that he sets everybody to fighting and killing one another—that he ruins us, and drives us into exile. We will see."

The fugitives went to the nearest house after crossing the frontier.

It was a lonely inn, about a league from the little village of Saint-Jean-de-Coche, and was kept by a man named Balstain.

They rapped, in spite of the lateness of the hour—it was past midnight. They were admitted, and they ordered supper.

But Lacheneur, weak from loss of blood, and exhausted by his long tramp, declared that he would eat no supper.

He threw himself upon a bed in an adjoining room, and was soon asleep.

This was the first time since their meeting with Lacheneur that his companions had found an opportunity to talk together in private.

The same idea had occurred to both of them.

They believed that by delivering up Lacheneur to the authorities, they might obtain pardon for themselves.

Neither of these men would have consented to receive a single sou of the money promised to the betrayer; but to exchange their life and liberty for the life and liberty of Lacheneur did not seem to them a culpable act, under the circumstances.

"For did he not deceive us?" they said to themselves.

They decided, at last, that as soon as they had finished their supper, they would go to Saint-Jean-de-Coche and inform the Piedmontese guards.

But they reckoned without their host.

They had spoken loud enough to be overheard by Balstain, the innkeeper, who had learned, during the day, of the magnificent reward which had been promised to Lacheneur's captor.

When he heard the name of the guest who was sleeping quietly under his roof, a thirst for gold seized him. He whispered a word to his wife, then escaped through the window to run and summon the *gendarmes*.

He had been gone half an hour before the peasants left the house; for to muster up courage for the act they were about to commit they had been obliged to drink heavily.

They closed the door so violently on going out that Lacheneur was awakened by the noise. He sprang up, and came out into the adjoining room.

The wife of the innkeeper was there alone.

"Where are my friends?" he asked, anxiously. "Where is your husband?"

Moved by sympathy, the woman tried to falter some excuse, but finding none, she threw herself at his feet, crying:

"Fly, Monsieur, save yourself—you are betrayed!"

Lacheneur rushed back into the other room, seeking a weapon with which he could defend himself, an issue through which he could flee!

He had thought that they might abandon him, but betray him—no, never!

"Who has sold me?" he asked, in a strained, unnatural voice.

"Your friends—the two men who supped there at that table."

"Impossible, Madame, impossible!"

He did not suspect the designs and hopes of his former comrades; and he could not, he would not believe them capable of ignobly betraying him for gold.

"But," pleaded the innkeeper's wife, still on her knees before him, "they have just started for Saint-Jean-de-Coche, where they will denounce you. I heard them say that your life would purchase theirs. They have certainly gone to summon the *gendarmes!* Is this not enough, or am I obliged to endure the shame of confessing that my own husband, too, has gone to betray you?"

Lacheneur understood it all now! And this supreme misfortune, after all the misery he had endured, broke him down completely.

Great tears gushed from his eyes, and sinking down into a chair, he murmured:

"Let them come; I am ready for them. No, I will not stir from here. My miserable life is not worth such a struggle."

But the wife of the traitor arose, and grasping the unfortunate man's clothing, she shook him, she dragged him to the door—she would have carried him had she possessed sufficient strength.

"You shall not remain here," said she, with extraordinary vehemence. "Fly, save yourself. You shall not be taken here; it will bring misfortune upon our house!"

Bewildered by these violent adjurations, and urged on by the instinct of self-preservation, so powerful in every human heart, Lacheneur stepped out upon the threshold.

The night was very dark, and a chilling fog intensified the gloom.

"See, Madame," said the poor fugitive gently, "how can I find my way through these mountains, which I do not know, and where there are no roads—where the footpaths are scarcely discernible."

With a quick movement Balstain's wife pushed Lacheneur out, and turning him as one does a blind man to set him on the right track:

"Walk straight before you," said she, "always against the wind. God will protect you. Farewell!"

He turned to ask further directions, but she had reëntered the house and closed the door.

Upheld by a feverish excitement, he walked for long hours. He soon lost his way, and wandered on through the mountains, benumbed with cold, stumbling over rocks, sometimes falling.

Why he was not precipitated to the depths of some chasm it is difficult to explain.

He lost all idea of his whereabouts, and the sun was high in the heavens when he at last met a human being of whom he could inquire his way.

It was a little shepherd-boy, in pursuit of some stray goats, whom he encountered; but the lad, frightened by the wild and haggard appearance of the stranger, at first refused to approach.

The offer of a piece of money induced him to come a little nearer.

"You are on the summit of the mountain, Monsieur," said he; "and exactly on the boundary line. Here is France; there is Savoy."

"And what is the nearest village?"

"On the Savoyard side, Saint-Jean-de-Coche; on the French side, Saint-Pavin."

So after all his terrible exertions, Lacheneur was not a league from the inn.

Appalled by this discovery, he remained for a moment undecided which course to pursue.

What did it matter? Why should the doomed hesitate? Do not all roads lead to the abyss into which they must sink?

He remembered the *gendarmes* that the innkeeper's wife had warned him against, and slowly and with great difficulty descended the steep mountain-side leading down to France.

He was near Saint-Pavin, when, before an isolated cottage, he saw a pretty peasant woman spinning in the sunshine.

He dragged himself toward her, and in weak tones begged her hospitality.

On seeing this man, whose face was ghastly pale, and whose clothing was torn and soiled with dust and blood, the woman rose, evidently more surprised than alarmed.

She looked at him closely, and saw that his age, his stature, and his features corresponded with the descriptions of Lacheneur, which had been scattered thickly about the frontier.

"You are the conspirator they are hunting for, and for whom they promise a reward of twenty thousand francs," she said.

Lacheneur trembled.

"Yes, I am Lacheneur," he replied, after a moment's hesitation; "I am Lacheneur. Betray me, if you will, but in charity's name give me a morsel of bread, and allow me to rest a little."

At the words "betray me," the young woman made a gesture of horror and disgust.

"We betray you, sir!" said she. "Ah! you do not know the Antoines! Enter our house, and lie down upon the bed while I prepare some refreshments for you. When my husband comes home, we will see what can be done."

It was nearly sunset when the master of the house, a robust mountaineer, with a frank face, returned.

On beholding the stranger seated at his fireside he turned frightfully pale.

"Unfortunate woman!" he whispered to his wife, "do you not know that any man who shelters this fugitive will be shot, and his house levelled to the ground?"

Lacheneur rose with a shudder.

He had not known this. He knew the infamous reward which had been promised

to his betrayer; but he had not known the danger his presence brought upon these worthy people.

"I will go at once, sir," said he, gently.

But the peasant placed his large hand kindly upon his guest's shoulder, and forced him to resume his seat.

"It was not to drive you away that I said what I did," he remarked. "You are at home, and you shall remain here until I can find some means of insuring your safety."

The pretty peasant woman flung her arms about her husband's neck, and in tones of the most ardent affection exclaimed: "Ah! you are a noble man, Antoine."

He smiled, embraced her tenderly, then, pointing to the open door:

"Watch!" he said. "I feel it my duty to tell you, sir, that it will not be easy to save you," resumed the honest peasant. "The promises of reward have set all evil-minded people on the alert. They know that you are in the neighbourhood. A rascally innkeeper has crossed the frontier for the express purpose of betraying your whereabouts to the French *gendarmes*."

"Balstain?"

"Yes, Balstain; and he is hunting for you now. That is not all. As I passed through Saint-Pavin, on my return, I saw eight mounted soldiers, guided by a peasant, also on horseback. They declared that they knew you were concealed in the village, and they were going to search every house."

These soldiers were none other than the Montaignac chasseurs, placed at Chupin's disposal by the Duc de Sairmeuse.

It was indeed as Antoine had said.

The task was certainly not at all to their taste, but they were closely watched by the lieutenant in command, who hoped to receive some substantial reward if the expedition was crowned with success. Antoine, meanwhile, continued his exposition of his hopes and fears.

"Wounded and exhausted as you are," he was saying to Lacheneur, "you will be in no condition to make a long march in less than a fortnight. Until then you must conceal yourself. Fortunately, I know a safe retreat in the mountain, not far from here. I will take you there to-night, with provisions enough to last you for a week."

A stifled cry from his wife interrupted him.

He turned, and saw her fall almost fainting against the door, her face whiter than her coif, her finger pointing to the path that led from Saint-Pavin to their cottage.

"The soldiers—they are coming!" she gasped.

Quicker than thought, Lacheneur and the peasant sprang to the door to see for themselves.

The young woman had spoken the truth.

The Montaignac chasseurs were climbing the steep footpath slowly, but surely.

Chupin walked in advance, urging them on with voice, gesture and example.

An imprudent word from the little shepherd-boy, whom M. Lacheneur had questioned, had decided the fugitive's fate.

On returning to Saint-Pavin, and hearing that the soldiers were searching for the chief conspirator, the lad chanced to say:

"I met a man just now on the mountain who asked me where he was; and I saw him go down the footpath leading to Antoine's cottage."

And in proof of his words, he proudly displayed the piece of silver which Lacheneur had given him.

"One more bold stroke and we have our man!" exclaimed Chupin. "Come, comrades!"

And now the party were not more than two hundred feet from the house in which the proscribed man had found an asylum.

Antoine and his wife looked at each other with anguish in their eyes.

They saw that their visitor was lost.

"We must save him! we must save him!" cried the woman.

"Yes, we must save him!" repeated the husband, gloomily. "They shall kill me before I betray a man in my own house."

"If he would hide in the stable behind the bundles of straw——"

"They would find him! These soldiers are worse than tigers, and the wretch who leads them on must have the keen scent of a bloodhound."

He turned quickly to Lacheneur.

"Come, sir," said he, "let us leap from the back window and flee to the mountains. They will see us, but no matter! These horsemen are always clumsy runners. If you cannot run, I will carry you. They will probably fire at us, but they will miss us."

"And your wife?" asked Lacheneur.

The honest mountaineer shuddered; but he said:

"She will join us."

Lacheneur took his friend's hand and pressed it tenderly.

"Ah! you are noble people," he ex-

claimed, "and God will reward you for your kindness to a poor fugitive. But you have done too much already. I should be the basest of men if I consented to uselessly expose you to danger. I can bear this life no longer; I have no wish to escape."

He drew the sobbing woman to him and kissed her upon the forehead.

"I have a daughter, young and beautiful like yourself, as generous and proud. Poor Marie-Anne! And I have pitilessly sacrificed her to my hatred! I should not complain; come what may, I have deserved it."

The sound of approaching footsteps became more and more distinct. Lacheneur straightened himself up, and seemed to be gathering all his energy for the decisive moment.

"Remain inside," he said, imperiously, to Antoine and his wife. "I am going out; they must not arrest me in your house."

As he spoke, he stepped outside the door, with a firm tread, a dauntless brow, a calm and assured mien.

The soldiers were but a few feet from him.

"Halt!" he exclaimed, in a strong, ringing voice. "It is Lacheneur you are seeking, is it not? I am he! I surrender myself."

An unbroken stillness reigned. Not a sound, not a word replied.

The specter of death that hovered above his head imparted such an imposing majesty to his person that the soldiers paused, silent and awed.

But there was one man who was terrified by this resonant voice, and that was Chupin.

Remorse filled his cowardly heart, and pale and trembling, he tried to hide behind the soldiers.

Lacheneur walked straight to him.

"So it is you who have sold my life, Chupin?" he said, scornfully. "You have not forgotten, I see plainly, how often Marie-Anne has filled your empty larder—and now you take your revenge."

The miserable wretch seemed crushed. Now that he had done this foul deed, he knew what treason really was.

"So be it," said M. Lacheneur. "You will receive the price of my blood; but it will not bring you good fortune—traitor!"

But Chupin, indignant with himself for his weakness, was already trying to shake off the fear that mastered him.

"You have conspired against the King," he stammered. "I have done only my duty in denouncing you."

And turning to the soldiers, he said:

"As for you, comrades, you may rest assured that the Duc de Sairmeuse will testify his gratitude for your services."

They had bound Lacheneur's hands, and the party were about to descend the mountain, when a man appeared, bareheaded, covered with perspiration, and panting for breath.

Twilight was falling, but M. Lacheneur recognized Balstain.

"Ah! you have him!" he exclaimed, as soon as he was within hearing distance, and pointing to the prisoner. "The reward belongs to me—I denounced him first on the other side of the frontier. The *gendarmes* at Saint-Jean-de-Coche will testify to that. He would have been captured last night in my house, but he ran away in my absence; and I have been following the bandit for sixteen hours."

He spoke with extraordinary vehemence and volubility, beside himself with fear lest he was about to lose his reward, and lest his treason would bring him nothing save disgrace and obloquy.

"If you have any right to the reward, you must prove it before the proper authorities," said the officer in command.

"If I have any right!" interrupted Balstain; "who contests my right, then?"

He looked threateningly around, and his eyes fell on Chupin.

"Is it you?" he demanded. "Do you dare to assert that you discovered the brigand?"

"Yes, it was I who discovered his hiding-place."

"You lie, impostor!" vociferated the innkeeper; "you lie!"

The soldiers did not move. This scene repaid them for the disgust they had experienced during the afternoon.

"But," continued Balstain, "what else could one expect from a vile knave like Chupin? Everyone knows that he has been obliged to flee from France a dozen times on account of his crimes. Where did you take refuge when you crossed the frontier, Chupin? In my house, in the inn kept by honest Balstain. You were fed and protected there. How many times have I saved you from the *gendarmes* and from the galleys? More times than I can count. And to reward me, you steal my property; you steal this man who was mine——"

"He is insane!" said the terrified Chupin, "he is mad!"

Then the innkeeper changed his tactics.

"At least you will be reasonable," he

exclaimed. "Let us see, Chupin, what you will do for an old friend? Divide, will you not? No, you say no? What will you give me, comrade? A third? Is that too much? A quarter, then——"

Chupin felt that all the soldiers were enjoying his terrible humiliation. They were sneering at him, and only an instant before they had avoided coming in contact with him with evident horror.

Transported with anger, he pushed Balstain violently aside, crying to the soldiers:

"Come—are we going to spend the night here?"

An implacable hatred gleamed in the eye of the Piedmontese.

He drew his knife from his pocket, and making the sign of the cross in the air:

"Saint-Jean-de-Coche," he exclaimed, in a ringing voice, "and you, Holy Virgin, hear my vow. May my soul burn in hell if I ever use a knife at my repasts until I have plunged this, which I now hold, into the heart of the scoundrel who has defrauded me!"

Having said this, he disappeared in the woods, and the soldiers took up their line of march.

But Chupin was no longer the same. All his accustomed impudence had fled. He walked on with bowed head, a prey to the most sinister presentiments.

He felt assured that an oath like that of Balstain's, and uttered by such a man, was equivolent to a death-warrant, or at least to a speedy prospect of assassination.

This thought tormented him so much that he would not allow the detachment to spend the night at Saint-Pavin, as had been agreed upon. He was impatient to leave the neighbourhood.

After supper Chupin sent for a cart; the prisoner, securely bound, was placed in it, and the party started for Montaignac.

The great bell was striking two when Lacheneur was brought into the citadel.

At that very moment M. d'Escorval and Corporal Bavois were making their preparations for escape.

(*To be continued*)

Votive Tablets

By FRIEDRICH SCHILLER

The Law of Nature

So it has always been, my friend, and will be for ever:
Feebleness works by rule; vigour achieves a result.

Feminine Judgment

Man relies on facts, but love is the test of a woman;
If she do not love, sentence is entered at once.

Knowledge

Knowledge to one appeals as a goddess, indeed; to another
Knowledge is only a cow, milkable every day.

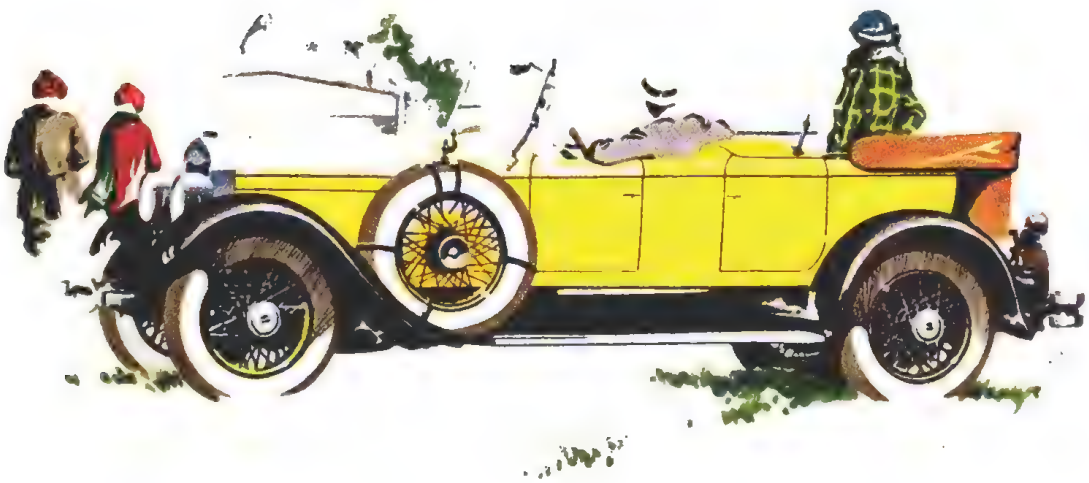
To a Reformer

"I have given my all," thou sayst, "for human advantage;
But in vain, for I earned enmity only and hate."
Shall I explain, my friend, what *my* relation to man is?
Trust the proverb, which yet has never led me astray.
As for Humanity's self, who can too highly esteem it?
Be it impressed in deeds as to thy soul it appears.
If in the struggle of life some mortal jostle against thee,
Help him, if thou mayst, with a benevolent hand.
But—for the rain and the dew and the general good of the people—
Leave it to heaven, my friend: heaven exists, as of yore.

LINCOLN

The low, trim Sport Phaeton, designed by Brunn, includes among its smart touches a tan top with mahogany bows. Wire wheels carried forward. Tonneau cowl and windshield available if desired.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY
Division of
Ford Motor Company



When you and spring are thrilling and your favorite player drives rise, roaring with cheers

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to the first ball game of the year— out a homer — when the stands — have a Camel!

WHEN spring's first ball game is here. And a heavy hitter cracks the ball, shrieking into center-field for a home run—oh, happy mortal, as the stands roar with glee—*have a Camel!*

For Camel adds the magic of its own fragrance to life's most festive days. Camels are of such choice tobaccos that they never tire the taste no matter how zestfully you smoke them. Camels are so skilfully made that they never leave a cigaretty after-taste. Search where you will and spend what you may—you'll get more contentment, more pleasure out of Camels than any other cigarette you ever put a match to.

So this fair spring day as you watch the opening game of another eventful year. When the bases fill and a hefty batter lofts out one that it seems will never stop flying—oh, then, taste the smoke that means completed enchantment. Know then the mellowest flavor that ever came from a cigarette.

Have a Camel!

Our highest wish, if you do not yet know Camel quality, is that you try them. We invite you to compare Camels with any other cigarette made at any price.

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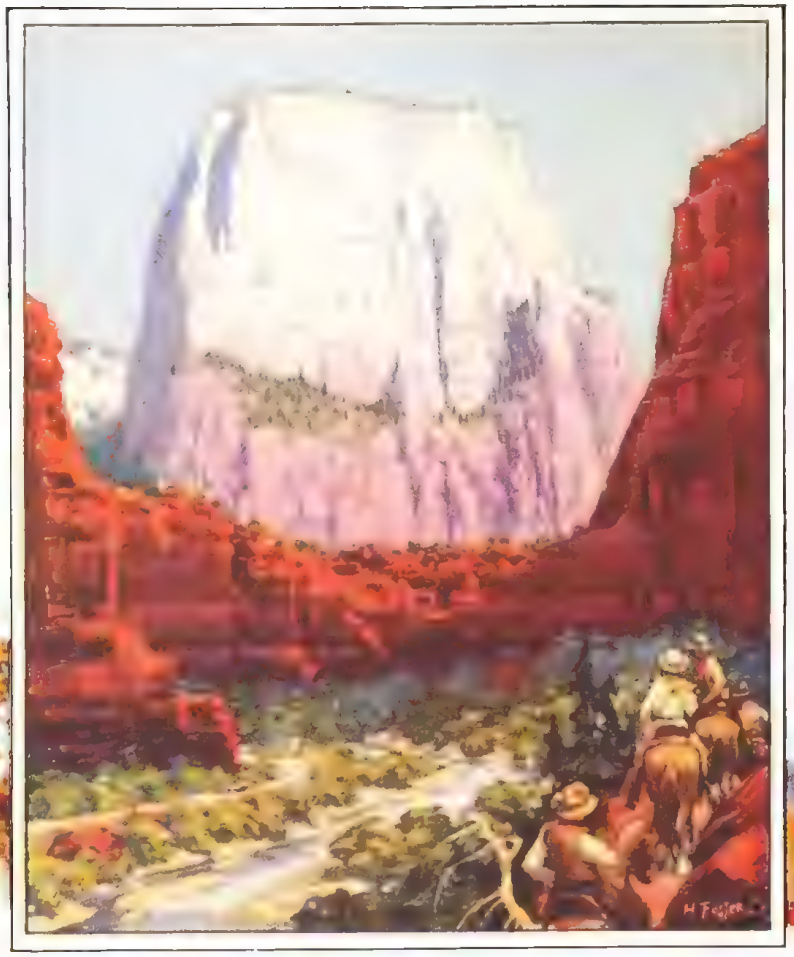
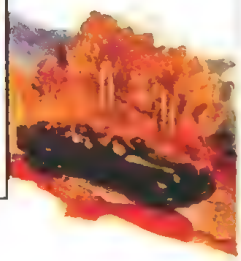


The
Great White
Throne
in
Zion National Park
Southern Utah



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—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

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—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

The engineering achievement of the decade

EACH year brings new names, new models, new refinements in the design of the conventional automobile.

But only after long intervals, does there appear a radical advance in automotive engineering. Such intervals have been punctuated by the advent of the pneumatic tire, electric starting and lighting, balloon tires, and later, 4-wheel brakes.

And now with the year 1926, comes a new motor car epoch upon the appearance of The NEW STUTZ. This new car is destined to influence all future engineering practice.

This is not merely the opinion of the makers of The NEW STUTZ.

The conviction has been expressed, even more emphatically by outside, and even competitive, engineers who have examined The NEW STUTZ — who have ridden in it and driven it.

First of all, The NEW STUTZ gives the motorist a new degree of safety — increased protection for the car's passengers and for the car itself. This safety factor is attained chiefly by a radical lowering of the center of gravity—the floor of The NEW STUTZ is five or more inches lower than conventional chassis design permits.

Greater — far greater — stability and road-adhesiveness are thus secured. There can be no two opinions on this point. And this is accomplished while maintaining more than ample headroom and full road clearance.

Many other unusual features contribute to the super-safety of The NEW STUTZ. To mention only a few: the frame is the most rigid on any car; the car is more easily controlled; the new principle of braking is of greater efficiency; the acceleration is more rapid; the running boards are of pressed steel — actually side-bumpers; the front corner-posts are narrow, giving unobstructed vision; the wind-shield is of safety-glass.

The NEW STUTZ is vibrationless at all speeds—an almost incredible statement, yet already confirmed through tests conducted by many leading American and European automotive engineers. There is no noise of valve operation and no noise at the rear axle or elsewhere. It is a car so surpassingly quiet that it seems moved by magic.

The chassis of The NEW STUTZ is automatically self-lubricated. There is a triple-duty oil rectifier and an air-cleaner of proven efficiency; dual ignition; and, of course, innumerable conveniences and refinements in keeping with its basically advanced design.

Words alone, or even pictures, cannot convey an adequate conception of the new and different engineering principles embodied in The NEW STUTZ. You must actually *see* the car and drive it yourself.

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THE house settles, the plaster cracks and pulls; swelling humidity and heat contend with shrinking dryness and cold; the dust from open windows settles on the walls, and sweaty little fingers streak it in indelibly; a summer's sun chases the colors to a safer hiding-place. Is anything so buffetted and belabored as a wall covering? *Mustn't* wall coverings crack, peel, tear, blister and fade?

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With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the Song of the Shirt.

"O men with sisters dear!
O men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt—
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt!"

—*Thomas Hood.*

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But a force still greater than laws is at work. Electricity is the great emancipator.

With service so cheap and accessible, no wise husband or factory manager now leaves to *any* woman *any* task which a motor will do for a few cents an hour.

More than half the homes of the nation now have electricity. But hardly any home is yet allowing this cheapest servant to do *all* that it *can* do. Wherever electricity is generated or used you will find electrical machinery bearing the initials G-E—make them your guide.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Golden Ways To Golden Places

All the World's a Stage-Coach

Touring by Bus and Auto

"COME, my coach," commands Hamlet, a royal prince of Denmark.

Doubtless, however the coach which was ready to come at his bidding—the best that kings could be provided with, in that era—deserved the satire of Washington Irving, writing about coaches even centuries later:

> "There is a certain relief in change, even though it be from bad to worse, as I have found in traveling in a stage-coach, that it is often a comfort to shift one's position, *and be bruised in a new place!*"

But not the coach of today! The stage-coach horses—even the drivers—of olden days would have been quite sure they had seen a Mammoth if they had seen coming along the road a modern touring bus—one of those immense, luxurious, incredibly commodious and well-appointed models that have been making their appearance in the last year or two.

So remarkably, shiningly good-looking are these modern coaches that one recalls the lines from *Titus Andronicus:*

> As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
> And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
> Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach.

For certainly the modern bus deserves the word "glistening coach" if anything ever did. Disraeli called the old London cabs "gondolas on wheels," but if a gliding motion suggests a gondola, then the new motor-busses deserve the title infinitely more than the old London hack, for with their huge oversize balloon tires they provide road comfort not afforded even by the best individual automobile.

Such modernized coaches could not have resulted in anything else but a revival of the ancient coaching days, when travelers made their way over the roads, stopping leisurely here and there at inns and to look at local sights. This is precisely what has happened. This is an automobile age; therefore touring is changing to fit it. Few people are aware that throughout the world now an auto tour service, amazing in its comfort, reach and serviceability is available, both by bus and by individual cars.

In England and France particularly the private motor touring facilities are extensive. A 3-day tour of the Shakespeare country; a 10-day journey to the Cathedral towns and lake country, a 20-day tour of England and Scotland are, for instance, available; the charges covering all expense and averaging about $5 a day per person in groups of four. And you ride in a Rolls-Royce touring car!

In France there is a trip to the French and American battlefields, and another to the Château country; as well as a wide variety of shorter trips —to Versailles, to Brittany, etc. The tours out of Paris are in almost any combination, from one day to sixty in length. All details are looked after; good hotels and lunch stops selected, and every comfort provided.

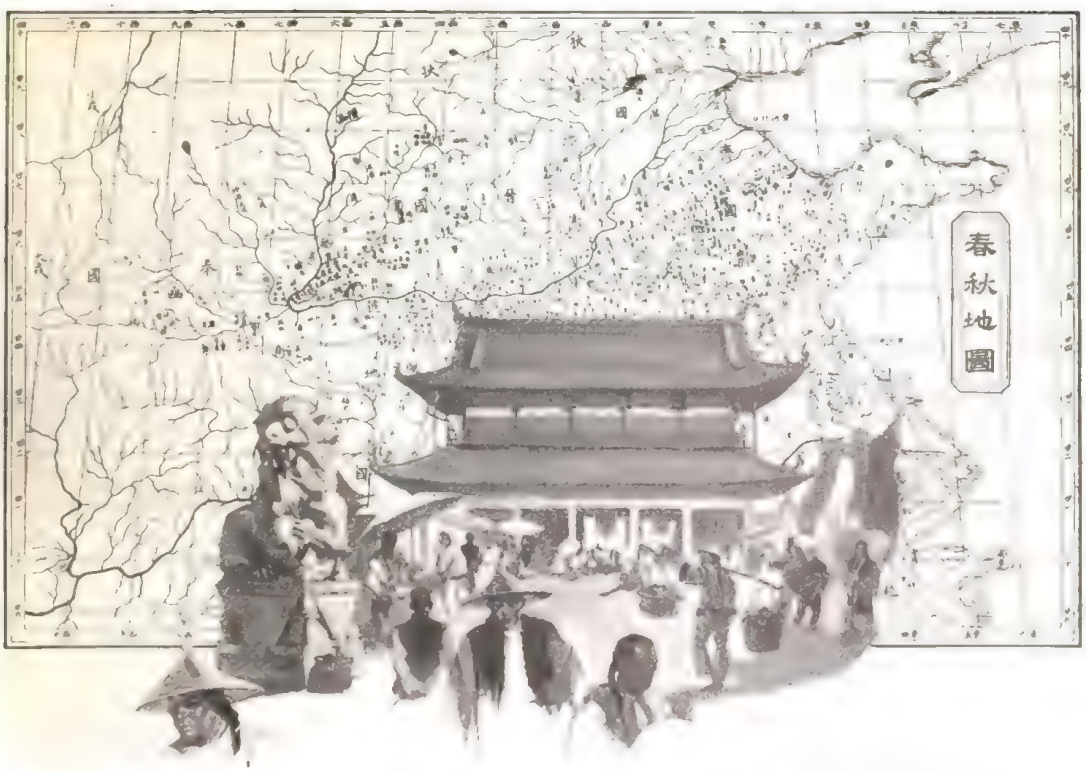
Then there are really extensive trips—a 31-day trip for instance to Northern France, Holland, the Rhine and Switzerland, costing about $500; a 39-day trip to the battlefields, Switzerland and Italy, and even a 16-day rail-and-motor trip to Algiers and the African desert. There are 3-day summer and winter bus tours between Aix-les-Bains and the Riviera, through the French Alps—traveling in both directions.

There are endless other long tours, from Paris all the way to Naples, via the Riviera; or vice versa. From Naples a number of tours, long and short, are to be had.

Almost anywhere one might wish to go is covered with an automobile tour. There are even tours which commence at Cherbourg, France (where ocean liners dock), include a 6-day stop-over in Paris, and end up in England, with all expenses, including channel crossing fare, included. Other tours, similarly, start at debarking ports, like Liverpool, Southampton, Dover, etc., and carry the freshly landed tourist through England, and end at London.

It is only in America that the luxurious touring bus has come into its own in the past year or two, and provides now many delightful tours at a lower expense than is possible touring in Europe. The busses have facilities and roominess equal almost to a Pullman car, with even a smoking compartment. They ride on huge tires, soft leather seats and without jar. Having started as ordinary "rubberneck wagons" in cities,

(*Continued on page 75a*



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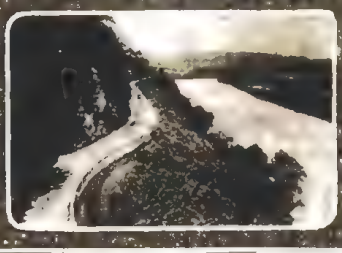

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Every Saturday a magnificent President Liner departs from San Francisco for the Orient and Round the World. It calls at Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Egypt, Italy, France, Boston, New York, Havana, Panama and Los Angeles.

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DOLLAR STEAMSHIP LINE

All the World's a Stage-Coach

(*Continued from page 64*)

these auto touring busses have gone far beyond thi standard and scope. Travel even between New Yor and Florida is now possible by bus. From New York t Boston and vice versa an excellent service is in opera tion; also tours to the White Mountains. Also Ne York to Buffalo, New York to Montreal, and man others in the West between large centers and points interest. New bus lines are opening so rapidly that is hard to keep up with them. Probably a bus tri across the country, from coast to coast, is now possibl without much difficulty.

On the Pacific Coast the bus is everywhere—an offers tours in all directions, to the great national park and other scenic attractions; while in the nation parks themselves the bus has supplanted saddle-hors and stage-coach in many instances. One motor tour from San Diego to Tia Juana in old Mexico.

It looks as if in another year bus travel will be on well-organized scale, nationwide in scope. Meanwhil those who have not yet ridden in one of the new-typ touring busses have a novel and luxurious sensation t achieve.

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Youth & Happiness

cook with the gas turned off

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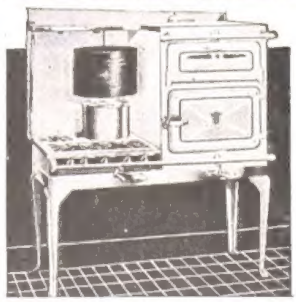

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HE never "took chances" . . . he had avoided accidents for more than nine years. Then . . . slippery streets . . . an oncoming car . . . collision. A cold and impassioned officer sternly investigating.

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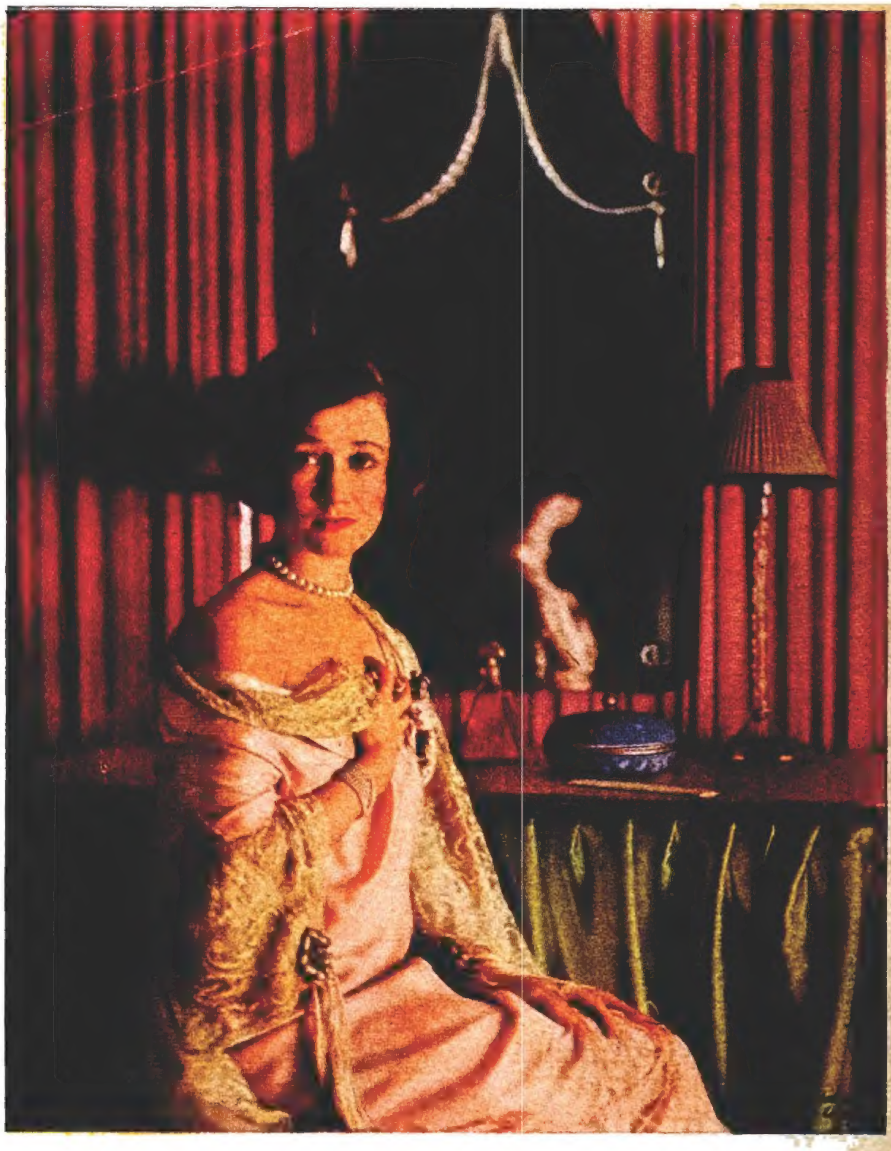

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